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The Sunday Oregonian.

VOL. 5—NO. 6. PORTLAND, OREGON, SUNDAY, JANUARY 10, 1886. PRICE TEN CENTS.

PIONEER DAYS.

Jesse Looney of Tennessee, First Settler on the Santiam.

His Recollections of the Days of Yore—Life in the Santiam Valley—Mrs. Dr McLoughlin—John Kelley of Springfield.

[Written for the Sunday Oregonian.]

Jesse Looney's ancestry came from the mountain region of East Tennessee He was born near Knoxville. There was good yeomen's blood in his family, such as attains the highest place in our nation's history He was a cousin of Andrew Johnson, and like him inherited slavery as one of the local conditions of his section, but adopted freedom as his conviction of right. Among the pioneers were many who left slavery behind and came to Oregon to found a free state. Among these were John P Gaines, John Waldo, Jesse Looney and all the Applegates. Mrs. Looney's ancestry came from South Carolina and Georgia and included George Walter, who was a signer of the declaration of independence. So the family had noted connections with our nation's history They were married when quite young in the state of Alabama, and the same year moved to Green county Mo., where they lived from 1830 to 1842, when they removed to the Osage river and owned land there. This location was unhealthy, and when they heard of Oregon they determined to come hither. They lived four miles from the Applegates and must have had the same inducements that actuated them and the Waldos. The Looneys were well equipped for the plains. They had two great wagons with five yoke of immense cattle to each Their teams were so heavy that they often took the lead to break the way They had enough spare oxen for another team, also twenty or more head of choice cows and four very fine mares One wagon was loaded with provisions They had a great wagon load of meat, packed solid in the bed One wagon was made tight so as to be used as a boat in case they should ford streams This precaution was very valuable to all this company, as they could rig up a ferryboat at short notice So abundant was the supply of provisions that they brought some through to the Willamette after standing many dividends to needy people on the plains.

WINTER AT WHITMAN'S, ON THE WALLA WALLA

Mr Looney's father left land and negroes, but he had no wish to enjoy slavery An uncle offered to give them a servant to wait on them, but he declined the gift. He wanted his children to learn to do for themselves and be independent of slavery. They were well equipped and had five young men to assist them, so that the mother had only to travel in comfort with her children. The journey had no dangers that proved serious, though sometimes there would be alarms, as when Indians came bearing down on them threateningly, but such fears proved groundless.

When they reached the Columbia valley it was late in the season, so they determined to winter at Whitman's station, on the Walla Walla There they hired an old adobe house, built by an old Indian named Prince, that was located a mile distant from Whitman's place During the winter Mr Looney constantly herded his stock and so kept them carefully together They did well on beef, venison, potatoes and also flour and cornmeal there grown generally by the natives But the Indians accordingly became sullen and ill natured At such times they would come to the house riding fine horses, armed to the teeth, and wearing their hideous war paint. Mrs. Looney was alarmed at their threatening appearance, and Mr Looney removed to another adobe house close by Dr Whitman's As they were making this change the Indians acted very ill natured They manifested the same traits that finally led to the massacre in '48. Whitman advised the change, as they were not safe at this distance from white men, Looney being the only man and the whole helpless family. Their stock actually fattened during the winter, as there was no snow nor any frost to damage the grass. The Cayuses had singular ideas concerning property When men on the Walla Walla some large cattle got into the corral one night and attacked a favorite brindle cow. They heard the disturbance among the cattle and ran as fast as they could, but the Cayuses got there first and claimed that the meat of the animal belonged to them

REMOVAL TO THE WILLAMETTE VALLEY

When spring came (1844) they left Whitman's and drove all their stock to The Dalles, where they left it in charge of Rev. A. F. Waller, of the Methodist mission, then they came down to the Willamette valley They visited Waldo's family while they were prospecting for a location, and satisfied themselves concerning this region. Mr. Jesse Looney wrote home to the states a long description of the upper country that THE OREGONIAN has published, and showed a true appreciation of the value of that region But he determined to remove to Western Oregon, and in June returned for his stock This he brought down and turned loose on the Willamette bottoms, four miles from Salem. Here he put up a cabin, but after taking a ride over the Santiam concluded to move to that beautiful valley. The place near Salem he sold to E. H. Eakin for a good saddle Dick Eakin was a saddler and lived there until his death, a few years ago. There rises in the Santiam valley a wooded butte that was then heavily timbered and abounded with springs. He located his home at the east foot of the "Looney butte" and his farm stretched for a mile towards the rising sun, comprising as beautiful and fertile a valley as the world affords a circling range of hills east, forming, with the valley's vistas, a landscape of perfect beauty He was for two years the only settler in all that charming valley, and there were some inconveniences about a new home One night when Mr Looney was away she was disturbed by hearing footsteps of some heavy and stealthy animal, so she carried her children to the rude aloft overhead, only reached by climbing the walls of the log cabin. It was not possible to close the cabin, as no door had as yet been made and the hole cut for it was wide open. They climbed to the loft and tried to make beds there. During the night they could hear a great cougar prowling around below them, but it did no harm, except to carry off a young pig This was one of the incidents of frontier life

The descent of the Columbia river was dangerous, and two of their fellow travelers were lost in the attempt one of them was a young son of Lindsay Applegate and another a single man named McClellan, who crossed the plains with one of the Applegates Elisha Applegate, another son of Lindsay, came near being lost and tells a very thrilling story of his experience They were attempting the descent of the dalles and were drawn into a whirlpool Experienced navigators know how to hold back when a whirlpool is forming, waiting until it breaks, and then let the boat pass over where it was. They were drawn into a fearful maelstrom, and Elisha says he went whirling round the inside of the funnel, and was sucked to the bottom of the river As he went dizzily whirling down he saw his canoe also making the dangerous passage He came to the surface and was landed on the point of an island, while the others [illegible] were drowned

LIFE IN THE SANTIAM VALLEY

Mr Looney died many years ago, but Mrs. Looney remains, and at a ripe and cheerful old age is the oldest resident. He left enough land to give all his ten children farms close by, and she is surrounded by sons and daughters who respect her judgment as their greatest duty She is a good representative of the pioneer women of Oregon, and in her later years enjoys the peace and comfort earned in the "times that tried men's souls." She remembers that when they came Mr. Joseph Cox had a small house under the oaks on Salem plain, where the city stands now, where he sold the wagon load of goods he brought across the continent. That was probably the first enterprise of a commercial nature engaged in there.

Mr. Looney located in the summer of 1844 In 1845 Hamilton Campbell took up land in the Santiam valley, and turned loose there 600 head of Spanish cattle E E Parrish came not long after. Having a young family growing up, and no schools possible in the early days, J. S Smith lived with them and taught their children He figures rather ingloriously in connection with an invasion of the Klamaths Who didn't win a very good name when they made occasional visits to Oregon

A SMALL SIZED INDIAN WAR.

About 1846 a large number of them were here, and some one among them took a fancy to one of the four fine mares Looney brought across in 1844. It was the one, too, that he had given to Susan, his oldest daughter, who was one of the few young ladies in the country. Sheriff Martin, of Umatilla, explains that in 1847 they organized a military company, and when met for drill at some settler's near Salem a messenger came in from the hills with a story that those Indians had stolen Susan's mare. The captain—A. A. Robinson—immediately put them on the march for Battle creek (so called since then), and reaching it in a few miles they crossed to the side where the Klamaths were and displayed in line of battle. As they were accomplishing the maneuver Dave Daly (D. R. S Daly) seeing an Indian running round their camp, fired at him, and in a second whites and natives were all blazing away in the most warlike manner. As soon as he could do so Capt. Robinson stopped the firing and took an inventory of the casualties One white man had a horse wounded, and the Indians had one man *hors du combat* This ended the war for that day. The mare was found tied in the bushes, not far from the Indian camp, and the natives did not deny that they taken her. Some of the boys took the mare home, and told how she had tramped the ground round the tree as if she had been tied there for a long time

Looney's home was three miles from the foot of the Red Hills on the Santiam side, and right there was a primitive tannery operated by David R. S. Daly (who began the war that fateful day) and N. R. Doty, better known as Squire Doty, who is one of the oracles of Jefferson to this day On the creek they had a tanning pit, where they cured the hides of the country as well as tanned buckskins Here they made boots and shoes forty-two years ago, a fact that redounds to the honor of that time, and we give it space to show that our pioneers were not lacking in the spirit of enterprise Daly thought it prudent to keep out of the way after his escapade, but Doty had nothing to fear and was at the tannery as usual next day when all the masculine valor of the Klamaths rode that way with warpaint galore and fuss and feathers, to show that something unusual was on their minds They recognized Mr Looney as the man most interested in the recent imbroglio as his daughter owned the missing mare She was now returned, and they arrayed themselves in gaudy shape to go through the grand pow wow necessary to make all things lovely

WAR OR PEACE, WHICH SHALL IT BE.

Looking up the hill, Doty saw fully two score of them riding down towards him, and dropping his tether he started on the run for Looney's to let them know that life was in jeopardy and destruction close at hand The old Klamath chief saw how scared he was, so he kept his young men near enough to test Doty's wind, and let him keep the lead Daly had taken refuge at Looney's until the difference should be settled Doty came and told his story and then went on to alarm Campbell Mrs Looney and Daly began to run bullets in a home made bullet mold. The guns were used to arm the young men, and Looney himself said he could defend the door with his ax, as there was no other opening The children were hoisted to the loft and the questions of defense all settled when the Klamaths, in their war paint, and whooping, came riding up They called out in a friendly way, so Looney dropped his ax and went out for a general handshaking. The Indians wanted to make a treaty of peace, and soon there was a grand talk inaugurated The troubles on Battle creek were pleasantly discussed and settled The Indian injured or killed was valued at his worth and duly paid for Some timid whites apprehensive of more war, were in favor of surrendering D. R. S. Daly up to the Klamaths to be barbecued It does not need to say that the number was few As for the Klamaths, they were apparently willing to let some more of their men go at the same valuation It takes time to satisfy an Indian's idea of a pow wow but finally the whole business was consummated and the natives went home to Klamath land rejoicing When they finally disappeared from the house the family tutor, J. S. Smith who lived to represent Oregon in congress and died a most millionaire), was seen emerging from the ash swale down by the creek. He saw the Klamaths coming, and "lit out" for the ash thicket, and staid there as long as a Klamath was near the house. This was one of the incidents of "the forties," and shows how the settlers braved dangers at that time All this trouble arose from a sense of gallantry among the young men. Young ladies were scarce, and Susan Looney was a rosebud of home growth That her property should be appropriated by a vagrant band of Klamaths was not to be thought of, and the young men of Champoeg county were all for war

ARCADIA AND EDEN COMBINED

Mrs Looney says they brought different seeds of fruit trees with them across the plains These were planted and in time brought them good fruit. They brought stock to Oregon that increased and became of great value This was the surest means of profit, for the whole valley abounded in the finest grasses. We were here and drove a team through all the valleys from Portland to Scott's valley, California, when the upper Willamette and all the region south was in primitive luxuriance Mr John Minto also tells of the time when in this valley native grass and wild clover grew to a horse's back. The whole region was unpastured, for no stock was brought here until immigration commenced save the cattle driven from California There was luxuriance and beauty and fruitfulness in that time that Eden itself—no, even that garden by the Euphrates that forms the earliest of the myths of the ages—could excel, if its reality corresponded to the tales handed down from the first family of man.

There were fourteen calves born in the spring of 1844, at Whitmans, and when the stock were driven to the Willamette they had that number of cows to milk. They had no market for butter but they made it and gave to their neighbors They had no milk pans and set their milk in wooden troughs dug out of blocks of wood, a cumbrous way to run a dairy, but in those times people did as they could We must remember that while there were oak and fir groves there were no such small and thick undergrowth, or second growth, as we see to-day all over the country Then the rolling hills were smooth as the prairies Pioneers who now meet and talk over the early times call out their recollection of many events that are interesting extremely so. The world to-day reads with eagerness the records of that time and the world that may exist centuries hence will read of those days and incidents just as eagerly.

THE WIFE OF DR. McLOUGHLIN.

Alex. McKay was one of the partners of the unfortunate Astor expedition, and after building Astoria he went on the ship Tonquin to Vancouver's island and was a victim of the terrible massacre of that ship's crew by the natives of that region He was married at Sault Ste. Marie, to Miss Bruce, daughter of the master of that port. Her grandfather was also an officer of the fur company, and married a Red river woman, so Mrs McLoughlin had one-fourth Indian blood in her veins, but that was of the most intelligent of all the native tribes. She was very attractive in person and had graces of mind and heart that won and retained the devoted love of one of the greatest men ever in the Hudson Bay service

Dr McLoughlin was given charge of all the region west of the Rocky mountains. This comprised an immense territory inhabited by savages. He had under his command hundreds of men of all classes—Canadian-French, half-breeds and Iriquois Indians, and often Indians of this region—many of whom were scarce higher in the scale of civilization than the natives themselves. While he was strong of mind and purpose and had wonderful powers of control over such rude men, he would often be so outraged by their misconduct that he would impose a terrible penalty in hope to restrain others by so doing. No doubt, as he was passionate, he was sometimes unreasonable in his judgments The world saw them reversed and leniency shown without knowing the cause, but the little grandson, who was left early motherless, saw that grandmother put in pleas for mercy that never failed to win a milder judgment. It must have been a remarkable woman who could influence that master mind and persuade the man against whose judgment there was no appeal.

THE CHIEF FACTOR

Maintained baronial style in the old English fashion, and was surrounded with almost the "divinity that doth hedge a king" It was necessary for the autocrat of all the West to maintain some style, for any people but our own demand such outward show as the emblem of power They had several sets of solid silver plate, and when the festal board groaned with substantial viands, it also glistened with show of crystal, precious Wedgewood ware and silver furnishings. There were also replenishings of wardrobe when the annual ship came in from England, and Mrs. McLoughlin, as the greatest lady in the land, wore silks and satins as became her place There was no lack of evidence that the chief factor honored his wife, and gave proof of his devotion.

Dr W. C McKay was the grandson of Alex. McKay, and being left motherless at a very tender age, was brought up at Fort Vancouver by his grandmother. She was all a mother could be to him, and the good doctor himself is remembered by Dr. McKay as always kind and fatherly The little grandson saw and heard the pleas for mercy, and realized the wonderful influence Mrs. McLoughlin possessed over her strong minded husband He, whose word was law and whose rule arbitrary, looked to this woman for his highest counsel Many a time when his overtaxed patience imposed some heavy penalty she induced him, in time when passion lost sway, to put in her plea for mercy, and never pleaded in vain

It is a pleasure to hear Dr McKay, when past life's prime, recall scenes at Vancouver, and tell of Mrs McLoughlin's many deeds of mercy He says she lived to do good to others The doctor reverenced her wishes and was governed by them. She deserves most honorable mention among the pioneer women of Oregon, and only a woman of remarkable traits could by kindness and prudence have maintained a wise control over such a man as he.

JOHN KELLY, OF SPRINGFIELD

Mr John Kelly, of Springfield, Lane county, Oregon, was a resident of Wisconsin, but when the Mexican war came that territory (as it was then) raised no troops for that service, so he went to Missouri and there enlisted The regiment he was in saw no active or great danger, but the young man showed his patriotism by volunteering to serve his country When the regiment disbanded, he was foot-loose, and soon went to work in the quartermaster's department of the rifle regiment, and crossed the plains to Oregon with that regiment in 1849 He wintered in Oregon City, and took a contract to supply the regiment with beef In the spring of 1850 he went south with a band of beef cattle of which General Lane was part owner On the way out the general stopped to make a treaty with the Rogue river Indians, who had been hostile This treaty did not improve them much as they had to be treated with again the next year and never were quieted until subdued and moved to another section of Western Oregon

They drove the cattle south and brought them back to Scott valley where Kelly took up a ranch. General Lane sold his interest, so did another one of the owners who got on a spree and sold out to a mining company of thirteen who had a lot of hangers on About twenty of them came to the ranch to represent the new interest gusted that he also sold out and moved to the Umpqua The cattle sold rapidly that winter he was there for a dollar a pound for the meat It was a time when Northern California was snow-bound and communication with the lower Sacramento was cut off All food was enormously high

Kelly remained in the Umpqua region for many years He was eight years under Lincoln, register in the Roseburg land office Then he removed to Lane county buying an interest in the mill property at Springfield, where he resides after a life of enterprise and variety, that left him well to do From [illegible] to [illegible] he was the collector of customs at Portland Mr Kelly was an active politician and ardent republican and filled various public trusts honorably

SAMUEL A. CLARKE

CURRENT REMARKS

Young men who think their sweethearts are divine, over make divinity students of themselves every night in the week —Merchant Traveler

Gen Strachey, the greatest authority on Indian railroads, estimates that the benefits accruing from the railways to India amounts to over £30,000,000 per annum

When a holiday falls on Friday, Saturday is of no account. It is like a railway train running between two big towns with a little way station between, at which it stops reluctantly Chicago Journal.

Mrs Ella Wheeler Wilcox pronounces Mrs Lilly Curry "the prettiest literary woman in New York" It should be borne in mind that Mrs Wheeler herself lives in Connecticut —Philadelphia Press

Husband—I would I were in heaven. Talkative wife—That is unkind I'm sure I make it as pleasant as I can for you Husband—Ah, but you know the poet says, "to die is landing on some silent shore."—Yonkers Statesman.

Since Atlanta voted for prohibition all the native Georgians have left the place, denouncing it as too distinctively Northern for a gentleman to live in. There isn't a man above the rank of captain left in the town —Philadelphia Press.

After a calm survey of the whole field, we are forced to the conclusion that the New Jersey mad dogs are attracting far more notice than the New Jersey statesmen But may be the mad dogs up there outnumber the statesmen —Macon Telegraph

Second husband to wife—Are you as fond of me as you were of your first husband, dear? Wife—Yes, indeed and if you were to die, John, I would be just as fond of my third I'm not a woman to marry for anything but love Yonkers Statesman

The Atlanta *Constitution* announces seriously that Phil Armour, the Chicago meat packer, "can count his millions on his fingers" There is nothing novel in that fact, however There are lots of men in this town who can do the same thing and have fingers to spare —Philadelphia Press.

Tramp (at the back door)—Will you please give me something to eat? Woman—Not a thing Tramp—Nor nuthin to drink? Woman —Nor nuthin' to drink. Tramp—No cast-off clothes Woman None Tramp Well, would you tell a poor, unfortunate man what time it is?—St Paul Globe

"Oh, Mr Van Duden," said a young dude at the opera recently, "doesn't this music make you surge" "Ah, yas I believe its grand It is so tenderly, wonderfully, exquisitely perfect, it makes me wave all over" "High tide, said a disgusted listener, and the conversation stopped —Philadelphia Press

Another libel suit against the *Pioneer Press* was added yesterday to the list of those already on the dockets of Ramsey and Hennepin counties, making eight in all And as six more are threatened, the lawyers in this lucrative business have a prospect of comfortable picking for some time to come from what remains of the bones of the *Pioneer-Press* —St Paul Pioneer-Press

Exercise is a good thing, but it is not indispensable Leopold von Ranke, the great German historian, is past 90, and he has spent three-quarters of a century in his library During all this time he has devoted fifteen hours a day to study and writing, leaving the library only to go to the dining-room or his chamber He is hale and hearty, and has literary work mapped out for years to come.—Atlanta Constitution

Next Easter falls on the latest date on which it can possibly occur, April 25, under the rule of the Council of Nice, which decrees that Easter shall be observed on the Sunday after the full moon following the 21st of March. Its earliest possible date is March 22. It is 152 years since Easter day has been so late. It will not again fall on that day till 1943. Ash Wednesday will fall this year on the 10th of March —Boston Journal.

NEW YORK NOTES.

Preparations in Progress for Production of American Opera.

The Gorgeous Paraphernalia and Costly Costumes—An Army of Actors and Supernumeraries—Fortune Telling Extraordinary

[Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian.]

One of the most important events of the winter—an event which may, perhaps, lead to great and brilliant results and hereafter be regarded as momentously historical—is the opening of the American opera, which is to occur next Monday evening at the Academy of Music A few days ago I noticed on Fourteenth street a significant process which was going on here in connection with this opening The old scenery and stage properties of Mapleson's Italian opera were being mournfully brought out from the academy, deposited in a state of dejection on the sidewalk and carried away in trucks, while numerous porters were constantly arriving and carrying into the academy the gorgeous and glittering furniture of the new enterprise and boxes filled with the richest and most superb costumes. The warfare between Italian opera as represented by Mapleson, backed up by conservative "old family" subscribers to the Academy, and German opera as represented largely by the newer elements in rich and fashionable society, which maintained the Metropolitan opera house, began over two years ago The first winter the struggle seemed likely to terminate after the manner of the "Kilkenny cats'" combat, for both sides were nearly used up at the end of the season However, the losses were made up by assessments, and the struggle was renewed last winter German opera at the Metropolitan came out rather ahead that time, and this season the Italian has prematurely come to final disaster.

It is a great revolution from the old order of things when Italian singing was sole and supreme in New York Even four years ago it was almost an impossibility to hear one of Wagner's music dramas in the metropolis But next week two of them will be given on the same evening "Lohengrin," by the American Opera, and "The Meistersinger" at the Metropolitan The conflict of the two schools and the collapse of the Italian company have at least been very useful in one respect they have opened just in the nick of time a field for American opera.

A MORE EXTRAORDINARY ENTERPRISE

In the line of theatricals has never been undertaken in this city than the one which is now on the threshold of its career At its head are a number of rich ladies and gentlemen in various parts of the country, so that it is by no means a local affair Among them are Mrs. F B Thurber, Mr and Mrs August Belmont, Wm K Vanderbilt, Henry G Marquand, Henry P Higginson, of Boston Howard Hinkle, of Cincinnati A. F. Tripp, of San Francisco, and Frank Thompson, of Philadelphia, and the Pennsylvania railroad But it is well known that Mrs F B Thurber was the leading spirit in the undertaking For several years past we have heard rumors, from time to time, that some mysterious person of vast means was about to endow an American conservatory or college of music on a grand scale, with Theodore Thomas at its head but it was only three or four months ago that these rumors were transmitted into reality and took the more [illegible] singers have been engaged, an enormous chorus of about 110 men and women has been collected and carefully drilled, and the scenery and costumes for ten or twelve operas have been put in hand Near the academy a large brownstone house has been hired, the interior of which looks like a millinery, dressmaking and tailoring establishment which has come into collision with a dress goods store and been absorbed by it There are from seventy-five to eighty women in the different rooms, handling the most magnificent fabrics, cutting out dresses, sewing embroidering, fitting, stitching away at the leather jerkins covered with eyelets of steel plated ones which are to clothe the warriors of the stage, or folding and packing up the finished costumes The most expensive stuffs have been used velvets, silks, materials woven of gold and silver thread some of them costing over $25 a yard. And the draperies of the ballet They look positively as if they had been spun from the substance of dreams. I never saw more exquisite tints or airier products of the loom A great deal is to be made of the ballet in the new opera and while ballets are not in the highest sense artistic or in accord with the most poetic development of the musical drama they will doubtless add much to the attractiveness of the performance. It is intended eventually to have the whole ballet composed of American girls There are

FORTY-EIGHT AMERICANS IN IT

Already In the lofts of several theaters, scene painters have been working madly for weeks to prepare the "drops," "wings" and "flies" for the American opera Hughson, Hawley, the Voegtlins, Goatcher, Minster—in fact, all the best scenic artists—have been employed Then, besides, certain painters of easel pictures, men of the highest training, who exhibit at the Academy of Design, Wm [illegible], Louis Tiffany, Thulstrup, have supplied designs for the landscape and architecture One of the most curious adjuncts of the opera is an old, abandoned church in Eleventh street, near Third avenue, which has been occupied by a regiment of carpenters and other artisans, who manufacture on the spot every conceivable article of stage furniture. They make chairs, tables, spears, chariots, towers and balconies, the swan for "Lohengrin" twisted shafts of timber, wood, to be revolved by a crank and represent running water helmets of papier mache, and a hundred war shields, each of a different pattern together with superb golden wine vases and goblets of paper Churches in their time have borrowed a good deal of music from the opera, and perhaps it is only fair that the opera should in its turn appropriate an old church to its own uses

You may well ask, "How much is all this going to cost?" There are 150 supernumeraries, Thomas's orchestra and [illegible] finished leading singers already under pay Well, it costs a good deal I am assured that $120,000 has been laid out already on the preparations. But then the projectors have got plenty of money and are in no hurry about the return They don't even expect the season of forty nights, scattered along from January 4th to April 17th to pay for itself One of the gentlemen interested has given $15,000 and is said to be ready to honor drafts for $5,000 more Mrs Thurber, also, indulges putting in large sums Her husband is a partner in a well known wholesale grocery firm of immense resources, and a leader of the anti-monopoly party in this state, which aims to wield a great political power. He is something of a theoretical socialist, too, although he does not on that account cease to be a capitalist It is a great thing that part of a great fortune accumulated from groceries should be poured into the veins of art The vital principle of art is imagination, but the blood which keeps it going is the hard gold And just now there seems to be lots of that gold for

WORK FOR YOUNG AMERICAN MUSICIANS

Let us hope that the movement will tend to the encouragement of American composers, also The new scheme embraces an American school of music for training singers.

If it had not been for King Louis of Bavaria, Richard Wagner never could have achieved his great works And if it had not been for his predecessor Munich would not have had its great school of painting and sculpture True, the present Louis of Bavaria has become insane But men who build big hotels are apt to go crazy, too and on the whole, people who develop art by liberality perform a better service to mankind than those who build big hotels What we need in these United States is a few more men and women with big brains, big hearts and big purses, who—whether sane or otherwise—will determine to build up a national literature as well as a national school of music and painting, by offering money prizes and abundant opportunities to native talent.

Will the American opera succeed? I think so. It has Pauline L'Allemand, Emma Juch, Jessie Davis, Mathilde Phillips, William Candidus, William H. Lee, Myron Whitney and other artists of repute and ability to depend upon, and will doubtless develop new geniuses of the first rank. I saw them rehearse Goetz's "Taming of the Shrew" a few evenings ago, and on the whole the performance was excellent. The chorus was exceptionally good. There is no toleration of "star" supremacy, and the result will probably be a representation marked by evenness and artistic quality throughout.

A fortune teller who styles himself "Doctor" was recently locked up for obtaining money under false pretenses New York is full of these fellows, and it is surprising to think, in the present state of the world's development that there are fools enough to make their calling steadily lucrative A successful practitioner of

THE MYSTERIOUS ART OF FORTUNE TELLING

May build up a profitable business and establish a reputation among a class of people who will consult him in regard to their affairs, and repose even greater confidence in his predictions than they do in the advice of a regular physician. Moreover, the astrologer always does a cash business, which gives him the advantage over his authorized brethren of the healing art. The "Doctor" who was arrested the other day occupied an apartment on the second floor of a house on Sixth avenue Those who sought advice received it in a little dark room adorned with charts of the heavens, skulls and other paraphernalia suggestive of mystery. The astrologer sat behind a table covered with writing materials, and always wore a bright red flannel robe and a red cap with horns All this was revealed to the visitor by a dimly burning lamp. The "Doctor" was always ready to give advice on matters of love, business or health. In the words of one of his disciples, he could "cast your horoscope for 50 cents, tell you your past or future for a dollar, and for a five dollar note he'd peer a heap into your future and give you your past from way back"

There is another fortune teller in New York who does a very large business, and that, too, without the aid of red robes, skulls and other mysterious appurtenances. A friend of mine took me to see him once. We found him in the basement of an old fashioned house in a part of the city which is fast crumbling into decay. His reception room was a decidedly matter-of-fact place—as much so in fact as if it had belonged to a dentist. The walls were decorated with chromos I noticed among others copies of those famous masterpieces, "Fast Asleep and Wide Awake," "The Orphan's Dream" and "I'm a Grandmother, Now" The only picture that was at all suggestive of the true character of the place was one representing a disheveled female clinging to a rock and entitled "Faith"

There were perhaps half a dozen people in the room, and we had to wait faithfully an hour and a half before our turn came to be admitted. These people were chiefly women There were also an unmistakable gambler, with dyed mustache and keen, hard eyes, and a tallow-faced youth, with a weak mouth and long hair, who might have been a dry goods clerk with political aspirations. One of the women was middle-aged and of matronly appearance Another wore a green bonnet and was unmistakably an Irish servant The shop girls giggled and chatted together about the last ball of the "Lonesome [illegible]" and their love "affairs" The most attractive person in the room was

A LADY OF EVIDENT REFINEMENT,

Whose features were hidden by a veil, and who sat quietly in an obscure corner of the apartment At last we were admitted to the wizard's private office, which was cozy and cheerful and warmed by a grate fire There were books on a shelf, curtains at the windows and a student lamp on the table at which the fortune teller sat. He was a stout man, rather gray, and his eyes were bright and keen. He invited us to be seated, and then in a brisk, business-like manner, began to "cast our horo[illegible] birth, and then he made various calculations and sat for a few moments in deep thought. He paid no attention to us, apparently, but seemed to concentrate his thoughts on the figures on the paper which covered the little table. Then he began to talk confidently and seriously about the planets which were in conjunction at the moment of my friend's birth, and then remarked: "I think you had a severe misfortune when you were quite young—lost a near and dear relative—your mother or father, perhaps" My friend nodded, and the wizard proceeded to give more information concerning his past, followed by predictions concerning his future He spoke of letters which he might expect, of people who would come to see him from over the sea and indulged in other gypsy-like prophecies A great deal that he said was true, and other things might easily have been true, but there was one of his prophecies which, in the light of after events, impressed itself upon me.

"There is a matter of business which has been in progress for some time," he said, with his eyes fixed on the chart, "and which will be concluded definitely in about six weeks. At the end of that, you may enter into a partnership with some one. It will prove unfortunate if you do, but as I can see no disaster hanging over you, I think you will form the partnership"

"That was exactly true about the business to be concluded in six weeks," said my friend as soon as we had gained the street, "and I have almost concluded to go into business with Gresham Well, I don't think what he said will scare me out of it. I'll go ahead just as if I had not paid him 50 cents for his advice"

About three months later he stopped me in the street and said "Well, it's lucky for me I didn't go into partnership with Gresham I had just made all my arrangements with him when he started on a spree, and day before yesterday he died in the hospital of delirium tremens"

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP

MATTERS PERSONAL.

In speaking of the bible, John Milton said "There are no songs to be compared with the songs of Zion, no orations equal to those of the prophets, and no politics like those the scriptures teach"

The king of Siam is eager to connect his dominions with the Chinese frontier by rail, and has promised to build a road if the Indian government will build a road through Burmah to meet the Siamese system at the frontier

Mr Tennyson again causes his publishers to announce through the London *Times* that he cannot answer the "innumerable letters" that reach him, nor can he undertake to "read, return or criticise the manuscripts sent to him"

Philip James Bailey whose poem of "Festus" made quite a stir in the literary world a generation ago, and which had an enormous sale in the United States, is still living at Nottingham, England, the place of his birth, in his 71st year

"And I know no such unquestionable badge and ensign of a sovereign mind as that tenacity of purpose which, through all change of companions, of parties, of fortune, changes never, bates no jot of heart or hope, but wearies out opposition and arrives at its port"—[illegible]

[illegible] Monge, of Platteville, Wis., will not vote the prohibition ticket, since he was told that he was not buried alive the other day. He was supposed to be dead from consumption and was prepared for burial when a hypodermic injection of brandy and [illegible] at the heart restored him to life.

An old farmer of Quincy, Ill., one of the pioneers of that county, had made five wills and destroyed each in turn, as he found it impossible to distribute his $80,000 worth of property among his five children so as to keep them from [illegible]. The other day he sat down to his sixth will, which gave rise to renewed bickerings. He then tore the paper up and shot himself through the head

Gen. Leonidas Polk, the fighting bishop of Tennessee sat on his horse high on the northern slope of Pine mountain in Georgia, on June 14, 1864, when the eye of a federal gunner was caught by the glitter of the rider's equipage. The marksman turned the black muzzle of a Long Tom gun towards the target, sighted slightly below the blue sky line and sent screaming hither a shot that started Polk on his way to kingdom come. R. E. McCollum, the man who thus picked off one of the most famous of the south-western generals, died in Laporte, Ind., a few days ago.

A Plain Hint.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Montreal alderman has sued a newspaper of that city for printing a speech which he did not deliver This is a hint for congressmen to strike the *Congressional Record* for something handsome.

OLD WORLD GOSSIP.

Max O'Rell's Opinion of Queen Victoria and her Subjects.

Small Talk upon a Variety of English and Continental Topics—How Some Bishops Impose on their Flocks.

[Correspondence of the Sunday Oregonian.]

LONDON Dec 19—I doubt very much whether John Bull will spend a happy Christmas this year, for his plum pudding will be rather highly priced. Trade is in a dreadful state, the greatest uncertainty prevails in political circles, Ireland is on the eve of being divorced or reconquered, a third expedition to the Soudan is in contemplation, and things are looking very gloomy all round. The country has hardly recovered from the electoral fever, and there is already talk of a possible dissolution within six months. I cannot say that I remember any period when England's lot was less enviable than it is at the present.

His serene highness, Prince Henry of Battenberg, now a royal highness and a knight of the garter, was presented with the freedom of the borough of Windsor last Wednesday. This young man had only just returned from deer stalking in Scotland. He must fancy himself in wonderland. The queen is more than ever determined to prevent her subjects from having a peep at her. At the beginning of the week she paid a flying visit to London to call on her old intimate friend, the Duchess of Cambridge The stations were ordered to be cleared, even in the loyal town of Windsor, and guarded by mounted police. I am afraid the queen is doing her best to make royalty unpopular A queen is an expensive toy, but she could make London lively and be the cause of a great revival in trade. How jealous must the English be, fond of their queen as they are at bottom, to read in the papers how the king and queen of Italy were received in Rome on their return from a pleasant holiday! No hindrance whatever was put in the way of the effusive inhabitants. Neither guards nor police were to be seen, and the crowd swarmed about the royal carriage so closely that more than once it came to a standstill; and the sympathetic queen, almost in tears with joy and excitement, threw kisses at the people She had no sooner reached home than she started alone with a friend on a pleasant expedition, visiting shop after shop, in search of New Year's presents The more I think of it, the more I am persuaded that John Bull is a good-tempered, check-drawing animal, who gets very little for his money.

Lady John Manners, the talented wife of the English postmaster-general, has advised her compatriots to offer the postmen temperance gifts at Christmas, such as a cup of tea, coffee, or cocoa, and something to eat. Now this is very kind of Lady Manners, but I should like to hear what the public, impatient for its Christmas letters and presents, would say to have to wait for them while the postman breakfasted at every house on his route.

THE POSTMAN'S DOCTOR

Might also be usefully asked to give evidence on this inquiry I think the *Daily News* is right in suggesting that there is nothing better than the old-fashioned shilling or half-crown, convertible into gifts in kind by the postman himself, Christmas cards are becoming a [illegible] new tax, quite as the inevitable box of iced chestnuts so much dreaded by French bachelors at New Year's day. If this odious taxation is allowed to go on it will develop subterfuge At Christmas we shall have to be seized with sudden indisposition, or called out of town by pressing message urging immediate departure A few years ago these cards were on sale a week before Christmas, now you see nothing else for six months in advance and every other article of stationery has to yield the ground

The walls of Exeter hall, that hitherto have resounded mostly to hymns and hallelujahs, last week resounded to bravos and cheers accorded to some muscular members of the Young Men's Christian Association, who positively used the place to hold an athletic meeting in Indian clubs, dumb bells and the vaulting horse were introduced into those precincts hallowed by many May meetings, meetings which I was once irreverent enough to call "England's annual spring cleaning of souls" The venerable walls have withstood the shock even of the foot-ball match Every one who remembers the appearance of the "English Christian Young Man," of a few years back with his knock knees and long pasty face will be pleased to see that he is now going in seriously for rational and invigorating pastimes that will do him good and make him a useful member of society

Another bishopric is going to be founded, and another pair of gaiters will soon be available for picnics and routs. Many more bishoprics may be founded, many more churches may be built, but the old mother Church of England will not be saved from an imminent danger of disestablishment, if her staunchest supporters are allowed to have their own way much longer The danger does not arise from platform oratory but from crying injustices committed by parsons. Mr Joseph Chamberlain is a friend of the Church of England, compared to

THE VICAR OF SHOREHAM,

Who has just seized some 10,000 hop poles, the property of his parishioners, in lieu of payment of that odious impost, the extraordinary tithe, and is going to sell them at auction. Another clergyman has just forbidden a mason to erect a monument in the cemetery unless he received twenty guineas. Being told the people could not afford it, he said "Well, then, say fifteen guineas, and ultimately accepted ten guineas The other day, a London magistrate charged a tradesman with dishonesty, because he had told one of his shop assistants that certain articles could be charged according to the appearance of the customer. Now, where is the difference between this dishonest tradesman and that honest clergyman?

A canny Caledonian has somewhat nonplussed the authorities of Stornoway He was summoned to appear in an action brought against him at the borough court, but he cited all the magistrates of the neighborhood as witnesses, so that there was none left to try the case, which of course did not come off The magistrates are bound to obey the citation but on the other hand, should they refuse to attend, there is no other magistrate to issue a warrant for their apprehension There is no doubt that this man, by his ingenuity, has for a time rendered it impossible for his trial to take place. It is said by the *Scotsman* that such conduct amounts to contempt of court, as the magistrates summoned have no knowledge whatever of the case, and have been called as witnesses simply to obstruct the progress of the action Whether it be the case or not, a state of affairs has been created for which there is probably no precedent.

Exhibitions are springing up, over here, like mushrooms. We are threatened with no less than five exhibitions for May, next year First of all there is to be an international exhibition at Liverpool (the "Shipperies") Then we are to have the Edinburgh international exhibition (the "Scotcheries"), and the Indian and Colonial exhibition at South Kensington, London, for which a suitable name, according to the fashion set by the Fisheries, the Healtheries and the Inventories, has yet to be found. In May will also be opened at Addison Road, London, a mile from South Kensington, the American exhibition, the machinery of which will, on the opening day, be set in motion by President Cleveland

FROM WASHINGTON BY ELECTRICITY

Finally, we shall have a national exhibition of art treasures at Folkstone The annual exhibitions which have been held at South Kensington for the last three years, have been very successful, but the English, who have the bad habit of always spoiling things by overdoing them, will soon discover that, in the way of exhibitions they have too much of a good thing.

In no country are students supposed to be in the lap of luxury, unless perhaps in England, whose object universities are not remarkable certainly for the asceticism of the lives led by their young frequenters. It is said that to be able to live at Oxford or Cambridge a young man must have at least £200 a year, and at Oxford very few can manage it under £300. Doubtless very few are sent thither with a less income The look of Oxford, when I saw the grand old place, was scarcely that of a city where hard work and hard living were blended. But, although poor students are to be met with in most countries, it is in Germany that they swarm Endless numbers of youths, sons of poor parents who are anxious to see them in a higher rank of life than they themselves have occupied, are sent to Berlin or Vienna with a paltry pittance in their pockets that is not enough to keep them while they pursue their studies. To eke out their small monthly dole from home, the poor fellows do extraordinary things. One wrote not long ago to the Berlin local government to ask for work as street-sweeper during the night, that he might earn the wherewith to carry on his studies in the daytime

Those who can get them take situations of various kinds in banks, postoffices, etc. Others turn their musical talent to account by singing in beer shops, some are even fain to sell matches in the streets. Hard reading in their wretched rooms has generally to take the place of the lectures their occupations prevent them from following. In Greece many students are servants In Russia, things are not much better There you may find the same class of men, having about $5 a month to subsist upon, and living four in a room with insufficient food, and with

ONE MANTLE BETWEEN THEM,

In which each attends the lectures in turn.

In a case lately judged in a French court of assizes, some remarkable evidence was given by a medical expert. The prisoner was a woman who had confessed to killing her baby by strangling it. Marks of finger pressure were visible on the neck of the little corpse, but after a brief look at them, the doctor pronounced that they could not have been made by the hands of the mother, whose fingers were long and slender. A little further examination led the clever man to assert that the person who had strangled the infant must have not only short thick fingers, but an unusually short forefinger Sharply questioned, the poor mother admitted that she had falsely accused herself to screen the real criminal—the father This creature, when brought into court, proved to have exactly the right hand the doctor had described, the nail and almost the whole joint of the forefinger being absent.

The Viennese have discovered a new way of protesting against a bad tenor. At the Malibran theater, a gentleman occupying an orchestra stall, wishing to keep off the shower of false notes that were thrown at him, quickly opened his umbrella and held it towards the stage. The spectators, seeing in the suggestion a way of alleviating the tortures they were suffering, followed the example, and the auditorium soon became a forest of umbrellas. The tenor fled, the curtain fell, and art was avenged. On the continent it is a very common thing to protest against bad acting or bad singing In Italy audiences take upon themselves to correct a singer, and to give him the right note when he sings flat. If he will not take the hint, gentlemen pull keys out of their pockets and whistle the recalcitrant actor off the stage In England it would be thought bad form to applaud in a theater, and much worse still to hiss This is reserved only for candidates for parliament. Actors may sing as horribly out of tune as they choose without a murmur being raised by the audience John Bull pities the poor artiste who endeavors to amuse him, but fails in his efforts, and, being of a magnanimous turn of mind, he forgives him

MAX O'RELL

PARNELL'S ACHIEVEMENT.

Home Rule for the Emerald Isle Sure to Come in 1889

While the Fenians lay in prison—from 1866 to 1874—and the habeas corpus act was suspended, and the stipendiary magistrates had the power of Persian satraps, Ireland lay still and gnawed her heart in the waiting Feeble voices of timid home rulers were raised in Westminster, and whig landlords patronized Ireland with a mock patriotism Then the moral pressure of the world, and especially of America, compelled England to open the prison doors for the political convicts, and there came out to the world some scores of men whose patriotism had been condensed and crystallized into terrible purpose, and many of them had become powerful leaders by reflection and self-mastership. Michael Davitt, John O'Leary, John Devoy, O'Donovan Rossa, Charles Kickham, Thomas Clarke Luby, and a host of others were sown like seed among the fertile Irish and Irish American millions and their impressive story and and uncompromising principles took root and flourished in a new crop of Irish unrest The tendency was toward another attempt at violent revolution, but England, though alarmed, was secure in the knowledge that an appeal to arms by the disorganized, scattered, disarmed Irish could be crushed as all similar attempts had been crushed.

Then, fresh from Oxford, with his cold English training, his Yankee blood and Irish patriotic traditionary feeling, came Parnell with a new message and a new method. No need to follow his steps From the moment that he first laid his hand on the Irish key-board the race listened to him. He has done what O'Connell failed to do, enlisted all creeds and classes—landlords, professional men, tradesmen, peasants He has made the larger Ireland in exile one body with the five millions at home. The radicals have joined his forces, believing in the man The bishops and priests are his warmest supporters A Protestant, a landlord, an aristocrat and a home ruler, he has the support and friendship of Archbishops Walsh and Croke, Michael Davitt, the Fenians, the farmers, the laborers, the mechanics

He has drawn together the forty millions of people who respond to the Irish barometer, in all lands, and made them into one marvelous, moral, organized nationality, supporting Ireland with public opinion, agitation and money The thirty millions of Englishmen are confronted with the extraordinary, cloud like, but absolutely real and potential Irish force, and as yet they do not know quite what it means

The late elections have opened the eyes of the world to the fact that Ireland is overwhelmingly "National" Eighty six out of 103 Irish members stand behind Mr. Parnell in parliament, pledged to vote as he leads, utterly irrespective of British interests or desires Liberal and tory in England may join to defeat English strength, but it will be only for a year or two. It is clear now that another Cromwell must sweep Ireland with fire and sword, or that England must grant her constitutional command for home government. The abominable selfishness which would destroy Ireland for England's sake, if now allowed to operate in another conquest and disfranchisement, would assuredly destroy England—and England is learning the great lesson Ireland is saved by the [illegible],000,000 Irish blooded Americans, by the [illegible],000 Irish and their descendants in England, Scotland and Wales by the vast numbers of Irish sympathizers in Australia, New Zealand, Canada and other countries It would be highly dangerous to slaughter the kindred of such a people

It is not likely that Ireland will gain much from the coming parliament. The parliament cannot last long, it is too evenly balanced Besides, England has not yet realized that home rule for Ireland is inevitable. It will take three years to vaccinate her with the idea and allow it to "take."

The second leader of the English liberals, during the recent elections, several times repeated this assertion, that the Irish elections were not truly the expression of the country—that Mr Parnell was "grinding" and "oppressing" the Irish people A glance at the returns—at the ten and twelve to one in scores of cities, towns and counties, makes such a charge ridiculous. But it indicates the perverse ignorance or the audacious dishonesty of even leading Englishmen. In returning eighty-six nationalist members to parliament the Irish have not ended, but just begun, their national struggle. There are three stages in pacific reform Agitation, controversy, and legislation. The Irish have passed through the first and are entering the second. Parnell, with fifteen or twenty votes, was not a power, he was only a voice, an emphasis, an appeal. He was an agitational influence. With eighty-six votes he is a controversial force. "He has compelled John Bull to listen," as Wendell Phillips said of him. In 1889, I predict, the legislative stage of the Irish question will have arrived, and the union with England, which shall then have cursed Ireland for nine-tenths of a century, will be repealed.

DENNY'S DREAM.

A Story of the Tunnels Away up in the High Sierras,

Showing that Dreams do not Always "Go by Contraries" with an Easy Exemplification.

(Written expressly for the Sunday Oregonian.)

"You're a fool, that's phat you are, Denny, to be quittin' now afther warrekin' hard for tin months wid nothin' more to pay you nor bacon an' banes, and maybe a new pair o' boots wanst in six months."

The speaker was a powerful, dark complexioned Irishman named John McGuirk, well known all along the Sierra Nevada mountains as a hard-working and energetic, though intemperate fellow. He was as swarthy as a Spaniard and as brave as a lion, and, notwithstanding his fondness for drink, the fellow's rough nature was full of excellent traits. When the little camp of Nip and Tuck was reported to have been entombed in an avalanche, "Black Jack" shouldered his long-handled shovel and tramped it three miles over snow three feet in depth and through a trackless forest, on a midnight in March. His liberality toward his countrymen who had been less lucky than himself in the search for gold, was proverbial in that section of the mountains lying south of Feather river, and formerly part of Sierra county, but now ceded to Plumas.

"Well, Jack, I b'lieve I've warreked hard enough for nothin' to last me for a whoile. I'll go over the pass to Virginia an' thry me hand on the Comstock ledge. The wages is foive dollars a day there, an' whin I've saved up enough I'll come back agin."

Such were the utterances of Mr. Dennis Breen, a small but wiry Irishman, with red hair and freckled face, who sat across the supper table from "Black Jack," to whom he afforded a striking contrast. On his left sat Bartholomew Callahan and on his right Peter McGlone, also partners in the Athlone tunnel, as it was called. These four gallant fellows had been for eight months driving a tunnel under a high sugar-loaf mountain, sometimes through hard rock and sometimes through treacherous sands that bid fair to cave in and engulf them on a living tomb. They had now worked a few days over nine months, in search of an ancient river bed, without the first dollar of recompense in the way, and without any certainty of reward in the future. Up to the evening in question (for they had just finished their frugal supper as this conversation began) not a whisper of complaint at their long deferred recompense had escaped their lips, but now that Dennis Breen had spoken about abandoning the enterprise, the ice was broken and each was ready to ventilate his opinion. "Bat" Callahan was the next to speak.

"Sure, you ought to have thought o' this before, man dear. Do you remimber phat was said the day we filed notices on this ground, and you and Jack went up on the hillside to cut all aft timbers while Pete an' meself gev the first sthroke of the pick in the Athlone?"

"I remember it very well. It was the devil['s] watchword of '76—'all for one and one for all,'" replied Dennis.

"Much regard you ped to it thin," growled Peter McGlone.

"I simply say that I am unable to go any further wid the wurrek," said Denny, in a matter of fact way. "I give up all I have put in as concerns its profits to come and count my own time a loss. You three are entitled to whatever it pans out."

"Yes," growled Pete, "an' who is to pay the bills at the store?"

"I'm ready to pay me share of the bills tonight, Pete; only the store is four miles off. I'll go down and pay it in the morning, bedad!"

"Well, yer a fool to be quittin' anyhow," grunted McGlone.

Breen's face grew fiery with anger as he exclaimed: "My mother was a good woman before God, whether she is in heaven the night or in ould Ireland, God save her from harm, and she niver brought annie fools into this world, nor cowards nayther."

[illegible] an ox. Peter dodged it nimbly and was about to respond with a stinger upon Denny's face, when the table went over with a crash, and "Black Jack" caught the two angry men and held them apart as though each of them was screwed in a vice.

"Yez'll not fight," he said, and both men took their seats again. "Yez were both wrong, annihow. Pete was wrong to spake as he did to Denny, an' Denny had a right to keep on niver moind him."

"I b'lave so, meself," growled McGlone, "an' I'm glad, now, that I didn't sthrike him at all, at all. But be the prophet o' Moses, I must have been purple an' white wid rage."

In a few minutes order was restored and Black Jack resumed:

"Yez were both wrong, bys, as I said before, to have anny throuble over a thing loike that. It's bad manners that's at the bottom av it, intirely. To begin wid, none of us had a right to be interruptin' Denny whin he started to tell us why he was afther lavin' the wurrek."

"Shure yer not the first mon that spoke an' cut him aff," suggested Bat Callahan.

"Thrue for you intirely, sor," replied Mr. John McGuirk, "an' now go on, sor, af ye plaze." And he waved his hand towards the belligerent Breen with an air of innate dignity that would have done honor to Blaine himself in the chair of the fortieth congress.

"Well," began Denny, in a slow and measured tone of voice, "you may have noticed that I was nervous like, on the wurrek for the lasht two days."

"We have," responded the trio in a single voice.

"Well, for the lasht three nights," faltered Mr. Breen, "I have not shlept well. In fact I may say I had a dhrame."

"A dhrame?" squeaked Bat Callahan in a thin voice that sounded like tearing off a strip of linen cambric.

"A dhrame?" croaked out Pete McGlone in a wail like that of a lost soul.

"A dhrame?" roared Black Jack in a [illegible] tongue that came like the growl of a [illegible] west wind.

"Yes, I had the same dhrame for three nights hand runnin', and I'm in the [illegible] terror [illegible] it entirely."

"Go on now, and tell us all about it," cried Mr. McGuirk, lighting his pipe as he prepared to listen to Mr. Breen's recital.

"Before you begin," said Mr. McGuirk, sententiously, "it's better you an' Pete shake hands an' make up so there'll be no bad blood betwixt yez."

"I'm sorry I spoke the harsh words, sir, I am," said McGlone, extending his hand.

"I'm sorry I tried to strike him," said Mr. Breen, as he sat down to begin his story.

"Well, [illegible] I dhramed I was at work in the [illegible] wid Bat [illegible] timber [illegible] the shaft [illegible] big torrent of wather pourin' out o' the tunnel. Me heart was up in me throat [illegible] and I rushed up the hillside like a wild horse [illegible] seemed that [illegible] there. And whin I got to the mouth of the tunnel, here was all three of yez [illegible] there [illegible] before me face. Pete had broke his legs [illegible] and Bat was all in pieces, and as for yerself, Jack, ye hadn't a whole bone in yer body, an' yer face all batthered up into jommethry. Oh, but it was terrible, terrible."

And the horror-stricken witness of the supposed agonizing scene buried his face in his hands and groaned aloud. His companions sat in silence for a few moments, which Jack McGuirk was the first to break.

"How do ye account for the likes o' that?"

"Well, you know we are in search of the bed of an ancient river that is gone dry intirely an' has no wather in it at all, at all. Now, my idea is that the wurrek is running into a wet [illegible] at the time, an' before long we will sthrike into a dead river, bein' like one, an' it will drown the [illegible] three av yez. I've dhramed that now for three nights, and I'm ready to quit."

"Well, I'm not," replied Black Jack. "Dhrames don't skare me worth a cint. I know all about Irish superstition, but there's none of it in me, phat the divil."

"Nor me," cried McGlone and Callahan in concert.

"Well, b'ys," said Dennis, "you have my best wishes for a good find of goold. It's not from fear of hard wurrek that I'm quittin' intirely."

"That's better you'd shtay wid us thin," replied Bat Callahan.

"No, I'll go to Virginia City and perhaps I'll come back if I don't like it. But I'd not go in the tunnel at all now. I can niver blot out that terrible dhrame from me moind."

He shut out the terrible vision with his hands.

"Well, b'ys," says big Jack, "it's half-past 8 o'clock an' we'll be after washin' the dishes an' goin' to bed. Perhaps Denny will think better av it in the mornin'. At all events, he'll not be thinkin' hard of me."

"No, nor no wan else thinks hard of ye, Jack, for ye've no fault barrin' dhrink, and be that you're a bigger sufferer nor annieboody else, God knows. You'll come to no harm if ye niver hav annie worse inemy nor me."

The approaching midnight stole down over the little cabin, which lay about a hundred yards east of the trail leading to Sawpit Flat from Gibsonville, and found four men quietly sleeping, three of whom little knew what danger the morrow might bring forth. Dennis Breen awoke at half past four and got up to light the fire, when Bat Callahan called out:

"Phat are you doin' there, Denny?"

"Makin' a fire to get breckwisht," said Mr. Breen.

"Go back to bed again an' I'll cook you a male fit for a king," retorted Callahan.

"I'm up now and I may as well cook it for meself. Lie shtill, man dear, an' take yer rest," said Dennis.

"Devil a bit o' me will be shtill. Go back to bed yerself an' shlape awhile. Shure you're only a guest here now."

He fried some bacon and potatoes, baked some beans in the oven and made a big pan of flapjacks, as Peter McGlone came back into the cabin for a towel with his face dripping with the clear water of the icy brook from his shaggy beard. He looked up at Dennis Breen with an odd smile and said:

"Wud ye sthrek me this mornin', Denny?"

"Not for the wurreld, man dear, why I'd as soon sthrek me poor brother Mike that's layin' in his grave in ould Ireland beyant the say. Oh, if ye could have only seen yer poor dead face last night."

"Dinny, did ye have that dhrame agin last night?" asked Peter.

"Faix an' I did, an' me heart is broak in thinkin' of it." And as he said this the other two came in and seated themselves at the breakfast table.

The meal was discussed in silence, for neither of the four rough men had the heart to speak; and yet such is the habit and discipline of toil that all four ate heartily. The meal over, Jack McGuirk began to wash the dishes, and while he was doing it, Denny began packing his few articles of clothing into a rough white canvas bag with spun-yarn lanyards, such as are used by sailors. At last Bat broke silence by asking:

"Jack, phat ought we to pay Denny for his share in the cabin and the claim?"

"I know nothing about it, but I'm willin' to pay me share of whatever he asks," said Jack.

"You'll pay nothing now," replied Denny. "If the mine turns out well you can afford to pay me $4 a day for every day that I've worked on it. If it does not turn out any good it would be very onraisonable for me to ax it."

"Nothin' could be fairer nor that," said Pete McGlone, quietly.

At last there was nothing more to be done about the house and, shouldering his ax, big Jack McGuirk prepared to start for the mine. He grasped Breen's hand warmly and said, "Come back here when you can. What little is here belongs to you as much as any of us."

"Thank you kindly," said Dennis. Bat now came up and wrung his hand in silence. McGlone was the last, and said:

"Breen, I niver shall forgive myself for what happened last night."

"Plaze don't spake of it. Life is too short for such trifles as thim. May God take care of every wan of yez, boys."

He walked lightly down the narrow path that led to the trail over which all the travel of the country went on its busy errands. In less than two hours he had reached Gibsonville, where he bought a mule for $1[illegible], and was soon on his way toward the Henness pass across the Sierras. Suddenly he stopped.

"Be this and be that, I've left all Mary Ann Connelly's letters behind. I'll go back after them," and he turned the mule's head back towards the camp. Galloping lightly along he soon reached Gibsonville, where the crowd of idlers about the little hotel began to chaff him.

"Here's Denny back agin," said a big fellow, "maybe Washoe was too hot for him."

"Yes, betcher life he didn't last long on the Comstock," said another.

Denny alighted from his mule long enough to take a drink with the landlord, Joe Hickey, and then mounted his mule, saying:

"I must hurry back to be here for dinner, and I've got to stop all night in Howland Flat."

[illegible] the sagacious animal cantered quietly along the trail until the smoking chimneys of Whisky Diggings (now called Newark) came in sight. Half a mile this side of it was a sugar-loafed mountain, at the foot of which lay the mouth of the Athlone tunnel. He had reached the hill, when, looking over towards Whisky Diggings, he saw a crowd of men rushing over towards the Athlone. Suddenly there came on the soft spring air a dull and heavy boom. A cloud of smoke arose from Whisky Diggings, and then came another dull and heavy "Bang!"

Did you ever live in a mining camp, dear reader? If not this will be unintelligible to you. But let me explain that not one camp in a thousand has such a thing as a bell. The hotel summons its boarders to meals with a blow on a suspended bar of steel or a triangle. If there was a steam mill in the place the note of danger would be sounded by the whistle of the engineer. But in camps like Whisky Diggings there are no steam mills and the ingenuity of miners resorts to a peculiar device by which the cavity in the bottom of an anvil is filled with gunpowder, another anvil placed over it and then the train is touched off with a red hot iron. The sound caught Denny's quick ear as he hurried up his mule and said to himself:

"There's trouble down at the mine, of some sort, for all the people over the creek is rushin' that way. God save our b'ys from harm."

He galloped quickly down the hill, only to hear a torrent of water pouring down the once dry gulch, to mingle with the waters of Nelson creek.

"God save us," he groaned, "they've sthruck a river in the mine. Me dhrame has come thrue."

It was as he had predicted. A torrent of water was pouring out of the tunnel, at the mouth of which lay the bruised and mangled bodies of three brave and stalwart men. Big Jack's dark face was turned up the sky and horribly disfigured by contact with the jagged rocks. McGlone's features wore a smile and did not [illegible] his skull was fractured behind.

[illegible] said Denny [illegible] he held the [illegible] clammy hand within his own. [illegible]

The kindly villagers led him away to the [illegible] crossed over to Whisky Diggings, where he spent the night at the house of a friend named Jim Kerrigan. He sat up till after midnight, smoking and talking with Kerrigan and his wife. When he awoke in the morning and came down to breakfast, Mrs. Kerrigan [illegible] his features but said nothing till the meal was over. [illegible]

[illegible] caught Pete McGlone's [illegible]

At [illegible] on the second day following [illegible] the funeral [illegible] of men from the [illegible] Downieville, La Porte, [illegible], Quincy and other little towns [illegible] the sorrowful cortege must have numbered at least four hundred. The good priest, Father [illegible], from Howland Flat, conducted the services, and the scene was one of fearful solemnity. The burying ground lay in a bend of the creek not three hundred yards from the spot where they met their untimely deaths.

On the day following the funeral, Dennis Breen once more mounted his mule and sped away for the land of Washoe. But before leaving he walked up to the tunnel and saw a stream of water pouring out of it large enough to turn a small mill. Then mounting his sturdy mule, he left the scene of sorrow behind him. That night he slept at [illegible] place, at the crossing of the west branch of the north fork of the Yuba, and the next night in Downieville, after which he struck out for Sierra valley. The second night out of Downieville [illegible] him out in the wilderness with his mule tired, so he concluded to camp there for the night. The season was so early that he had no fear of trouble from the Indians, so he built a fire, took some [illegible] from his canvas bag, took off the saddle and bridle from "Brian Boru," as he called the mule, and picketed him out to nibble the few young blades of new grass that were springing up through the sod. Night came on apace and he wrapped himself in his blankets and began to think of the danger he had escaped in the Athlone shaft. "It's funny about the water pourin' out of there," he mused. "But if ever it dhries up I'll be in there in a jiffy. There's goold there I b'lave meself, but the tunnel is all filled up wid rocks an' jommethry." And so saying the tired wayfarer rolled over and went to sleep. Just before doing so, however, he picked up a couple of juniper branches and threw them on the deadening embers. Their wierd blaze flashed out upon the darkening sky and lit up the spot where the plucky young Irishman lay.

How long he lay in deep slumber it is hard to say, but he was awakened by a sound that almost chilled his blood. "Brian Boru" was fearfully excited too, and was trying to part his lariat by which he was tied to a juniper tree about forty steps away. The fearful cry came again, a cry that no man ever forgets that has once heard it:

"Ar-oo, Ar-oo-oo, Ar-oo-oo-o-o."

"Thim's wolves," said Breen to himself as he sat upright in his blankets. Fortunately he had not removed his outer clothing, and he was on his feet in an instant. There was no time to be lost, for he must save the mule as well as himself. On the brow of the hill stood two large gray wolves awaiting their companions to come up and assist in the attack, and to this circumstance alone Breen owed his life. He ran to the tree where Brian was tied, untied the knot, cast the end over the nether limb of the juniper and hauled himself up into the crotch. This done he let go the hide rope and set [illegible] free. The main pack, numbering about twenty beasts in all, now came up and made a rush at the mule, but Brian was too good a boxer to be caught in that way. He let fly with both heels, crushing in the skull of one wolf, and just then a well directed shot from Breen's revolver laid another one low. Wild with hunger, the famished beasts at once began to devour their fallen comrades, while Brian trotted off leisurely and began to survey the scene from the adjoining hillside. In less than ten minutes they had stripped the bones of their fallen comrades and were ready for business again.

They looked up and sniffed the air angrily for a few moments and then took after the mule which galloped in front of them for a couple of hundred yards and circled directly toward the tree where Dennis was ensconced. He went on past the tree, but the wolves stopped as they caught the scent of Breen, and this caused them to huddle together, the hind ones crowding upon the leaders not forty feet away from the tree. Breen took the best aim he could get in the darkness, and fired two shots in rapid succession. Each took vital effect, and the grisly work of devouring the fallen ones went on as before, giving Dennis a good chance to realize what sort of a show he would have stood had he not climbed the tree. He [illegible] began to realize that he had but two shells in his pistol, and four in his pocket, all the rest being in the canvas bag, which he could not now hope to reach. The night was intensely cold and he felt his limbs growing numb as he sat in the tree. Oh, would daylight never come? Again the wolves made another charge at Brian, who kicked one of them over, but they still kept on while the crafty mule led them between the dying campfire and the tree where Dennis sat nearly frozen to death, and resting his pistol on a limb in front of him. He [illegible] shots again, but only one wolf fell this time, and the angry pack again tore him up, while the mule galloped off in safety to the hillside. And again this was repeated, and another wolf fell, but there were still a dozen left and Dennis had but two loads in his pistol. At last morning dawned, chill and gray, as the [illegible] and nearly starved man muttered to himself, "Shure that sounded like a wagon wheel gratin' on the brakes."

Above him the Sierras lifted their tall peaks clad with perennial snow as the stars began to grow pale. Less than sixty feet away from him the remnant of the howling pack were sitting on their haunches and waiting for him to come down from his perch. His brain reeled as his hands loosened their grip on the limbs of the tree beside him. Just then [illegible] men's voices and the sharp crack of two rifles rang in the ears of the fainting man as he fell to the ground. When he regained his consciousness, he was lying in a heavy wagon, snugly wrapped in blankets, and his mule was being led at the tail of the vehicle. He half rose to ask, "Where am I?"

"Keep down, pard, and lay still for awhile. You were powerful weak when we found you, and it 'ud have been an easy job for them big gray wolves to have chawed you up if we hadn't come along."

"I killed six of them myself during the night," said Dennis.

"By jocks!" cried the teamster, who was no other than big Buck Norton, "that accounts for all the bones and hair we found scattered about. Which way are ye bound, Irish?"

"I'm goin' to Virginia City if I don't die."

"The be——," roared the fat man, "you're worth a dozen dead men. We'll be in Long Valley in three hours and get to Lake's Bridge by only eighteen miles." The Lake's Bridge referred to is the now flourishing town of Reno. It was late in the afternoon when the wagon reached there. On alighting from the wagon, Dennis asked the burly teamster:

"Say, boss, how much do I owe you?"

"Now look here, Irish, I'd hate to hit a man as much an ailer as you are, but I'll do it ef you talk about pay. You do as much for me."

"Of course I would," faltered Dennis.

"Very well," said Buck, "that settles it."

It was late in the afternoon of the third day following his rescue that Dennis Breen rode into Virginia City. He had scarcely alighted from Brian's back when a prospector bound for Bodie accosted him: "Say, mistopher, what'll you take for that mule?" "I don't want to sell him unless I get work," said Breen. "But if I do get a job, you can have him for $170 with the saddle."

"Tell you what I'll do, boss. I'll give you that money for him, and ef you don't git work you can have him back for the same money in just three weeks. You lose your mule for that time and I lose my money, so it's a fair bargain."

Breen assented, and the prospector counted out the money and rode away on "Brian Boru." Dennis went down to the secretary of the Miner's Union and handed in his name for membership, with five dollars for an initiation fee. Two days later he went to work on the 1600 foot level of the then famous "Hale and Norcross" mine at five dollars per day. Being a very active little fellow, he soon became a great favorite with his fellow men. He had worked along about a year and saved his money, when he was persuaded to buy some stock in the "Crown Point," then selling at $12 per share. He bought a hundred shares on margin and sold it out for [illegible] per share, realizing [illegible] after paying all commissions. He [illegible] the idea uppermost in his mind. Being very tired he soon fell asleep and began to dream. Suddenly he fancied he could see [illegible] a red flannel shirt [illegible] his large dark eyes [illegible] come to [illegible]

"[illegible] Jack is [illegible]"

"[illegible] an' I'm [illegible] broke up, come on [illegible] here to bring you to your senses [illegible] ghost."

[illegible]

With a great [illegible] Breen [illegible] pig. Nevertheless his superstition taught him to [illegible] the warning [illegible] to buy no more stock. He had now nearly [illegible] and had some notions of going east to buy a farm in Maryland, where he had some relatives. He worked hard for two years longer and occasionally letters passed between him and his old friend Jim Kerrigan at Whisky Diggings. At last he packed his trunk and started from Reno to Baltimore by the second regular train of the Central Pacific that ever ran from San Francisco to Ogden. He reached Baltimore in safety and soon found his relatives. He got on the track of a small farm for sale at $4000, which he bought and spent some $1500 more in stocking it. After a brief courtship he married a very worthy country girl named Mary Carroll, like himself a devout Catholic, and all seemed to be prosperous except that the farm yielded comparatively no income. It was a good comfortable home and that was all could be said for it. Dennis was very fond of his wife and yet he could not make her home all he desired. One day she rode home from the postoffice with a letter addressed to her husband at Virginia City, which had been remailed to him in his new home.

"Newark!" cried Breen, "why that's in New Jersey, I don't know annie body there."

He broke it open, to recognize the writing of Jim Kerrigan:

Friend Breen: [illegible] address any [illegible] letters to this place [illegible] Whisky Diggings. They have [illegible] Newark [illegible] who are from Newark, Ohio, as you know. [illegible] is very dull here but they have made me [illegible] master and I hope I will get enough [illegible] office to pay my subscription [illegible]

The boys are all well barrin' Tim Doherty who has gone dead intirely. Brian Foley is to be married to Mary Ann Quinn next week and they are going to live in Red Bluff. Dan Corrigan and Mike Dempsey left for San Francisco yesterday and will go up to Virginia City to look for work in about three weeks. Wagner's brewery at Gibsonville burned down last week and we are all out of beer.

By the way, I forgot to tell you about the freshet last month. There came a very hot day on the snow and it melted so fast that Nelson creek came over its banks and was two feet over our front porch. The widow McGuire's boarding house was washed away and she and the girls had hard work to save their lives. The water went down next day and what do you think? Nearly the whole graveyard was washed away. Not a spot of mud left to tell where big Jack McGuirk, Bat Callahan or Pete McGlone was buried. I suppose their bones are in the say by this time.

There has been no water running out of the Athlone tunnel for some time, but everybody is afraid to go in there. They say that some miners started to go in there about a year ago and big Jack's ghost came up with a shovel and drove them out. Another man said he went in there and [illegible] was so scared that [illegible] Your friend, JAMES KERRIGAN.

"Mary, I'm goin' back to California," said Breen, as he handed her over the letter. "You can tell your mother to run her house and come here to live wid you while I'm gone."

"How long will you be gone, dear?" asked the young wife, looking up into his face.

"About six months, perhaps," was his reply.

"Surely you will be back in time for—" and she drew down his head to whisper in his ear. He caught her rapturously in his arms, and, suffused with blushes, she hid her head on his bosom. His valise was gotten out and filled with coarse woolen clothing that had not been worn for nearly a year, and in three hours he was flying over the Baltimore and Ohio road toward Chicago, en route for California. Ten days later just about dusk he rode up to the door of Jim Kerrigan's house, in Newark, and sang out:

"God save all here. Come out an' open the dure, or be jabers I'll [illegible] of yez."

"That's Denny Breen's voice out there," said Mrs. Kerrigan.

"Devil a bit of it," retorted her husband, "he left Virginia City and went east. The post master [illegible] himself."

"That's him at last," said the wife and [illegible] could only respond "Yes" to everything like this:

"I was told ye bought a farm?"

"I hear ye're married?"

"They say she's a foine lump of a gyrl?"

"Have ye any childher yet?"

"How do ye get on wid yer mother-in-law?"

"How long are ye goin' to stay wid us?"

To all these inquiries Breen merely said he had come back on business. After a hearty supper the two men lit their pipes and [illegible] while Mrs. Kerrigan was putting the children to sleep. After she had retired herself, Jim knocked the ashes out of his pipe and asked:

"Well, Denny, phat's [illegible]? Are ye broke already and come back for a raise?"

"Yes, I'm back for a raise but [illegible] the Athlone tunnel."

Kerrigan's face grew [illegible] with horror [illegible]

"[illegible] Are ye not afraid of [illegible] Black Jack's ghost [illegible]"

"I am afraid of nothing, superstition," said Breen.

"But shure, [illegible] warned [illegible] that they would be drowned, two days before it happened."

[illegible]

"How do you know that?" asked Kerrigan.

"Because we were in hard luck up to [illegible]"

"Well, what do ye mane to do about it?"

"I mane to go in and work it meself. Are ye in wid the play?" asked Denny.

"Divil a bit," replied Kerrigan.

"Then I'll give ye [illegible]," said Breen.

It took hours of persuasion before Kerrigan could be persuaded to accompany Breen into the deserted tunnel. Such is superstition that not an Irishman in the neighborhood had ever gone ten steps into the Athlone since the day when the mangled corpses of Breen's partners had been found at the mouth of it. [illegible] a pile of gravel and boulders. Breen went down to the blacksmith shop and ordered a small mining car to be made at once. The blacksmith's sharp eyes scrutinized him slowly as he asked:

"Where are you going to use it, Denny?"

"In the Athlone," said Breen quietly.

"In the Athlone!" cried the man. "Ain't you [illegible] terror of the ghosts?"

"Not a bit of it," replied Dennis. "I'd go in there to work this afternoon if this car was ready for me."

He got a wheelbarrow and filled it with the loose earth, throwing the boulders to one side for two days, until Dan O'Rourke got the car ready for him. He paid Kerrigan every night for his day's work, fearing that he would desert him and he would not be able to get another in his place. On the tenth night he saw there was but little more rock ahead of them. They went home to supper and he went early to bed, where he lay and tossed about feverishly for three hours. At last he rose and began to dress himself. "I must go down there, even if it is midnight," said he, as he descended the stairs with his boots in his hands, and halted in front of the door where Jim and his wife were asleep. A long-drawn snore greeted his ear.

"That fellow can outsnore all the pigs in Drogheda," said Mr. Breen, as he stepped out into the night air.

He crossed Nelson creek on the footlog, and the night air made him shiver. He followed the narrow path for half a mile up to the Athlone and stepped inside the tunnel. A deathlike silence awed him as he lit a candle and [illegible] for half an hour over debris of every sort. He finally saw space ahead of him. In five minutes more he was standing erect in a large chamber with rock walls arching overhead like an inverted teasaucer. The bottom was a bed of gravel, into which he stuck a pick [illegible]. He went back about seventy feet [illegible] up one or two shovelfuls of [illegible]

[illegible]

At the end of that time they began washing [illegible] over $7000 in a month [illegible] at various times [illegible] chispas and nuggets amounting to [illegible] more. One day he said, "Kerrigan, how would you like a trip back to Ireland?"

"I'd [illegible] enough, Denny, but [illegible] the expense."

[illegible] You can pay [illegible]

In [illegible] and Mrs. Kerrigan with the twins, accompanied him as far as San Francisco.

[illegible] the Kerrigan [illegible] Hickey. The lady [illegible] entered, looked around and then [illegible]

"Denny."

"Mary."

And man and wife had met again. He looked at her a moment and then asked:

"Why, Mary, what brought you here?"

The [illegible]

"Why didn't you stay at home with your mother till after your—"

She interrupted him with a kiss that cut off the rest of the sentence, and then softly said:

"I could not be without you at such a time, Denny, dear."

"Well, this is a rough place you've come to, Mary, but I must make the best of it. The cabin is old and rough, and I have never slept in it since the boys were kilt. I'm stoppin' at Kerrigan's house now, an' takin' me males at Dan O'Rourke's. An' [illegible] at me and callin' me the [illegible]."

"And so it's a rough place, is it?" asked the wife.

"I dare say you may be sure of that. And where did you ever see any mountains like them?" he queried.

"Never in my life, but will you be there?"

"I will. Indade, I can't get away," said he.

"And will you come in all wet and cold and shall I get you out clean clothes and dry shoes?"

"Yis, and it will be a great comfort to me. The only sufferer will be yourself," was his reply.

"Then I shall be happy," said Mary, "for a wife's place is by her husband's side. And wherever you live that house is my home."

The fall deepened into winter, and a daughter was born in the midst of a wild storm that nearly toppled the old cabin off its foundation. All efforts to remove Mrs. Breen to the more pretentious Kerrigan mansion had proven of no avail. And it was in the gloomy Athlone cabin that little Katie Breen first saw the light. Through all the wild desolation of that stormy winter the brave woman's courage never faltered. The Athlone tunnel lay idle, awaiting Kerrigan's return, for two reasons. One of these was that Breen did not wish to go there with [illegible] he had secured the title entirely to himself, and the other was that he did not want strangers going in and out of his mine, and he knew that most of his fellow villagers feared to go in there lest they might meet the ghost of "Black Jack," who was reported to be still sitting in the entrance of the tunnel every night armed with an enormous [illegible] his former property. This was just what Dennis wanted. Early in the spring Kerrigan came back from "the ould sod." Everything was satisfactory except as to the relatives of McGlone, of whom he could find no trace. He secured the McGuirk interest for $1000, which he paid Jack's only sister, and the Callahan interest he had bought for [illegible]. The Athlone tunnel resumed work on the day following Kerrigan's return, and for months the lucky owner took out a thousand dollars per day. Late in the fall he took his wife and child and started back across the continent with nearly [illegible] in his possession. On the day he left, he sold the claim and cabin to Jim Kerrigan for five dollars.

"You'll not find much in it, Jim," he said, "but let go whenever you find it worked out. You come back here and I'll help you to a farm."

The next year the Kerrigan family, including the twins, pulled up stakes and left Whisky Diggings forever.

This was not to be wondered at, for Breen had told Jim Kerrigan, when he left the Athlone, that there was but little left in the bed of the subterranean lake.

"You may get three thousand dollars out of it, Jim," said Breen, a day or two before he sold it to him for five dollars, "and you may not get out more nor a thousand. But take care of what you do get, and don't go to running out of it and another tunnel in search of another gravel bed, or you'll waste every dollar that you make. I know this is a pretty well, and I've covered a hundred thousand dollars to show for it, beside what I paid the heirs of my lost partners. Don't try more experiments, Jim, or you'll be sorry that you have made it. It won't take you long to find it when the bedrock is bare, and the gold is all gone, and then you must and sell it for whatever it will fetch. Come to me [illegible] to try a farm. I'll find you a few dollars."

It turned out just as Breen had predicted. Jim Kerrigan took out about forty-five hundred dollars in four months with the help of two men, whom he was compelled to hire from abroad, as none of the villagers would go into the mine. They swore that "Black Jack's" ghost was there, and that he would allow none but Breen and Kerrigan to work there. [illegible] struck bedrock and Kerrigan announced his intention of abandoning the famous Athlone mine. Several American miners from Virginia City came along about that time, and, finding that Kerrigan had perfect title to the property, paid him $500 for it, [illegible] the dead men [illegible] as well as from Dennis Breen himself. This enabled Kerrigan to go east in fine style and he landed in Baltimore with [illegible] thousand dollars in his pocket. Dennis met them at the [illegible] carriage to take them [illegible] Athlone manor [illegible] and Bartholomew [illegible]

About a year after Kerrigan's arrival in Maryland he became very popular among his countrymen and was elected to the legislature. His wife, seeing one of the twins one day engaged in [illegible] encounter with a neighbor's child, called out:

"Barney, and aren't ye ashamed to be fightin' like that and yer father a member of parliament now?"

Kerrigan's farm is about four miles from Squire Breen's beautiful villa, the light of which is black-eyed Kate, the little lass who was born on the stormy Sierra's slope. Three other children are playing about the house, the youngest of which is a dark complexioned boy named for John McGuirk. [illegible] the squire the other day, "and his hair is [illegible] as curly as a wather-dog. Faix, I'm afraid the b'ys will call him 'Black Jack' when he grows up to be a mon."

Squire Breen is not like Kerrigan in one respect—he takes no interest in politics at all. But in all matters of a charitable nature he is the great man of affairs in his neighborhood. His house is neat and commodious without [illegible] fashion, and his wife's love of display is not sufficient to waste the interest of what he realized out of the Athlone tunnel. She is the idol of the poor, and her charity is almost boundless. Her husband's industrious habits have never forsaken him, and he toils in daily labor on his beautiful lawn, in one corner of which stands a monument bearing a cross and the following epitaph:

Requiescant In Domino.
In Memory of
JOHN McGUIRK
BARTHOLOMEW CALLAHAN
AND
PETER J. McGLONE
Who were killed by an accident in the
Athlone Tunnel
At Newark, Sierra County, Cal.
May, [illegible]th, 1863.
Their bodies were swept away by
A Winter Freshet
And are not entombed here. We
leave them with their virtues and
their faults alike to the mercy
and wisdom of
Our Heavenly Father.

One day about two years ago somebody sent a Virginia City paper to Squire Breen. He read over its editorials on the silver question and was about to throw it aside when his eye caught sight of a paragraph headed "A Good Man Gone," communicated by some personal friend. It read: "John Buchanan Norton, known all over Nevada and California as 'Buck,' was found sitting in his chair at his little dairy ranch, in the Truckee meadows, about six miles from [illegible], last Saturday morning stone dead. He had been suffering from dropsy for some time and it was thought the disease had reached his heart. 'Buck' was a typical teamster of pioneer days, [illegible] He was [illegible] in the years to come. He was [illegible] would [illegible] there were no [illegible] man than old 'Buck' Norton. He was [illegible] believed to have no living relatives. Mr. Norton was born [illegible] and came to California in 1849. P. B. D."

"Mary!" shouted Squire Breen, "Mary, [illegible]"

"What's the matter, Denny dear?" asked his wife.

[illegible] Nevada. [illegible]

[illegible]

"[illegible] Mary, my dear wife, [illegible] pack a trunk for meself and little Johnny. I'll take him out to California to show him where his father got all the gold intirely. [illegible] Norton [illegible] I'll put a monument over him sixteen feet high."

J. B. M.

POLITICAL EXPRESSION.

New York Sun: When there is a democratic administration, let the offices all go to democrats; and when the republicans get into power, [illegible] their turn come. That is the way to distribute the offices equally.

Boston *Transcript*: Mr. Campbell need not trouble himself to search law books to refute Mr. Vest. The latter's real objection to the admission of Dakota is that it would add another republican state to the Union.

St. Paul *Pioneer Press*: Dakota's defense is in, and she can now rest her case. The next appeal, if that shall be necessary, will be addressed to the highest court known to the republic, the people themselves. We apprehend that Mr. Vest will cut even a smaller figure there than he does in the senate.

Philadelphia *Press*: Senator Vest, of Missouri, is still holding the door of the Union shut against Dakota. Vest's hostility towards Dakota is due to the fact that he went up there one summer to fish for bass and the bad-tempered fish ate the bait off his hooks so steadily that he didn't get a bass bite during the whole week.

Dickens' "Old Scrooge": "I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as merry as a school-boy, I am as giddy as a drunken man. A merry Christmas to everybody! A happy New Year to all the world! Hallo, there! Whoop! Hallo!"

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Benevolent Work of a Washington City Christmas Organization.

Why Mr. A. Noltner Failed to Receive an Appointment as Postmaster—An Early Breakfast Call. Personal Notes.

[Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 31.—Yule-tide came, is gone, and to-night at 12 o'clock the shout will go up from this city as from other cities of the land, "Ring out the old, ring in the new." Local merchants and transportation companies claim that Washington is the most generous city in the Union. There is a deal of evidence to support the statement. One express company here received over 18,000 packages the two days preceding Christmas, and on Wednesday before the 25th there was a few less than 10,000 packages received at the postoffice. Those received through other sources and on different days preceding and following Christmas must have equaled the figures given, and it is probably safe to place the number of presents received here from the outside world at about 40,000. This would give two to every family in Washington, according to the usual reckoning, and all from non-residents of the city.

Christmas does not close on Christmas day in Washington. She has Christmas up to twilight of New Year's eve. At only one important church, the president's, was there a Christmas tree, on the night of the 24th. No, I am in error. The presents were distributed in the afternoon and by the time Santa Claus usually bestows his gifts at such gatherings, the children were gone and the church was as dark as a dungeon. There was not a public tree in Washington on Christmas eve.

On Christmas afternoon, at a few of the churches, concerts were given for the children, and their presents, uniform in value and all purchased with the Sunday schools as a body, distributed. On Sunday Christmas sermons were preached. But Monday was the silver star that crowned the silver-tinched tree of Yule tide. On that day twelve hundred penniless children opened their mouths and their stomachs were filled; opened their pockets and their pockets were filled.

It is now the fashion to be identified with the Children's Christmas Club of Washington. The babe is only three years old, yet the struggle there is among the aristocracy to nurse it is surprising. The babe, not born in the executive mansion, was certainly christened therein and has had its discharge as often as the administration changes. Miss Nellie Arthur, daughter of the ex-president, was at first placed in charge, and when the republican party fell asleep and Mr. Cleveland rose to power, Miss Arthur was deposed and Miss Cleveland began to clothe the growing child. Her other duties were onerous, however, and she called little Mollie Vilas to take the patronage of the foundling, while Nellie Arthur was given an honorary position as one of the vice-presidents. United with these there were and are many persons who are actuated by an honest desire to do all the good they can in any way they can, while there are of course a few butterflies among the bees.

A CHILDREN'S CLUB.

This Christmas club does nothing by halves. For weeks they had been collecting money, clothing, old toys and confections, and the donations became so liberal and abundant that the executive chiefs of the club stated through the local press that they would receive no more, since they already had more than they could use. Neat little invitations, printed on cardboard, were distributed to six hundred of the most deserving poor children. The committee drew the line on color, however. Not a single negro child received an invitation.

The dinner was given at 2 P. M. of Monday, at the National Rifles' armory. Six long tables, holding a hundred plates each, extended up and down the room. Besides the ordinary food there was turkey, cakes, candies, ice cream, nuts, oranges and apples, while at each plate was a paper napkin. At 2 o'clock the children filed in—and what a mixed lot of children they were. Some had stood before the building from early morning and looked as though they would [illegible] boys hardly large enough to walk, and from this age up to twelve and fourteen. There were cripples brought by parents and handed in at the door, there were children with hardened looks, children with downcast faces as if ashamed, children with bright eyes but with wan cheeks, beautiful children, ugly children, smart children, dull children, but all intent on an excellent dinner, and they got it.

The urchins could hardly keep their fingers off the food until Mr. Sunderland had given thanks, the rattle of the dishes almost taking the "Amen" out of the minister's mouth. Then for twenty minutes the tables grew lighter and the children heavier. A half-hundred little waiters, conventionally dressed, pretty as pictures and quick as humming birds, flitted here and there to refill the dishes when necessary. And I fancy these high-born daughters and sons had as merry a time waiting on the poor children as the latter had in eating what was brought them. The face of one waiter I will long remember. Several of us were threading our way between the tables to take notes, when—Thunder—I could not help saying it—somebody stepped on my little toe. "I'm very sorry, sir," said a sweet voice, and looking down I saw that I was addressing Nellie Arthur. "Oh, it was a pleasure, I assure you," I blurted out. She smiled roguishly and danced off to bring another piece of turkey for a crippled child.

Miss Cleveland and Miss Vilas, accompanied by Chief Justice Waite, Mr. W. W. Corcoran and other dignitaries, entered the hall a few minutes after dinner was announced. At a given signal cheers rent the air, and there was a brandishing of hands filled with meat, cake, sandwiches, etc. Ah, but it was a merry and an amazing scene.

Dinner ended, the little folks were conducted to a floor above while the Marine band played

"CLIMBING UP THE GOLDEN STAIRS."

Here they were treated to a sleight-of-hand entertainment, closing with the always enjoyable "Punch and Judy" performance. Miss Cleveland and the judges laughed with the children, every spectator being for the moment a member of one common family. But soon [illegible] to the rear, the doors were thrown open and [illegible] marched [illegible] the world like the [illegible] picture. [illegible] stepped on to the platform [illegible] a short speech, [illegible] Mollie Vilas and Nellie Arthur stood in front of the stage [illegible] containing a collection of gifts to each child as the children filed past. At the door [illegible] omnibus stood waiting to take the children home, and at least for one afternoon and evening there were hundreds of happy hearts [illegible]

[illegible] on the afternoon of the [illegible] twenty [illegible] and six hundred children [illegible] presents being [illegible] the Wednesday before New Year's, west Washington [illegible] gatherings were held [illegible] during the week. I think [illegible] a day [illegible] between Christmas and New Year's eve that has seen no Christmas in some church or hall.

But as I write the shades of night are falling, the Christmas candles are [illegible] breathing hard, [illegible] prostrate [illegible] But hark! there are footsteps of a new birth [illegible] in a few moments it will be here. [illegible] across the [illegible] A happy [illegible] New Year to Oregonians!

For many reasons it would seem that the name of A. Noltner should be given a long and peaceful rest, at least so far as concerns newspaper publicity about his efforts to secure the Portland postoffice. Heeding my desires, I would not pencil a word about him. I admire his pluck and energy and would like to see him meet with a suitable reward in the instance of his party. But the word Noltner stands for more than an individual; it stands for a principle. There were a thousand office-seekers who, through field glasses [illegible] upon the contest as they watched it from afar. Oregon was the [illegible] spectator among the states. Noltner made the fight—a desperate fight. The smoke [illegible] from the battlefield, Noltner has lost the day. Why did he lose?

Two Oregon democrats made a friendly call on Col. Lamont, the president's private secretary, the other day. Ostensibly their call was to exchange courtesies, but in reality it was to learn the exact reason of

NOLTNER'S REJECTION.

The conversation turned on that subject. "Mr. Noltner's persistency killed him; it will destroy any man's chances for appointment by this administration," were substantially the words of Col. Lamont. He then went on to speak of the charges preferred against Noltner, and according to my informant, if when standing you will stretch out your hand at right angles to your body, you will have a comparative idea of the height of these charges in letters and newspaper clippings. But the greatest stress seemed to be laid on this point.

Noltner himself shattered the glass through which the administration would have been pleased to look on him with favor. He contrived opportunities to gain access to the president. On being introduced to strangers from abroad he would say, "Would you like to meet Mr. Cleveland?" The result was a visit to the White house. It is evident that at one time he was in the good graces of the executive. A democrat from the northwest told me this week that Mr. Noltner proffered to present him to Mr. Cleveland. They went, spent a few moments in social converse, and just as they were saying [illegible] Noltner asked the president if he could appoint a time when they could talk over Oregon matters. Mr. Cleveland drew down his eyebrows in his characteristic way and said yes, that a short consultation could be had, and he named at four on the following morning.

The next morning Mr. Noltner was, of course, on hand, but of the result of the interview or what was spoken there I know nothing. It can safely be inferred, however, that there was a copious overflow of "Give us the offices and we will give Oregon to the democracy," for, like the policeman's servant with his dish of tongue, Noltner served this specious dish at every course of every feast. The first step, however in giving Oregon to the democracy must be to give Noltner the postoffice. Without this, success could not be assured. An influential democrat of San Francisco told me this afternoon that he used to frequently meet Noltner, and invariably the cry was, "The offices to Oregon. Oregon to the democracy." "Why doesn't he give us the offices?"

Noltner would say to this gentleman: "Can he possibly think that Oregon will not be democratic if we are placed in power? I have demonstrated that to him, proved it, beyond a doubt, and why will he not act?"

Ordinarily such arguments would commend an applicant to favorable notice. But the manner in which the statements were made aroused suspicion in the president, he could not think Noltner as patriotic as he represented himself to be. Again if Oregon could be made democratic he thought Noltner hardly the man to be the leader, and he advised the applicant to go home and await developments. The longer Noltner stayed the less he was regarded by the administration. Mr. Cleveland works on the theory that if an applicant for office walks up and down the streets of Washington for six months

WAITING FOR A POSITION,

He must be either a broken-down politician or a castaway of his party. The administration wants neither.

Col. Lamont refutes the statement that Mr. Roby's appointment was made through the influence of Postmaster-General Vilas. There were only two applicants—Noltner and Roby—the third applicant having resigned in favor of the former. Mr. Noltner's impertinence, as the president [illegible] called it, and the charges preferred against him, left no alternative but to appoint Mr. Roby.

Early yesterday morning a half-chilled delegation, consisting of Senators Dolph and Mitchell, Representative Hermann and Delegates Voorhees of Washington territory, and Hailey, of Idaho, could have been seen entering a hotel known as the Riggs house. They sent cards to Speaker Carlisle's room, and a messenger returned with the answer from Mrs. Carlisle that her husband was sound asleep. What must these congressmen do? The day previous they had assembled at the capitol to meet the speaker, but he was not there. In the evening they called at his hotel, but he had issued orders not to admit a single soul. Baffled, but not discouraged, they resolved to make another attempt. They would rise with the lark and greet Mr. Carlisle as he awoke from his slumbers, and to carry out this resolve, they were at his hotel.

But now the question arose, how long must they wait? Delegate Hailey was the only one who had breakfasted. Each man had been too anxious to be early on the scene to eat before starting. The minutes slipped by, the quarter-hours began so to pile up that they could be numbered. Word was now brought down that Mr. Carlisle had arisen; later that he was in a bath; still later that he was just sitting down to a breakfast table. How soothing this latter news. Mr. Voorhees could be patient no longer. Something like this then took place. He held up his hand before the delegation and said: "Please, sir, may I breakfast, too?"

"Will you return in exactly twenty minutes?" solemnly asked a member. "Yes, sir." "Promptly?" "Promptly." "Well, then, as you are a very young man and not inured to life's hardships, you may go. Remember, however, that the plainest dishes are the most wholesome." Then a form vanished through the doorway. At precisely twenty minutes later, however, it returned.

Nine-thirty, 10, 10:30, and a messenger approached, saying that Mr. Carlisle would be glad to see the delegation, and would the gentlemen please walk upstairs. THE OREGONIAN was last night telegraphed the substance of the interview. Hermann for a position on the committee of rivers and harbors, was the mosquito that the delegation sent buzzing around the ears of the presiding officer of the lower house. Mr. Carlisle said that he realized the influence of the delegation that was before him, the extent of territory represented, it being one-sixth of the union, the mighty rivers that pierce it and the harbors that line it, but, he continued, "You must remember that Oregon is on that committee in the senate, California is not." Mr. Dolph is a member of the committee on commerce, this committee, in his body, including the committee on rivers and harbors. The delegation then asked, in view of the great interests involved, if each state could not be represented in the committee, as was the case in the Forty-sixth congress. Mr. Carlisle said that was the proposition he was now considering, that

THE APPEAL MADE

In Mr. Hermann's behalf was exceptional; that telegrams had been pouring in upon him from several different states urging the appointment; that personal appeals had time and again been made to him by influential congressmen and residents of Washington, but that all the encouragement he could give the delegation was to say that his mind was not made up on the subject. After presenting the matter in every possible phase, the delegation left.

Probably the effort to have Oregon represented on the committee of rivers and harbors has been more determined than at any previous congress. Among prominent men who have urged it are representative Reed, of Maine, the leader of the republicans in the house, and Gen. Negley, a representative from Pennsylvania. The California delegation, finding that Oregon was striving so earnestly for the place, called in all the outside influence possible, among which was that of Senator Sawyer of Wisconsin. Senator Stanford called in person and declared that it would be an absolute shame if California was not represented on the committee.

Thus the matter rests. If Mr. Hermann becomes one of the fortunate fifteen members he may [illegible] his success to the ante-breakfast call on Speaker Carlisle.

NOTES.

It is considered one of the richest jokes of the [illegible] that certain [illegible] who had primed themselves to [illegible] position of Land Commissioner [illegible] have just discovered that he was confirmed [illegible]

Mr. A. W. Bash, ex-collector of customs at Port Townsend, left Washington for his home [illegible]. He was sent here by the citizens [illegible] to secure, if possible, the location of the new government building on what is known as [illegible] heights of that city. His two weeks' efforts have proved successful, and he leaves Washington with a face rimpled by smiles.

[illegible] youngest son of Gov. Moody, [illegible] here the first of the week, and was on a trip to Mt. Vernon the day that Henderson [illegible] reached Washington. [illegible] guests of Chester Dolph, [illegible] left for Philadelphia yesterday, to spend New Year's day. Young Deady will remain here until the 2d or 3d of January. The former is attending a law school at Albany, N. Y., the latter a college in Lawrenceville, New Jersey.

John Dougherty, a printer of Portland, has lately secured a position in the government printing office here. He was assigned to the *Congressional Record* division.

T. C. JUDKINS.

The Servant of the Corporations.

San Francisco Chronicle.

The newly elected Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, wishes it to be understood that he is not indebted to the Northern Pacific for his re-election to the senate, and is under no obligation to that company. On the question whether he would vote for the forfeiture of its unearned land grants, however, he modestly added that "he had not made up his mind what he would do." He has "made up his mind" to support the extension of the land grant in the case of the California & Oregon. The public have made up their mind that the senator from Oregon will be found now, as formerly, invariably on the side of railway corporations and land grants, and that he fitly succeeds Riddleberger, of Virginia, in that syndicate of railway managers popularly known as the senate committee on railroads.

If faithfully used Ayer's Sarsaparilla will remove the scrofulous taint in whatever form it may appear.

THIRTY-FOUR YEARS AGO.

An Old Pioneer's Recollections of Early Times in Oregon

A Pony Ride from the Upper Willamette Valley to Rogue River and Beyond—Notes by the Way.

[Written for The Sunday Oregonian.]

After the immigration of 1843 to Oregon, the people of the states, more particularly those on the western border, were much agitated in regard to the distant territory, and migration thereto. The majority who did eventually make the trip across the plains to Oregon were agriculturists, and actuated, probably, by no other desire than to secure land and homes in that distant wilderness. Probably the greater number of this class did not reflect upon the very certain prosperous future of the territory, or care even, so eager were they to move to a place that was new, and offering unlimited facilities for the gratification of their hardy, restless natures, besides land of inexhaustible fertility. But many there were who came to the new Eden for the purpose of studying the undeveloped resources of the country so as to be able to make a reliable forecast for the future. Among the latter was a gentleman from Missouri—the greatest number of several succeeding migrations were from the same state—who came out in 1844 by water for the express purpose of examining the territory in regard to its possibilities for development. After perusing what he said regarding his convictions of what Oregon would be in the future, and the causes which would mostly tend to that result, the reader must readily agree that his conclusion, formed over forty years ago, was eminently correct, and many who were, even then, adults have lived to see his predictions verified.

"There is in all this region [of Oregon] so much of serious sublimity, such a breathing and lively forecast of great changes in the human family apparently near, yet into which our generation may not be plunged that men seem eager, as it were, to overleap the first chapters of the future, in order to alight in the midst of the stirring drama which is foreshadowed in lines distinct and indelible. * * * With the national census of 1850, the sceptre of power will pass over the Alleghanies, perhaps may probably, never to revisit the Atlantic seaboard. Whatever may be the progress of the nation up to that time, from that time forward its expansion will dazzle and outstrip whatever the most sanguine now venture to predict. The vast producing population of the interior regard the Atlantic states as having too often acted the part of

A HARSH STEPMOTHER.

She has too often and too inconsiderately scourged their labor with banks and monopolies of trade and engulfed far more than a just proportion of their revenues. They anticipate in the Pacific states the bold, enterprising and energetic progeny of their own loins—a commercial people of American blood, reared remote from all contaminating, servile influences, and originating a bold independence of spirit that befits the tenets of republican institutions, and the progress of the age of reason. * * * The rivers have been so made to run, the mountains are so gorged, the plains so spread out, as if arranged by a providential hand for the moment when a new order in the affairs of the world is to flash into existence." Three years after the above prediction was made, the discovery of gold in California offered greater inducements to immigrants and persons of all classes and conditions flocked to the coast. Many to escape from real or fancied evils, many from crimes committed, helped to swell the bulk of humanity who sought the shores of Oregon. After 1850 money became plenty and the road to wealth was free and opened wide to all, which was a cause to soften the flint-like avariciousness of many, and also the dealing in trade of the masses. A spirit of liberality was thus engendered in all walks of life. This free and easy mode of life which has for many years past marked the character of the people of Oregon, was in its incipiency when I was making my way through the territory, in 1851. A desire to ferret out and punish crime, unless of murder or robbery, was not so strongly manifest as at present or in older communities. And possibly, that peculiar liberality in pecuniary transactions up to which the people were educating themselves was but a part of a general system of charity to do unto others as they would be done by, that caused them to be less rigorous toward those who were thought to have overstepped the law. There were so many who fled to the coast to escape punishment—leaving all proofs behind—that I often heard the remark made when a conspicuous stranger put in an appearance, "What brought him to this country?" Simply an implication, nothing more. I have been led to this digression from my journey for the purpose of showing what was then thought of the country by sagacious men, and the

LITERAL FULFILLMENT

Of their predictions, and the easy nature of the people as I saw it. After spending an enjoyable day after the country dance, as related in a former paper we made another start on our road to the southward. The old Hudson Bay company's road over the Calapooia mountains—which we were to follow—began the ascent from a long and narrow marsh, across which the Hudson Bay company had many years previous made a corduroy bridge for the safe passage of their bands of sheep. To cross the slippery mountains with unshod horses was both inconvenient and dangerous, so if the thing could be done our horses must be shod. At that time there was but little except natural productions in this section of country, and that little was hauled in wagons from Oregon City, and it was a doubtful outlook for finding horseshoes or anyone to put them on. After spending half a day in the search we at last obtained the information that there was a man living a half mile east of the beginning of the ascent of the mountains who, it was supposed, could accommodate us with the work desired. He was the *bete noir* of the community, and was reported to be—what would at this time be so-called—a crank. But at that day this species of humanity was known by the general appellation of "a man who has done something bad, and his conscience is accusing him." His neighbors studiously avoided him and would not approach his place until necessity compelled them to employ his handicraft.

"Something there was, what, none presumed to say;
Clouds lightly passing on a summer's day;
Whispers and hints which went from ear to ear,
And mixed reports no judge on earth could clear."

And thus he lived and worked from day to day in solitude except at short intervals, while doing a job of work for some doubtful neighbor. But we searched him out at last.

"Far in the woods and lonely but we found
Few people ventured on the unwholesome ground.
Here smokes his forge, he bares his sinewy arm
And early strokes the sounding anvil warm;
Around his shop the steely sparkles flew,
As for the steed he shaped the bending shoe."

We rode up to his small log house, at the end of which was his little shop. Camps were made nearby and we set him at work on our job of horse shoeing immediately. We camped at this place two days and had an excellent opportunity to inspect the surrounding country which abounds in all that is needed to make, as far as natural advantages are taken into account, the most beautiful and prosperous settlement of the Willamette valley. Before, and for a few years after the settlement of the locality by Americans, elk were quite plentiful in these low mountains which divide

THE WILLAMETTE VALLEY

From that of the Umpqua, and in the valleys on the numerous streams. A hunting party went out to search for elk, and after striking the base of the foothills to the east for few miles, we turned up a fair sized creek which came out of the mountains. The valley of the creek, narrow at first, and continuing so for a mile and a half, suddenly widened out, forming a crescent on one side of the creek. The fern grew waist high in these hid nook. The timbered hills were covered with a thick undergrowth of hazel, arbutus or madrona, castanea, the prickly cups of the nuts of which were scattered upon the ground, besides a number of other low growing shrubs, which grew down to the valley and at several places stepped out into it a short distance. But the best and grandest of all, and for which we had been anxiously looking, was a considerable band of elk. Many of them were of great size, and all appeared to be extremely fat. There were six of us all armed with rifles. The foremost men were seen by the elk, but, as they usually do, the innocent creatures calmly gazed upon the intruders without apprehension. The six men fired almost at once, and four large elk fell to the ground. Before the smoke of the rifles had lifted, the band crashed into the brush on the hillside and rushed up the hill through the swaying brush like a roaring tempest. We dis-

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"There is in all this region (of Oregon) so much of serious sublimity, such a breathing and lively forecast of great changes in the human family, apparently near, yet into which our generation may not be plunged, that men seem eager, as it were, to overleap the first chapters of the future, in order to alight in the midst of the stirring drama which is foreshadowed in lines distinct and indelible. * * * * With the national census of 1860, the sceptre of power will pass over the Alleghanies, perhaps, nay probably, never to return to the Atlantic seaboard. Whatever may be the progress of the nation up to that time, from that time forward its expansion will dazzle and outstrip whatever the most sanguine may venture to predict. The vast producing population of the interior regard the Atlantic states as having too often acted the part of

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We rode up to his small log house, at the end of which was his little shop. Things were made merry, and we set him at work on our job of horse shoeing immediately. We camped at the place two days and had an excellent opportunity to inspect the surrounding country which abounds in all that is needed to make (if its natural advantages are taken into account) the most beautiful and prosperous settlement of the Willamette valley. Before and for a few years after the settlement of the locality by Americans, elk were quite plentiful in these low mountains, which divide

THE WILLAMETTE VALLEY

from that of the Umpqua, and in the valleys on the numerous streams. A hunting party went out in search for elk, and after striking the base of the foothills to the east for few miles, we turned up a fair sized creek which came out of the mountains. The valley of the creek, narrow at first, and continuing so for a mile and a half, suddenly widened out, forming a crescent on one side of the creek. The fern grew waist high in the secluded nook. The timbered hills were covered with a thick undergrowth of hazel, arbutus or madrona, castinea, the prickly burs of the nuts of which were scattered upon the ground, besides a number of other low growing shrubs, which grew down to the valley and at several places stepped out into it a short distance. But the best and grandest of all, and for which we had been anxiously looking, was a considerable band of elk. Many of them were of great size, and all appeared to be extremely fat. There were seven of us, all armed with rifles. The foremost had been seen by the elk, but, as they usually do, the innocent creatures calmly gazed upon the intruders without apprehension. The six then fired almost at once, and four large elk fell to the ground. Before the smoke of the rifles had lifted, the band crashed into the brush on the hillside and rushed up the hill through the tangled brush like a roaring tempest. We dismembered the fattest one, and each shouldering a huge piece returned to camp. We fared sumptuously that night and for many days after on the juicy steaks of that unfortunate elk. The blacksmith was progressing finely with the shoeing and had been quite communicative to one of our number, called by the facetious ones "Sorrel Top," who had helped him in the work.

I will hear you, Master Fenton,
And will at least keep your secret.

But he had no dread secret to keep. He had only left the states for the wilds of Oregon because his troubles were unbearable at the place where they were originated. His untutored, unthinking neighbors had construed his pensive silence into a scourging by a guilty conscience, and avoided him in consequence. Often, too often, is this same injustice committed by those who truthfully believe themselves charitable; and did they but know the many and bitter heartaches, not to say, in many cases, the augmentation of pecuniary difficulties, they cause to those who are in trouble, poverty and, as a natural sequence, taciturn, unsocial, they would

SHRINK WITH HORROR

from the thought, even, of the ungenerous act. Thus the dimly-marked, outward line, between innocent sorrow and corroding contrition, is often overstepped by gentility as well as by careless indifference. We paid the lonely smith a snug sum of money for his work, and left him a lighter hearted man after our brief acquaintance. Young and free as some of us were, we could not feel less than delighted that we had created a ray of happy sunlight into the heavy heart of a fellow creature. We made a late morning start, intending to camp at night at a little prairie just over the summit. We pitched our camp at the destined place, which was surrounded with heavy timber and thick undergrowth. Here, for the first time we listened to an all night serenade by an owl.

The lark is but a [illegible]
He sleeps in [illegible] morn
But blessings upon the jolly owl
That all night blows his horn.

Our ride to the north Umpqua was over a beautiful undulating country, with few settlers, and presenting varied landscape views, which had the effect to increase the hilarity of our party and we filled those wooded knolls with joyous shouts and song. We found a ferry in good working order at a place called Winchester, three miles north of the present town of Roseburg. Winchester was a contestant, the next year, for the county seat of Douglas county, but was defeated. Its walls have now fallen, and the coyote and jackal howl at will on its deserted streets. Our journey so far had been a pleasant one, and if misfortune must overtake all travelers, it was time for our quota to appear. Sorrel Top was fresh from Knox college to the Oregon wilds, with more than a modicum of classic erudition, but very little of that article called horse sense, but his easy sunny disposition more than atoned for the lack of that otherwise very desirable quality. His horse was of the watch-eyed, calico cayuse variety, with such unseemly architectural proportions that his owner had christened Pis-a-ler at the time of purchase. We camped at Deer creek, near the

PRESENT SITE OF ROSEBURG,

After a short day's ride, and as soon as Pis-a-ler was unsaddled he started on a run for the hills, jerking the trail rope from his master's hand, but who did not let go till he was jerked flat upon the ground. Sorrel Top rose slowly from the ground, and with dusty face and bleeding hands calmly watched his unruly animal till out of sight a quarter of a mile down the river, and quietly spoke him a parting word:

Now fare thee well, my pony, if true service
Be measured with hard looks, then cast loose the trail rope
And let our paths through the howling wilderness
Hold different courses.

At that time, and probably yet, there were two trails from the Umpqua valley to that of Rogue river—one through the canyon and another which followed up Myrtle a distance, then turned south, crossing the South Umpqua high up in the mountains, and striking Rogue river valley near Table Rock. This latter trail was the one usually traveled in former years by the early trappers, and was followed by Lieut. Emmons, of Commander Wilkes's expedition in 1841, while en route to California. Latterly the canyon route had been traveled by the Americans. A man was stationed at the north or lower end, when we arrived there, with a few articles of use to travelers which he offered for sale at quite remunerative prices. An article of liquid form he also had for sale, and a few reports had reached our ears that he manufactured the stuff himself, which he sold by the name of whisky, gin, etc., from drugs brought from the valley.

Aye, I know you have arsenic,
Vitriol, sal tartar, argalle, alum,
Cinnabar, I know all.
This ell [illegible]
Will [illegible] me in time to be a great distiller.

From Deer creek to the canyon there were no settlers, and as might be expected the grass, though dry, was more than knee high along the trail and on all sides. As far as we could see there was nothing to mar the extraordinary beauty of the landscape. But it was a dangerous locality for the residence of American settlers. The Deer creek Indians, though not numerous, were much like the coyote in their habits and safety for life and property was not assured till after the war of 1855. The trail of the canyon was extraordinary in all its features. To this day remnants of the old trail may be seen, and an old pioneer even should he take a retrospective glance back to the times when trains of herds and wagons too were conveyed along the dismal channel, must be constrained to remark with the renowned James II—and with as much force—"Is it possible." Eleven miles of incessant struggle brought us out to the south end of the canyon where now stands the dwelling of the Hon. Hardy Ellis. Here we found a delayed packtrain loaded with Oregon flour, bacon, etc., intended for the Yreka market. An Oregon hog drover

WAS ALSO HELD UP

temporarily here, having lost a large number of his best porkers, and was then out with two of his hands scouring the hills for the truant shoats. It had been reported to these men by returning persons that the Indians of Rogue river valley were uneasy and by their movements were threatening hostilities. To appease these natives and stave off for a season the war that was sure to occur in the future, Judge A. A. Skinner was then on his way to their country with goods as presents. He was two days in our rear, and as that was then considered a very long time in the maddening rush of the mining excitement, the packer did not wish to wait, but was anxious to proceed at once and if we would keep him company through the hostile country it would be very much to his interest. As we could travel twice the distance in a day that he could, it was not to our advantage to accommodate him with our company. It not being necessary to stay with him, other than to further his individual interest we demurred unless he would give us a slight equivalent—our board for our company—which he would not do.

He was a man
Versed in the world as pilot in his compass
The needle pointed ever to that interest
Which was his loadstar and he spread his sails
With vantage to the gale of others' passions
And denied the rule to pay for what he got.

The tracks of grizzly bears were numerous on every hand, the sight of which was enough to chill the blood of a novice in woodcraft. They were more numerous in that locality than is usual, because of the drove of hogs which as old hunters know is the food most pleasing to bruin's palate. The drover had failed in his search for the hogs that had strayed, and contented himself by using extra care of those that remained. It was not wise to keep fires burning after dark as that might possibly bait an attack by Indians if they were so inclined. At different points that night the guards around the hogs would raise the alarm of "Bear after the hogs," not seldom seconded by the terrific squealing of some of the unfortunate swine which had fallen into the grasp of the sportive grizzly. At several alarms all hands turned out to the rescue, and I have no hesitancy at this late day in saying that we turned in again and speedily when the terrible sport of a grizzly was heard in close proximity. The next morning the mangled remains of eight hogs were found scattered over the ground and the sorry countenance of the drover betrayed his deep concern, for his swine would sell for [illegible] per pound in the mines should he be fortunate enough to get them there.

WE BID GOOD-BY TO OUR

New acquaintances and pushed on for the mines, they to remain for Skinner's company, as their daily travel would be the same. We had gone about a mile when a messenger overtook us with the news that five Indians had been discovered on an elevation, surveying the camp. We returned at once, and remained until reinforcements came up, when we again set out on the trail to the south. While waiting with the men until Skinner's party arrived we scoured the hills for Indians, but found none, though the signs they left behind indicated that a large band had been prowling near, and with no pacific intent. While returning to camp, after the first hunt for Indians, Dick and Sorrel Top—the latter's real name was Hill—were at some distance from the main force, doing business somewhat on their own hook, when Dick, who was twenty steps in advance of his companion, and partially hid from the latter's view by the scant undergrowth, suddenly halted in his resolute, bouncing gait and stood still, completely absorbed in studying some object ahead. Hill quickly came up to him and asked in mock solemnity:

What seest thou here
That has so cowered and chased our blood
Out of appearance?

To which Dick replied, though more in earnest:

Gray friend of hell,
Do you not see those orbs
Dread in their malignance
That chill the very marrow of my bones?

"That's a big grizzly, Dick, why didn't you tell me at once." "Come on, I can beat you to the camp," and the intrepid Sorrel Top set off down the declivity closely followed by Dick, who often called to him to stop and they would take such a shot at the old monster who stood coolly watching them as they ran at break neck speed down the hill. They made the camp in advance of us, though we were not slow in our movements, for we had seen a slender column of smoke arise from the hillside opposite the camp, and were all just verdant enough to be firmly convinced that the smoke was the Indian signal for a simultaneous attack at different points upon the camp. We streamed down a white oak point and across the open bottom to the camp, to the not concealed merriment of the men who had been left to guard the stock and goods. As before said we left the packer and drover as soon as the Skinner party came up and set out on our journey. At that time the Cow and Grave creek hills were yet unexplored, except along the trail which wound in a serpentine course through the not uninteresting nor monotonous forest clad hills, some parts of which might properly be called mountains. Black and grizzly bears were numerous all along the trail,

BUT WERE SELDOM SEEN,

though the trail was thickly marked with their tracks. The elk and white tailed deer had given place to the black tailed or mule deer, which were so plentiful and tame that it was an unusual thing to see them watching us from some elevation near our trail. At Grave creek we found a yet unfinished log house, and several iron hearted, iron handed, hawk eyed backwoods characters, who boastfully defied all the Indians in Southern Oregon, not one of whom could ever again walk over that spot of ground in any other than a friendly manner. Well was the promise kept. A few years later, when the savages murdered the settlers, and burned their homes in all the country round, Grave creek station stood intact, defiant, safe. In after years when the Oregon and California stage line was established, Grave creek was made a station and rose to greater celebrity than any other stopping place on the route. The *esprit de corps* of the establishment—if this application may be made—was one of the proprietors, Jimmy Twogood, a man anxious to make money out of his establishment—knowing how to do it and doing it. He was much respected by those who knew him, and many of his odd, though seldom senseless expressions may still be remembered by those whose fortune it was to seek food and shelter at his Grave Creek hotel. Before placing the stage teams upon the route a man was sent along the line to designate the stations and prepare quarters and food for teams and passengers. The Grave Creek house was a candidate for one of the stations. The agent noted the apparent sterility of the surrounding country and did not think it a proper site, because he thought that feed for the teams could not be raised in the vicinity, and the cost of hauling from other sections would be considerable. But Jimmy was tenacious, and held that his place was better adapted for a way station than any other place within twenty five miles of it. He was a great stutterer, and when talking it was his invariable rule to raise his right foot upon the toes and perform a perpendicular vibration with the heel, at the same time rapidly slapping his right thigh with the opened hand.

"You can't raise anything here, Mr. Twogood," said the agent. "The land is light around here and too dry and gravelly. I must find a place where they can raise something." To which Jimmy, with his

USUAL ACCOMPANIMENT,

Replied, "W-w-we c-c-c-an r-r-raise s-s-s-mo-th-th-thing r-r-right h-ere t-t-too."

"That is all very well, Mr. Twogood, but I'd like to know what it is that you can raise here."

"W-w-we c-c-c-an r-r-raise h-h-hell."

The loud and prolonged roar of laughter by the assembled guests which greeted this unexpected finale decided the contest in Jimmy's favor. He got the station.

We rode from Grave creek to Rogue river in a day, and made an early camp on the north bank. We saw none until the next morning. An apology for a ferry boat was kept by some man and we made the crossing the next morning. The following night we slept on the bank of the creek which flows by Jacksonville, but our camp was almost in the center of the valley, near a beautiful oak grove. We did not choose to camp in the grove, for fear of the natives who could, if they wished, crawl up to our camp by skulking from tree to tree, and give us the benefit of a flight of arrows while in our blankets. They had done the same thing to other campers and they might do the same to us. Four days after this camp, at 10 o'clock P. M., November 11, 1851, our little cavalcade filed up the main street of Shasta Butte City, in California, eight miles south of the Oregon line. But one of our number had ever been in the place or in any mines whatever. The sights and sounds that greeted our ears from both sides of the street were strange, though some of the sounds were exhilarating. Saloons on the right, saloons on the left, doors opened wide, the rooms filled with men gambling, drinking, talking, moving to the right, to the left, going in, coming out. The fiddlers of the different and closely packed saloons were going it at a high rate of speed, and no two tunes alike. But from out the reeking mixture of one, a good old tune, the opening words of which are

If it was na weel bobbit, weel bobbit, weel bobbit,
If it was na weel bobbit we'll bobbit again,

greeted our ears, and sent my homesick mind back to my Iowa home, where I had often listened, when a child, to old Donald Campbell, our Scottish neighbor, play the familiar tune on his wheezy bagpipe. But the money on the monte tables! Huge piles of Mexican dollars flanked by American halves and golden [illegible]. Rattle and clink of glasses and bottles, jingle and chink of silver and gold.

WHAT A PANDEMONIUM

Shuffle and swinging of feet and of bodies, words that were indistinct, words that were plain, greeted our eyes and ears from the lower to the upper end of the street, 300 yards in length. Five thousand men or more were enjoying (?) the night in those saloons, each after his own selection of one, or both of the only two ways for happiness was gauged by luck and by whisky. Yet these men were not all bad, but few of them, in fact, ever went to the lowest depths of crime.

The sights and sounds may startle well but not
abate
[illegible]
[illegible]

But another and great authority says that

Vice is a monster of such hideous mien
That to be hated needs but to be seen
But seen too oft, familiar with its face
We first endure then pity then embrace.

There were 10,000 men in the town and its near neighborhood. The mines were extremely rich and very easily to be worked. After remaining idle a few days, we began to look around for diggings, but all were so good that we could scarcely pick out one place we thought to be better than another and could only thank with the renowned Fletcher—

— [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

O. W.

Silent Christmases

Hezekiah Butterworth in the Wide Awake.

The first "Still Christmas" in England occurred in [illegible] Henry VIII was king. [illegible] great political events were at hand. In [illegible] the king was sick. The nation was filled with anxiety. It was decided that the Christmas should be a silent one. The towns had no merry makings.

Silent Christmases were proclaimed in the protectorate of Cromwell. The festival was then abolished and the display of the evergreen [illegible], for such festivity was held to be seditious. The change was most notable in London. There was silence on the Strand. The church bells were still. St. Paul lifted its white roofs over the Thames, and Westminster abbey its towers, but the tides of happy people in holiday attire no more poured in and out of those ancient fanes. The holly and mistletoe no more appeared in the windows of the rich and the poor. The Yule fires were not kindled, nor the carols sung. Bells indeed rang out on the frosty air, but how different from the chimes of old. They were the hand bells of the heralds in simple garb passing from street to street and shouting the air, crying out:

"No Christmas! No Christmas!"

Heads filled the windows and figures the doors. Crowds stopped on the corners of the streets and on the squares. The cry went on. "No Christmas! No Christmas!"

It smote the hearts of those who loved the old ways and customs.

OREGON WAR PAPERS.

Continuation of Reminiscences of the Regular Army Officers.

Gov. I. I. Stevens's Exploring Party—Treaties with the Indians—Lieut. Geo. B. McClellan—Major Raines—An Uncanny War

Written for the Sunday Oregonian.

The first published mention of a Pacific railway, to connect the populous marts of the east with the isolated settlements of this coast, occurs in a memorial addressed to congress by the provisional legislature of Oregon in 1846, the year of the settlement of the northwestern boundary question. The matter later on got beyond incipiency, and by 1850 had proceeded to a discussion of the feasibility of routes. Most people thought that the most practicable way was via the South pass and along Snake river. Several explorers concurred therein, Fremont among others, who saw so much rougher traveling in his southward explorations in the Sierras that the emigrant route to Oregon seemed flat and easy in comparison. The attention of government having been called to the subject congress in 1853, authorized an extended examination of the country west of St. Paul, Minnesota, along the line of the forty-seventh parallel as nearly as possible, to ascertain the practicability of a railway route in the direction of the headwaters of the Missouri, which was up to that time mainly known through the travels of Lewis and Clark and the annals of hunters and trappers. A party was organized under the command of Isaac I. Stevens, who was at the same time appointed governor of Washington territory, which had then been formed from that part of Oregon which lay north of the Columbia river and the forty-sixth parallel.

GEN. ISAAC I. STEVENS

Stevens was a native of Andover, Massachusetts and was born in 1817. He was educated at West Point, graduating the first in his class, and entered the army as third lieutenant of engineers in 1839. Attaining the rank of first lieutenant in 1840, he was employed upon the fortifications of the eastern seaboard, and remained until the beginning of the war with Mexico, when he joined Gen. Scott's staff. For gallant and meritorious service at Contreras, Cherubusco, etc., he was brevetted captain and major. He was severely wounded at the capture of the City of Mexico and never fully recovered therefrom. At the close of the war he became chief of the coast survey, but resigned in 1853 to accept the governorship of Washington territory. It was not until the fall of that year that he arrived on the coast and assumed the duties of governor, owing to be necessarily at the progress of the exploring expedition. On the 29th of September he arrived at the summit of the Rocky mountains, the eastern boundary of his territory and from that commanding eminence issued his first proclamation, declaring the act of congress and assuming his duties as executive.

Capt. McClellan took charge of that detachment of the main expedition which were to examine the Cascade range and the neighboring country, and he entered upon his work near Olympia about the time Stevens, with the main party set out for the head waters of the Missouri. Of the subordinate members of the party the one best known to the people of the Pacific northwest was Mr. Elwood Evans, who joined Stevens as an aide, and who, being put in charge of important business connected with the outfit, astonished the commander by the promptness with which his commissions were executed. Mr. Evans, as everybody knows, became secretary of Washington territory in subsequent years, holding that office from 18[illegible] to 18[illegible].

Another attaché was Dr. Evans, a capable geologist, who was employed by the government to visit this country in 1851 and 1852. His explorations were the first that can be considered scientific, although Parker, a missionary who came overland about eighteen years before, wrote quite ably upon the subject of the geology of the Columbia river country. It is a fact that aside from the observations of chance observers there has been nothing done in a geological way in Oregon, since Dr. Evans, [illegible] a section of the Union that affords a richer field for the geologist.

THE FIRST REPORTS

Stevens's reports to the government form the first report of an extensive series relating to the Pacific railroad. Three volumes of this publication may be seen in the [illegible] library. Aside from the interest which attaches to the initial survey for a transcontinental railroad, the explorations of Stevens and his confreres are also of account of the minuteness and care of the descriptions and the scientific exactness with which the natural features of the country are noted. They make very good reading even at this day, when the region treated of has been so thickly settled by whites, that they have taken the place of the Indian trails of that era.

As to the Indians themselves, the former attendant, Stevens was empowered by the United States government to conclude treaties with such of the tribes as he saw fit, on the basis of their lands. During his official term as governor of Washington, which lasted from 1853 until 1857, he concluded treaties with the most important tribes lying west of the Rocky mountains and with one tribe, the Blackfeet, living beyond that range. In 1855, on the breaking out of the gold excitement at Colville, he procured the cession of all the land held by nearly all the tribes in eastern Washington, the Indians retaining only the Yakima, Umatilla and Nez Perce reservations. Kamiakin was recognized as principal chief of fourteen of these tribes constituting the Yakima nation, and his unwilling consent to the treaty was sought by offering him a new house with ten acres of plowed land and a yearly salary of five hundred dollars, but only for a time was he proof against the bribe, and afterwards led his warriors against the whites in the ensuing war. He probably was

THE GREATEST WAR CHIEF

the Pacific coast Indians ever had, and the most formidable to the whites. The treaty with the Yakima nation provided for the annual payments in money or goods to the tribes amounting to a total of $200,000. The Cayuses, Umatillas and Walla Wallas sold out for half that sum, thirty six chiefs signing, and only one, Peu-peu-mox-mox, requiring extra inducements, which in his case were live stock and farming tools. Within six months of this treaty this celebrated chieftain was captured by the whites and, it is said, was killed while a prisoner. His hands, ears and scalp were cut off and exhibited as trophies, and after burial his body was dug up and the skull broken in pieces and distributed as souvenirs of the occasion.

Stevens's exertions at that time were owing to the desire he felt to avoid occasion for an Indian outbreak. The whites were making their way by twos and tens and twenties through the Indian country to the new mines of Colville, starting from Oregon or the Sound settlements, and as the sequel proved, justly so. It was but a few months after the signing of the treaties that several men were killed among them Bolan, sub-Indian agent at The Dalles. Directly after the Indian war of 1855 broke out, in which Stevens was a conspicuous character, but more with pen than with sword. As mentioned before in these articles, the governor found cause for grievance in General Wool's disregard for the safety of the treaty making party, who got caught in the stir of the hostile tribes and had to take refuge with friendly Indians. It was the Nez Perces who rescued Stevens from a dangerous position and escorted him to Fort Walla Walla, where the Oregon volunteers lay, and among whom he was safe. Besides, as is shown in the remarkable correspondence between Wool and Stevens, they were diametrically opposed on the subject of a proper prosecution of the war, Stevens wishing to call out all obtainable forces, volunteers and regulars, and seek the natives in the winter and push them to an unconditional surrender, while Wool, wishing to retain all the credit for the regular army, preferred to fight the enemy in summer when the extensive paraphernalia necessary for regulars could be transported with the command. Neither had the satisfaction of seeing his own opinions triumph. The war fought itself out and the savages not at rest until the affair of Steptoe occurred, in 1858, after which the regular force under Col. Wright "corrected" the redskins in a way memorable to them forever.

STEVENS AS A LEGISLATOR

From 1857 until 1861 Stevens represented Washington territory as delegate to congress, and became influential in political circles. Despite his New England birth, he was a dark-hued democrat, and in the exciting political campaign of 1860 he served as chairman of the executive committee which managed the affairs of the Breckinridge faction of the democracy. But when that wing began to advocate secession he withdrew from it, denouncing the leaders and advising President Buchanan to dismiss John B. Floyd and Jeff Thompson from his cabinet. Returning then to Washington territory he had no sooner arrived than he heard of the fall of Fort Sumter, and hurrying to Washington city, he offered his services to aid in suppressing the rebellion, and was appointed colonel of the Seventy-ninth New York regiment, called the Highlanders. With it he served under Gen. T. W. Sherman in South Carolina, Gen. Reno in North Carolina, and with Gen. Pope along the Rappahannock. He was appointed brigadier general of volunteers in September, 1861 and major general in July, 1862. At the battle of Chantilly, fought in September of the latter year, he was struck in the head by a bullet and instantly killed. The manner of his death is thus described in the New York *Tribune* of September 5, 1862:

"He saw that the rebels must be beaten back at once, or in the night they would stampede the wagons and probably so disconcert our retreat that the last division would fall a prey to their main force. He decided to attack immediately, at the same time sending back for supplies. Having made his dispositions, he led the attack on foot, at the head of his old regiment, the Seventy-ninth New York. Soon met by a withering fire and the color sergeant, Sandy Campbell, a grizzled old Scotchman being wounded—they faltered. One of the color guard took up the flag, when the general snatched it from him. The wounded Highlander at his feet cried, 'For God's sake, general, don't take the colors, they will shoot you if you do!' The answer was, 'If [illegible] never will' and he sprang forward crying, 'We are all Highlanders, follow Highlanders. Forward, Highlanders!' The Highlanders [illegible] but while sweeping forward a ball struck him in the [illegible], and he fell instantly. An hour afterwards, when taken up, the hands were still clenched [illegible]. Next after seizing the colors his son Hazard fell wounded, and cried to his father that he was hurt. With but a glance back the Roman father said, 'I can't attend to you now, Hazard. Corporal Thompson, see to my boy.'"

Allowing for a great deal of exaggeration incident to the time, there is in this report much of [illegible] certainly enough in these are words for a Carlyle to build therefrom the presentment of a hero. That is hardly the [illegible] that this soldier-explorer [illegible], but he was at least a useful and energetic man in his relations to the Pacific coast, and one to be remembered.

The Hazard Stevens mentioned above was also an officer in the war. He was appointed to a commission from Washington territory, was wounded at Chantilly, became major in 1864, and was mustered out of service in 18[illegible].

GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN

Gen. McClellan's connection with governmental affairs on this coast was limited to the exploration of certain passes on the Cascade range, during the year 1853, as before mentioned. He was under the command of and reported directly to Governor Stevens. At that time he had attained the rank of first lieutenant, and was attached to the engineer corps. He was a graduate of West Point, receiving his commission as second lieutenant in 1846. He served in the Mexican war and was brevetted for gallant and meritorious conduct at Contreras and Cherubusco, like so many others—the majority probably, of Scott's subordinates. He achieved a first lieutenancy in 1853 and was ordered to Europe on the beginning of the Crimean war, to observe and report upon the military aspects of that gigantic struggle. By assiduous study he acquired a high standing among the scientific military officers of his country. Nevertheless he resigned his captaincy (reached in 1855) to become president of an eastern railway, and remained in civil life until the breaking out of the rebellion, when he was called into service and given command of the army of the Potomac, then an embryo organization, upon the recommendation of Gen. Scott, then commander-in-chief, but [illegible] for active duties. With the remainder of his history everyone is acquainted.

INDIANS OF THE COLUMBIA BASIN

It is interesting to observe the manner in which white settlers have come into possession of the land over which thirty years ago a few scattered hordes of savages roamed. All the valleys of the Yakima, Atahnam, Natchess, Palouse, Clarke's Fork—in fact all of eastern Washington—were occupied then by but about 6000 natives. These were divided into seventeen tribes of whom the most important were the Nez Perces, numbering 1400, and Idaho's, the Spokanes and [illegible], others being smaller. Thus each of these Indians, man, woman and child, had over ten square miles of territory, when averaged, over which he might roam as he pleased. Stevens and Joel Palmer got the principal Indians together at the Council Ground, in the Walla Walla valley, in June 1855, and entered into two separate and distinct treaties with them. The first, between Stevens as ex officio superintendent of Indian affairs of Washington territory and the Yakima nation, had the following provisions:

THE LAND CEDED TO THE UNITED STATES

Was enclosed by boundaries which began at Mt. [illegible] running north to near the head of the Methow river, thence east and south taking in the so called Great Plain of the Columbia, including most of the Spokane country, thence westerly winding course, taking in all the good part of Yakima, Atahnam and Nachess valleys. From this was excepted a moderate-sized reservation lying on the south bank of the Yakima river and between the Atahnam and the Satass, upon which all the bands composing the Yakima nation were to gather and remain. For this the grantees were to receive $200,000 to be paid in yearly installments, excepting $60,000 which was to be devoted to improving the reservation. Fourteen chiefs signed this treaty, Kamiakin among the rest. The country thus ceded was [illegible]000 square miles in extent.

The Nez Perces who also ceded their land in a separate treaty gave up their rights to the princely domain in the Palouse, Tucannon, Grande Ronde and Salmon river valleys, embracing what is now Whitman, Columbia, Garfield, Asotin, Union, Baker (the northern part), Nez Perce and part of Idaho counties. The area was 18,000 square miles and the price to be paid (in annuities and tools) was fixed at about $200,000. A reservation was retained for those on the Clearwater, in Idaho.

By the third treaty, that concluded between the United States and the confederated Walla Wallas, Cayuses and Umatillas, the government acquired almost as large a territory lying mainly in the northeastern angle of Oregon, and the Indians received a promise of $150,000 for it. The present Umatilla reservation was also kept for them.

MAJOR RAINES

The first blow was struck for the whites in the Yakima war by Major Gabriel Raines, in command at Fort Dalles on the breaking out of hostilities. The major was a North Carolinian, a West Pointer, and entered the service in 1827. Was a captain in 1837, and was brevetted major in 1840, for gallant and meritorious services in the Seminole war. Became major in 1851, and lieutenant colonel in 1860. In 1861 he resigned and entered the rebel army, and rose to a major generalship. He was the inventor of "subterra" shells, and other devices for blowing the Union troops skywards unexpectedly. "Infernal machines" the boys in blue called them. He followed the ignominious business of constructing these weapons of war until the Confederacy collapsed. His special activity included also the construction and placing of submarine mines or torpedoes, of which article he was a leading exponent. When McClellan with the army of the Potomac endeavored to convey troops and munitions by means of a flotilla of over 100 vessels in James river, Raines planted torpedoes at Grover's bluff to keep him from advancing. He also signalized his inventions at Charleston, and inflicted damage upon such vessels as tried to assail that port during the long blockade and siege. He did his murdering with zeal and singleness of purpose and his memory has the honor of an appreciative word from traitor Jeff's pen in "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government."

Jefferson Davis devotes much more space to commending or defending such men as Wirz and Winder, the managers of the starvation agencies at Andersonville and Millen. There are no means of knowing how many men in [illegible] darkness blew up with his inhuman devices, but the United States navy records give a list of some dozens of vessels which Raines's torpedoes sent to the bottom, among them the Housatonic and one other at Charleston, and the Tecumseh and Milwaukee at Mobile.

THE WORK OF MAJOR RAINES

Raines's share in the Indian hostilities of 1855-6 in Oregon and Washington was briefly as follows:

Being in command of the regular forces at Fort Dalles (The Dalles) in the fall of 1855, he received a letter from C. H. Mason, acting governor of Washington territory in the place of Stevens, absent on his treaty-making expedition, to the effect that a man named Mattice, a resident of Olympia, had been murdered by Yakima Indians while on his way through their country. Some other whites were reported killed, and as there was considerable travel to the new Colville mines, it was deemed necessary that a military force should be sent to protect the wayfarers. Four days later news came that two citizens of Olympia, Walker and Jameson by name, had been shot by Yakimas at the point where the Naches trail crosses the Yakima river. Major Raines responded to the governor's request for troops by ordering Major Haller to take the field with all the available troops at Vancouver and Fort Dalles, being one hundred and two in number, with five officers and a howitzer, their destination being the Yakima valley, where the murders were said to have been committed. At the same time Lieut. W. A. Slaughter, with forty men well provisioned, set out from Fort Steilacoom, on Puget sound, to make their way by the Naches pass to the Yakima country and there co-operate with Haller. Slaughter did not get there, having been compelled by causes beyond his control to return to the Sound, but being at such a distance from communications, no news was had of his force for a long time, and much anxiety was felt on their account.

Meantime the murder of Indian Agent Bolan occurred and news of it arrived about the time Haller set out on his expedition. He crossed the Columbia at The Dalles, crossed the Klickitat hills to the north of that place, leaving on the 3d of October and arriving at the Simcoe on the 6th instant. Here they found a large force of Indians on the banks of the stream. The military charged upon and drove them from the brush in which they were concealed, but the savages so

OUTNUMBERED THE TROOPS

that the latter had to give ground after some fighting, and to take refuge upon a hill, near where they were immediately surrounded by, as they imagined, a thousand warriors. Unable to retreat or to drive off the enemy, they remained in this precarious position for two or three days, sending off under cover of the darkness a courier to apprise the troops at Fort Dalles of their situation. Lieut. Day at once set out for their relief with forty five men and a howitzer, but encountered Haller and his command in retreat. They had managed to slip away from their uncomfortable position, and set out rapidly for The Dalles, fighting the enemy as they went, with a loss of five men killed and seventeen wounded.

This defeat of Haller, when told in the Willamette valley, produced a tremendous panic. People in Portland supposed that their own scalps were in imminent danger from the savages, still more as the Rogue river Indians had just broken out, murdering and burning all within their reach. It was said that 300 Klamaths were at the head of the Santiam, their war paint on and intent on hostilities. Also that the Tillamooks had dug up the hatchet and threatened to wipe out the honest grangers of the West Side, whereat all Yamhill shook to its foundations, and Lafayette and Dayton were converted into fortified camps thronged with the anxious and affrighted citizens. Over on the Tualatin plains the peaceful Methodists "forted up" within their log built church and made ready for a siege, after the manner of the Puritan fathers in the days of Plymouth colony and King Philip.

THE CAYUSE WAR.

Governor Curry called for volunteers to quell the Indian uprising, and ten companies, aggregating 600 or 700 men, were soon enlisted and sent forward under command of J. W. Nesmith, brigadier general of Oregon militia. Raines and Governor Curry could not agree as to the status of the volunteers, the former wishing to muster four companies only into the regular service, and refusing to issue supplies to more. The Oregonians were in favor of fighting unhampered by military restrictions, and consequently harmony did not prevail.

Raines set out alone for the Yakima country with his regular force, but Nesmith with 400 of his men followed on, uniting with the regulars on the 8th of November. As the united forces passed through the Indian country they found and destroyed several tons of dried salmon, camas root, and other provisions secreted by the enemy. They camped on Simcoe creek on the night of November 7 and the next day Capt. Cornelius with his company left the main body and reconnoitered to the left. Toward evening the expedition reached the Yakima and went into camp, the regulars some two miles in advance. Major Raines soon discovered Indians in the bushes on the opposite side and began firing at them, sending at the same time an express to inform Nesmith. The latter galloped hastily up with sixty men and found the regulars and savages amusing themselves with a sort of duel, the river flowing between. "Nes" found a ford, rode across with his men, followed by Lieut. Phil Sheridan and some twenty dragoons, and drove the Indians out of the brush and chased them quite a distance. That evening [illegible] three of his men wounded.

BATTLE OF TWO BUTTES.

The next day the entire force moved to the "Two Buttes," where the Indians were known to be posted in force. Capts. Cornelius, Hembree and Bennett commanding companies of volunteers, formed the advance guard and drove the enemy from the brush along the river back to the Buttes, where they took up a position upon the top where they had some rude fortifications. A howitzer was brought up and an attempt was made to shell the enemy out, but unsuccessfully. Then Haller and Capt. C. C. Augur with their regulars, supported by volunteers, charged up the steep hill and drove the Indians down the other side without much resistance. The force camped at the foot of the buttes that night, and the audacious redskins came back and re-occupied the summits, but were again driven off in the morning, leaving two killed.

On the 14th of November the combined forces of Nesmith and Raines camped together at the Catholic mission, and while there the old and thatched buildings were burned. The Indians had all left the country and as the commissariat was getting low it was decided at a council of war to return to The Dalles. Thus ended the Yakima campaign. It was this expedition which, as Gov. Stevens said, demonstrated Maj. Raines's "signal incapacity" for war, because he drove the Indians into the very country through which Stevens must pass on his return from his treaty-making trip. Raines's subsequent proceedings interest no more, since immediately after his return the regular forces withdrew to Vancouver by order of Gen. Wool and no more was done by them until in the spring, when Col. Wright, a much abler officer, took the field. His campaigns will form the subject of the next article.

L.

Six Weeks of Suffering

Mr. T. G. McCall, general agent of the New York Lake Erie & Western Railway company, San Francisco, Cal., suffered for six weeks with a severe cough. A few doses of Red Star Cough Cure gave him immediate relief and by the time he took half a bottle his cough was entirely gone. It costs only twenty five cents a bottle.

WANTED—HELP

WANTED—A COMPETENT GIRL TO DO good general washing. Call at [illegible] at 365 West Park st.

SALESMAN WANTED—A GOOD SOLICITING [illegible]

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS MILLINER FOR two or three months [illegible]. Address [illegible]

WANTED—AN ENERGETIC YOUNG MAN for 4 months. Apply at 89 Washington st. [illegible] A. M. till P. M. 4n

WANTED—AN ENERGETIC THOROUGH well posted business man for Oregon and Washington; a permanency and liberal compensation if qualifications are satisfactory. Address P. O. Box 2282 San Francisco, Cal. 7tf

WANTED—AGENTS

AGENTS WANTED AT ONCE FOR AN AGENCY FOR LIFE of General Grant, get the only official complete [illegible] 500 agents wanted. Address A. L. BANCROFT & CO., San Francisco [illegible]

WANTED—A LADY POSSESSING PLENTY OF energy and undoubted ability for every county in Oregon and Washington territory. If references are satisfactory the business will be permanent and income assured. A. L. BANCROFT & CO., San Francisco, Cal. 7tf

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED—A [illegible] OUTFIT FOR CREW [illegible] Address [illegible] 8j8

WANTED—EVERYBODY TO CALL AT THE [illegible] RESTAURANT, 272 Front st. near [illegible]. The best to be had for the money. Old friends invited. P. KELLIHER, Manager. 8d4

WANTED—EMPLOYMENT.

THE [illegible] INTELLIGENCE OFFICE ON First [illegible] places wanted [illegible]

BUSINESS CHANCES

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—PIONEER WOOD yard. Will exchange for city real estate or farm [illegible] 3dtf

DRUG BUSINESS FOR SALE IN A RAPID growing town situated on a principal railroad. Address [illegible] care Oregonian. 18d1m

FOR SALE—ONE OF THE VERY BEST GENeral merchandise stores in Eugene City on account of removal to San Francisco. Address "Merchants," care Oregonian. 29d1m

WANTED—AN EXPERIENCED BUSINESS man with some capital, nice legitimate and paying business; $5000 a year can be made. Address D, care Oregonian. 4j1m

FOR SALE—EXCELSIOR FLOURING MILLS water power, stone capacity fifty barrels per day, good exchange custom and established reputation. 100 acres of land with fine young bearing orchard and good dwelling, with same, if desired. All situated 12 miles from The Dalles, Or. For particulars, terms etc., address T. P. Boyd & Son, Boyd, Or. 27d15

TO RENT ROOMS AND OFFICES.

HOUSEKEEPING ROOMS, FURNISHED COMplete, with all modern conveniences. No. 372 [illegible] 27dtf

FOR RENT—[illegible] FURNISHED front room, rent reasonable. Inquire 90 Seventh st., near Stark. 9j3

FOR RENT—4 UNFURNISHED ROOMS FOR housekeeping with modern improvements, low rent. N. E. cor. Pacific and Yamhill sts. 22dtf

FOR RENT—A FRONT ROOM HANDSOMELY furnished, bay window, fire and bath. 211 Taylor street. 15dtf

FOR RENT—NICELY FURNISHED BAY WINdow room, all modern conveniences. 195 Seventh [illegible] 26dtf

FOR RENT—A SUIT OF NICELY FURNISHED rooms with free bath suitable for light housekeeping, wood and light included. Cal. 130 Yamhill st.

BALDWIN LODGING HOUSE—ROOMS FOR rent with fire by the day, week or month at moderate prices. [illegible] First, bet. Salmon and Main.

PLEASANT FURNISHED ROOMS GAS, BATH, etc., convenient to street cars. Inquire at 33 [illegible] corner Pacific. 1tf

TO RENT MISCELLANEOUS.

HOTEL IN GOOD CONDITION CAN BE [illegible] at reasonable price. Apply at LEVY'S, 16 First st. 6j6

FOR RENT—ONE HALF OF NORTHERN PA[illegible] Express Co.'s Stables, cor. Ninth and [illegible] sts. [illegible] First and Pine sts. 31d1m

TO RENT HOUSES AND STORES.

FOR RENT—TWO STORY BRICK STORE [illegible] Front and First [illegible] Inquire at FOSTER & ROBERTSON'S. 9j7

FOR RENT—STORE ON SOUTH SIDE MORRISON st. [illegible] occupied [illegible] 31 First st. 3mtf

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCKholders of the Oregon Fire and Marine Insurance [illegible] at 2 [illegible] election of a board of directors [illegible] properly come before [illegible] President.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE—NOTICE HEREBY given that the partnership heretofore existing [illegible] Goldsmith of New York City and [illegible] of Portland, Or., under the firm name of Goldsmith & Loewenberg is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

PHILIP GOLDSMITH
JULIUS LOEWENBERG

Dated Portland, Or., January 1, 1886.

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE — NOTICE IS hereby given that the undersigned Philip Goldsmith of New York City, Sol. Oppenheimer and [illegible] Goldsmith of Portland, Or., have formed a copartnership under the firm name and style of Goldsmith & [illegible], at Portland, Or., and will continue the business formerly carried on by the said [illegible] Goldsmith and Julius Loewenberg.

PHILIP GOLDSMITH
SOL. OPPENHEIMER
BERTHOLD GOLDSMITH

Dated Portland, Or., January 1, 1886. 9j3

JOHN COX. DOES ANYONE KNOW OF HIS whereabouts. [illegible] blacksmith by trade; below the age [illegible] a little lame, dark hair, [illegible] complexion. When last heard of he was in Mis[illegible] county, Montana. Anyone giving information of his whereabouts will confer a great favor and receive the blessings of an old mother who mourns for a son as lost. Address JAS. E. KNOX, [illegible] 8j

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

SUTTON & BEEBE SHIP CHANDLERY AND naval stores, 16 N. Front st., Portland, Or.

ALLEN & LEWIS, COMMISSION AND PRODUCE Merchants, Front and D Sts., Portland, Or.

H. E. BATTIN, GENERAL COMMISSION MERchant and produce dealer, 130 Front street.

C. CÆSAR & CO., SHIPPING AND COMMISsion Merchants, 40 North Front street, Portland.

TAYLOR YOUNG & CO., SHIP BROKERS AND Commission Merchants, agents for San Juan Archipelago Lime Co., 34 Front street, cor. Ash st.

MILLER & WEST (J. O. MILLER, W. H. WEST,) commission merchants in general and dairy produce, 1 7 Front st., between Washington and Stark.

J. McCRAKEN & CO., IMPORTERS & WHOLEsale grocers and shipping and commission merchants. Nos. 60, 62 and 64 North Front st., Portland, Or.

W. S. MASON, WHOLESALE GROCER AND commission merchant. Nos. 2 and 4 North Front st., Portland, Or.

SLAUDEN & CHURCH, COMMISSION MERchants in country produce, butter, cheese, dried and green fruits. 3 Front st., Portland, Or. 26dtf

GIBSON, QUACKENBUSH & CO., SHIPPING AND Commission Merchants, specialties—wheat, flour, salmon, grain bags, etc. N. W. cor. Front and Ash sts., Portland, Or.

HERMAN METZGER, PURCHASER OF hides, pelts, furs, wool and tallow, and general commission merchant; consignments solicited. No. 15 Third street. P. O. box 703, Portland, Oregon. 15mtf

MARK LEVY, COMMISSION MERCHANT, importer of and dealer in tropical and domestic green, dried and canned fruits, nuts, figs, dates and raisins. 122 Front st. Consignments of Oregon and California produce solicited.

FOR SALE REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE—WORTH [illegible] IN BEST RESI[illegible]

FOR SALE—FARM [illegible] ACRES WITH 35 head of cattle, including 20 cows, a Holstein bull, [illegible] are grades, a good farm [illegible] house, [illegible]. T. B. N. DECKER [illegible]

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

MISS [illegible] WILL GIVE INSTRUCTION IN [illegible] making [illegible] flowers [illegible] First st., near Salmon.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC UNDER THE direction of Mrs. [illegible] and Miss Duff. All [illegible] rooms 34 and 33 Portland [illegible] 8jtf

MRS. [illegible] GRAHAM, LATE OF CHICAGO, [illegible] where she teaches the [illegible] system simplified. Cutting and fitting [illegible] All patterns cut from muslin and tried [illegible] 7j8

GEO. [illegible] PHYSICIAN AND SURgeon, graduate of Missouri Medical College, St. Louis [illegible] Medicine Caracas, Venezuela, South America. Office at Dr. Chance's Dental [illegible] Alder st., Portland, Or. 17d1m

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE—THE FURNITURE OF A WELL furnished lodging house containing 11 rooms. [illegible] two weeks. [illegible]

FISHERMEN—THE UNDERSIGNED WITH A [illegible] improved machine [illegible] for the strongest netting on the Pacific coast, as well as other kinds, are prepared to supply the first quality of nets, lines and ponds, from [illegible] square mesh [illegible] Boston, Mass. [illegible]

SPOKE AND AXE HANDLE LATHE FOR SALE—Newly built machine in good order, with [illegible] for axe and other handles, etc., complete, at less than one third of cost. Sold for want of timber. Price $125 [illegible] N. P. R. R. [illegible] Whatcom, W. T.

WHOLESALE GROCERS

ALLEN & LEWIS, WHOLESALE GROCERS, COR. ner N. Front and D sts., Portland, Or.

CORBITT & MACLEAY, WHOLESALE GROCER and Commission Merchants, 64 and 66 Front st., Portland.

WADHAMS & ELLIOTT, WHOLESALE GROCERS, Forwarding and Commission Merchants. Nos. 46 and 48 Front street, Portland, Or.

J. O'CONNOR, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL grocer, dealer in ship stores, garden and grass seeds, foreign and domestic fruits, etc. N. [illegible] cor. Front [illegible] Portland, Or.

FINANCIAL

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SE[illegible] sums of $100 and upwards. J. FRED [illegible] Stark [illegible] 19 Stark st.

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE AND on personal notes by B. GOLDSMITH, 114 First [illegible] 3jtf

MONEY TO LOAN IN SUMS TO SUIT ON household furniture without removal, notes discounted. A. [illegible] 133½ First st.

MILL AND FARM MACHINERY.

Z. T. WRIGHT, FARM & MILL MACHINERY, [illegible] engines, Oils, Brass Goods, Inspirators, [illegible] Belts, etc. Foot of Morrison st., Portland.

FRANK BROTHERS IMPLEMENT COMPANY, importer and dealer in farm and mill machinery, 68 and 70 Front st., Portland, Or.

CHAS. E. DODD & CO., SOLE AGENTS BUCKEYE Mower and Reaper, Canton Pitts Thresher, Haines Header, Schuttler Wagons. Front, First and Vine sts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ASBESTOS FIREKINDLER. [illegible] THING [illegible] kindles any kind of wood, [illegible] Manufactured by the Oregon Brass Works. [illegible] make Bells, Brass and Composition Castings. All kinds of jobbing promptly attended to. [illegible]

WM. GARDNER & CO., PRACTICAL PLUMBers, Gas and Steam Fitters. Hot water heating a specialty. Corner Third and Alder sts., Portland.

LEATHER AND FINDINGS.

R. [illegible] SADDLERY, HARNESS, HARDware. 74 Front st., Portland, Or.

HERBERT BRADLEY & CO., 109 FRONT ST., importers of Shoe Manufacturers' Goods, Shoe Store Supplies, Blackings, Dressings, Etc.

MACHINISTS.

TRENKMAN & WOLFF, MACHINISTS, CORNER F and Third sts.—Housework, doors, railings, iron shutters, and machinery of all descriptions, planing and moulding tools to order.

SAILS, FLAGS AND TENTS.

AMES & DETRICK—BAGS, BAGGING, TWINES, Tents, Awnings, Wagon Covers, Oil Clothing, etc. 111 Front st., Portland, Or. 23d1m

SHOW CASE MANUFACTURERS.

DIXON BORGESON & CO., 192 FRONT ST., Portland, and 27 Market st., San Francisco.

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.

SNELL, HEITSHU & WOODARD, ESTABLISHED 1851. Portland, Or.

CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, LAMPS.

HEGELE, CROWELL & CO., IMPORTERS; 64 and 66 Front st., Portland, Or.

The Oregonian.

PORTLAND: SUNDAY, JAN. 10, 1886.

H. W. S.

THE DRAMA.

It is one of the marvels of literary history that the greatest intellectual energy of various periods during the last twenty-five hundred years has organized itself in the form of the drama, or has expressed itself through dramatic forms. The drama has its origin in contests of rival writers before popular audiences. The prizes were public applause or more substantial rewards. At first the treatment of subjects had narrow range, but it was gradually extended until it was made to include the highest problems of life and mind, of man's origin, his history and his destiny. It was found that in the form of the drama expression could assume the widest possible range, and it could produce effects intense and real beyond those of any other style of composition.

Thus, the drama has always had a wonderful hold on the popular mind. The stage has passed through every phase of regard and contumely by the conservators of the public conscience, and its experience is no less varied than that of the church, of which it is too often regarded as a rival and an enemy. It has been fostered and persecuted in turn by both church and state, its artists have been honored, persecuted, branded as outcasts, even martyred, yet to-day the stage and drama are probably more universally popular than any other existing institution. What is the reason of this partiality? and is there really any antagonism between it and the church? Men and women cannot go on age after age giving their admiration to that which is destitute of merit, especially after the thing has been analyzed by philosophers, anathematized by sectaries and criticised by every grade of intellect. Each succeeding generation finds fresh delights in the drama, and to-day there is no more popular recreation than that furnished by the stage.

The attacks on the drama have become sporadic, and are perhaps more intended by those who make them to draw attention to those who as "reformers" find themselves neglected when they talk of other things. Even yet, now and then, some pulpiteer rises in his might to hurl the old-time anathemas at the stage, its actors, its managers and patrons, but he secures nothing more than momentary attention either from the press or the public.

Apart from the sentiment that finds expression through the drama, there is an innate love of art in every mind, and the stage presents a series of pictures that please the eye and excite the imagination. The costumes, scenery and transformations appeal to an inherent love of the beautiful and wonderful, and gratify an instinct not amenable to codes or creeds. To this is added a portrayal of passions which every one feels more or less distinctly. Pity, hope, fear, love, hate, revenge, gratitude, ambition, avarice, courage, & c. march in stately procession across the stage to their logical triumph or catastrophe, and the heart is touched with a sense of seeing and hearing a possible destiny of its own. Then to the sense of the grotesque the love of the ludicrous in word and action, which even the dullest feel, more or less dimly is pleasurably moved, and the spectator is laughed into good humor with himself and all the world. For these and other reasons the drama always has had and always will have a strong hold on mankind.

It is a pity that so powerful an instrumentality for moving the hearts of men is not more intimately associated with the religious life of the people. "There was wisdom," says a recent writer, "in the old, miracle plays, in the acted scenes, the tournaments, and the dramatic representations which made part of the old public life and were instituted more for the amusement of the populace than for the glorification of individuals. Certainly the love of scenic splendors, of mimic contests, of tragic incident and emotional display has been sufficiently exhibited through all the centuries and it [illegible] ignore it. In our large cities the theaters are crowded at $2 50 a seat, while the pews go begging, and the eyes of the clergymen go wandering drearily over the empty space." Some day perhaps an offensive and defensive alliance between the congenial elements of the religious and dramatic forces may become possible, and should it ever be realized, religion will become more popular and the drama purer.

THE SPECIAL DELIVERY SERVICE.

The special postal delivery authorized by the last congress has now been on trial within certain limits designated, for a space of three months. From the first it was apparent that many changes would be required to render the service efficient and worthy of general approbation. The postmaster-general announced in his annual report that the public accepted the system with favor, and that it affords a privilege to its patrons which is very convenient, and is often of much value. Taking the ground that if the privilege of immediate delivery is desirable to the public at some offices it would be still more useful if afforded to all, it is the official opinion, as expressed by this document, that it would be wise to take such steps as would expand it to the utmost limits of the postal service. It is recommended also that its provisions be so extended as to apply to all mailable matter, thus largely enhancing the value of the system to the public, and affording a revenue that would justify its extension to every office in the country.

The question of Sunday delivery is one of the most perplexing that has attended the workings of the system thus far. The regulations say nothing upon the subject, hence postmasters act upon their own discretion and as a result, immediate delivery is effected in some cities, while in others it is not. This leads to fault finding, and causes confusion that would be avoided by uniformity of method. Upon this point the official opinion is that so long as mails are allowed to carry letters on Sunday, it operates a denial of the obligation of the government, for which it has accepted a special fee of five times the price of the carriage, if the specially stamped letter be not delivered according to law when brought into the office by the mail. In this city the messengers are not on duty and no letters are sent out under the special stamp on Sunday. The business of the system is not so large, nor has the dependence of the people upon it become sufficient here to cause the discretion exercised in the matter by the postmaster to be made a subject of complaint.

Much difficulty was experienced in making the public understand the provisions of the law concerning immediate delivery, the chief stumbling block being the regular postage stamp which is requisite in addition to the special stamp. In a majority of cases where disappointment has resulted in the attempted use of this stamp, it has been due to the belief that the regular stamp was not required when the special stamp was put on. The business has shown a steady increase from the first week, almost from the first day of service here, and though it cannot yet be reckoned large, or even in a general sense important, it has been found of such great convenience and profit in many cases that the public would not willingly dispense with it.

The postal system of the United States has recorded no retrograde movement. It has steadily met the increasing demands made upon it, by business, by intelligence, by the general progress of a great nation. The special delivery service is another advance step, made with the caution that becomes the expense involved and the interests to be served, and though crude as compared with what it will be after a few years of experiment, corrected at various points as occasion demands it is in the line of advancement, and will in due time gain a firm foothold among the necessities of a progressive people.

It has been the not unusual fate of pretty and ambitious American girls who have married titled foreigners to receive decorations, a black eye being the most common form of distinction bestowed. An exception is recorded in the case of Lady Churchill, the pretty New York girl who won an English title and who recently received a decoration from the queen in recognition of her services as a politician in the tory interest.

A LESSON OF EXPERIENCE.

As American shipping interests began to decline just after the close of our civil war, British supremacy on the high seas—in a commercial point of view—began to assert itself for the first time in a half century. Not only did American underwriters give the iron hulls of England the preference over American wooden hulls for the carriage of grain (which was right enough so far as delivery of cargo in good condition was concerned), but they gave them generally lower rates of insurance upon hull and tackle, which is by no means a ruling on the side of safety, for the number of iron ships lost with all on board, and nothing heard from them, is a fearful percentage upon the total number afloat.

With such a ruling in their favor as the above it is easily to be seen how the British iron propeller, with Elder's compound engine, should have displaced the comfortable walking-beam side-wheel steamer of twenty five years ago, the most comfortable (though not the fastest) ships ever built for ocean travel. There was an interval of about eight years in which there was no effort made to imitate the new-fangled British jigger, and then John Roach began to "carry the war into Africa" by building the Colima and Granada, the first ships built of iron with hulls on the American model and engines on the British pattern. This was the beginning of a new era in American steamship navigation, of which we are not far from the noontide. Mr Roach then built the great steamers City of Peking and Tokio, which were fast enough, their only fault being that their rivets were too small to strengthen their hulls. That fault he has long since remedied in later vessels, which have proven too swift for any competitor, and strong enough for any weather.

The latest triumphs of American steamships are those of the Alameda, built by Cramp of Philadelphia, who built the State of California and Queen of the Pacific. She had a race with the British steamer *Zelandia*, always a fast ship in heavy weather, and which left San Francisco four hours ahead of her. The wind blew a gale from the southwest on the day following her departure, but in spite of that the Alameda reached Honolulu six hours ahead of the *Zelandia*. The latter ship had no freight, and she was only detained six hours at Honolulu, while the Alameda was eighteen hours in port. In spite of this she beat the Zelandia twelve hours to Auckland and sixteen to Sydney.

The second signal triumph of American steamship work is the recent voyage of the new steamer Alamo from New York to Galveston. She is one of five vessels built for freighting rather than carrying passengers and, moreover, as all the Texan harbors are excessively shallow and require to be navigated by vessels of comparatively light draft, it necessitates building these ships of rather full model, thereby making speed a secondary consideration to buoyancy. The Alamo is therefore a large carrier. On her last trip she left New York at 4 15 *P. M* on the 19th of December, and arrived at Galveston at 2 A. M on the 25th. She slowed down for fog four times during the passage, and then made the run (after deducting stoppage to take pilot at Galveston bar, in 5 days, 18 hours and 30 minutes, the total distance being 1896 miles. This is at about the rate of 13¾ miles per hour, and the last day's run through comparatively shallow water, to say nothing of being under "slow bell" at least twelve hours during the fog. Her captain is confident he can make it in 5 days and 12 hours if he has good weather all the way. It beats the best record by 8 hours and 45 minutes.

Another good test of American built steamships is the voyage between New York and the island of Cuba. Prior to 1851 four days and three hours was the fastest trip ever made between the two cities until the Quaker City scored four days from dock to dock. In 1868 the Evening Star made it in three days and nineteen hours, and a few weeks later in the same year the Moro Castle, also a sidewheeler, made it in three days and fifteen hours. This is the fastest ever made by a sidewheeler. Since then [illegible] have been made between New York and Havana by both British and American steamers, none of which had beaten three days up to the famous exploit of the City of Puebla in 1883, when she made the run from New York to Havana, against the Gulf Stream current for over half the way, in 2 days, [illegible] hours and 45 minutes. The distance is [illegible] miles, so the rate is about 16½ miles to the hour. The fastest trip prior to that was by the Newport, of the Cromwell line, which made it in 3 days and 9½ hours. Both these were American steamships, built on the Delaware, and it begins to look as if "Rule Britannia" would soon be a song of the past if American steamship builders improve as much in the next three years as they have in the past five. It would go hard with John Bull to be beaten at his own game, but it went equally hard with America from 1861 to 1880. Nevertheless she has learned, in the words of Shylock, to "better the instruction."

A LESSON OF HARD TIMES.

Walla Walla county records show an unusually large transfer of real estate during the past year. The *Journal* of that city mentions as an encouraging sign of a return to a cash basis that three-fourths of the mortgages entered were canceled during the year.

It is believed that the prevalence of hard times for another year or two would work very satisfactory results in the matter of canceling mortgages on Willamette valley farms. The financial stress of the past two years has not been without its wholesome lesson, teaching the practice of small economies, without which it is impossible to make farming pay anywhere, and especially in a region that has no manufacturing population to support it. This lesson has so long been a part of the industrial creed of the eastern agriculturist that no one knows when it was laid down. The practice in the west has been to despise as parsimonious the little savings that have been the basis of prosperity in localities where a living was for years wrung from the reluctant soil by the most patient endeavor. Indeed the soil of the west, generous to prodigality, was in itself some excuse for the relaxation of effort that was so necessary in other sections. There was long no market in Oregon, there is yet no adequate market for its surplus of perishable crops. It was so easy to raise enough to live on that there was absolutely no incentive to effort that involved hard work. The transition from raising barely enough to live on each season to trusting to the abundance of the next year to supply the deficit of the present was natural and easy. The result has appeared all over Oregon in farms heavily encumbered with debt, in discouraged men, in anxious women, and in thriftless, discontented children, whose one determination has been to leave the farm at the first opportunity.

There has been, however, a noticeable improvement in all of this within a few years, and as before observed, hard times has had a shaping hand in the matter. Poor Richard's maxims have been found to be quite as useful in the great and exacting domain of thrift as they were a century ago. The practice of running store bills as in years past, to the embarrassment alike of debtor and creditor, has been discontinued at the behest of necessity. Instead of hardship, independence has resulted. Habit can scarcely be said to be formed in the short space of two or three years, so that a boom at this time would overthrow many of the lessons taught by recent experiences, but a boom is fortunately not among the probabilities of the present or the immediate future. A steady growth in prosperity, among the farmers and wage earners of the state, may be reasonably expected, dating its commencement from the sudden financial stress that substituted real for fictitious values and set the people to economizing that they might pay their thoughtlessly issued debts and live within the small surplus that was left to them.

The interest bearing debt of the United States is now $8150 larger than it was one year ago. This increase was caused by changing accumulated interest into 4 per cent bonds. Under direction of the present administration money has accumulated in the treasury, but there have been no payments on the principal of the debt. The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* says that "Beck's speech gave the administration such a shock as to cause it at once to change its policy and begin to call in bonds. Such a raking from such a source was one of the unexpected things, and it waked them up like a dynamite bomb found on the front doorstep."

THE OHIO LEGISLATURE.

The assembling of the sixty-seventh Ohio legislature is made the occasion of a good deal of quite pardonable self-congratulation on the part of the people and the press of that state. It is scarcely possible to believe the boast of the Columbus *State Journal* that the present assembly represents more people than the first congress of the United States. Ohio, with between three and four millions of people, is now as large in population as the Union was in 1786. It comprises all of the belt between the river valleys and the lakes, through which alone there is communication between the East and West. All the great corporations of the land are therefore interested in Ohio legislation which has in times past been the precedent for other states. But with all her unrivaled resources "Ohio men" have been the great product of the commonwealth, and the legislature has been the hot-bed of their development. Many of the great names of American history have stood on the Ohio legislative rolls. Membership in a legislature, if it were rightly considered, is a position of great honor, not a stepping stone alone, but a place calling for the full force of developed powers and the strictest integrity. It is recalled that Garfield and Schenck and Corwin were not young men when in the legislature. The reluctance of men of age standing and character to take upon themselves the duty of making laws is one of the serious evils of the present time. Our legislatures are often half made up of men without character, capacity or responsibility, and jobbery is a natural result.

The plumber has had a discouraging season of it so far in this city. Not that he has been all unhappy. There was the high school building that hung on until late in the fall, and careless servant girls have managed the waste pipe of the sink about up to the average and his profits last year leave him still a margin to calculate his running expenses on for several years. Besides he is just now casting his weather eye hopefully toward the clouds that promise a possibility of snow, with a freeze sufficient to demoralize unprotected water pipes.

For the year ending June 30, 1885, there was a total of 76,225,624 pounds of newspapers and periodicals mailed at twenty of the principal postoffices of the United States. From which it appears that the people devour current literature by the ton. New York heads the list, with Chicago second, Boston third and Philadelphia fourth, leaving St. Louis fifth in rank and 5,431 085 pounds behind Chicago. The amount of postage collected on this enormous bulk of printed matter amounted to nearly a million and a half dollars.

H. W. S.

The Albany *Democrat* "don't like THE OREGONIAN'S style of dealing with its contemporaries." THE OREGONIAN supposes that it deals with its contemporaries very much as they deal with it. Many of them habitually assail it with great malignity and rancor, and sometimes, though not often, it retorts, characterizing them as they deserve. But to those that deal courteously with it, it is uniformly courteous in return.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Valentino," W. W. Astor's new novel is now in its third edition.

"High Lights," the anonymous novel recently published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is reported to be from the pen of a daughter of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

Dr. Schliemann, the famous explorer of ancient Troy, who resides in the city of Athens, has two children, and their names are Andromache and Agamemnon.

[illegible] to the Massachusetts Historical [illegible] a letter of Robert Burns, which was given to him by the widow of Barry Cornwall, to whose mother it was addressed when she was a girl.

Frank R. Stockton has just finished a novel which will soon be published by Charles Scribner's Sons. It is the only novel he has ever written, and it will make its first appearance in book form, instead of running through one of the magazines as a serial.

For Mr Charles Lowe's historical biography of Prince Bismarck, which Cassell & Co publish, a preface has been written by Prof. Smith, of Columbia college. This biography gives a connected account of the chancellor's entire career. It comprises two volumes.

The first volume of Messrs Hutton & Matthews's work, "Actors and Actresses of Great Britain," is now ready for the press, and Messrs Cassell & Co will issue it as soon as it can be printed, though there is still one sketch unwritten—Mr Austin Dobson's article on David Garrick.

A third copy of Charles Lamb's privately printed "Beauty and the Beast" has turned up in England. A dissenting minister named Firkell found it among some old books on a bookstall and purchased it for a few pence. The volume is in excellent condition and the hand-painted plates are said to be perfect.

In London a week ago was offered for sale Pope's copy of Milton's poems, with autograph notes in Pope's own hand. One of these notes says of "Comus" that "there are several excellent lines in this masque and very lively images." Another item in the day's sale was the autograph manuscript of Pope's "Pastorals."

Pall Mall Gazette: Mr. Browning will not give up his house in London for some years, not till the hospitalities and innumerable delights of the smoky city grow a burden too heavy to be borne by advancing age. Then his Venetian home will prove a shelter from the fogs of London life, and he will wish, maybe, to rest at last in that land where the bones of Keats, Shelley, and his own wife lie.

A new edition of the works of Mr. John Morley is in preparation by Macmillan & Co. It will be uniform with their editions of Emerson, Kingsley, Lamb and Gray. It will comprise eight volumes, one of which will be published each month. The first will be the "Voltaire," which is announced for January. The author will revise the volume of "Miscellanies," and will add to it some new new essays. The "Life of Cobden" will not be included in this edition.

Mr Whittier dislikes, for himself, biographies and biographers. "Of course I am glad," he said to a recent visitor, "to have thee tell my friends anything about me they care to know. But such fame as a man gets from books written about him after he is dead seems to me worth very little. I have never thought of myself as a poet in the sense in which we use the word when we speak of the great poets. I have just said from time to time the things I had to say, and it has been a series of surprises to me that people should pay so much attention to them and remember them so long."

The January number of *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine* appears in an entirely new dress. A handsome cover has been designed for it by Mr George Fletcher Babb, whose white parchment-like surface, printed in red and black, presents a very attractive appearance. The typography is also entirely remodeled, the double columns have been done away, and large, clear bold faced type is used. The contents are varied in excellence, but all good. Gail Hamilton criticises civil service reform in a pungent manner, in answer to which will appear in the February number of the magazine from the pen of Mr Dorman B Eaton. W. E. Norris begins a new serial, "A Bachelor's Blunder." Brander Matthews gossips about the future literary capital of the United States, and there are poems by Philip Bourke Marston, Louise Chandler Moulton, etc.

Some fifty years ago the *New England Magazine* filled an important place in the vision of literature loving New Englanders. Its editors and contributors included the best representatives of the culture and thought of that day and its bound numbers constitute an important and interesting part of many book collections. Under happier and more promising auspices there now appears a new magazine with the old and honored name. It comes to us as the successor—or rather an enlargement of the *Bay State Monthly*, a periodical which has made wonderfully rapid advances in public favor. The *New England Magazine* enters the enlarged field with a display of resources and an outline of plans which seem to justify the expectation that it has before it a successful future and will worthily bear its historic name. The number before us presents a most attractive appearance, within and without.

TRESPASSES.

At last we are having something that begins to look like winter, with a dry and frosty atmosphere and ice forming in the gutters next to the sidewalks. Up to Wednesday night we had the most open winter known to Oregonians since the first Americanization (if I may be permitted to use the word) of the country. On Christmas day I counted in a small garden on Eleventh street no less than sixteen varieties of rose budding or in full bloom in the open air, while chrysanthemums were as thick as buttercups in June. On the 22d of December a gentleman living near Sellwood came into my office and handed me a sprig cut from a Lawton blackberry bush in his garden, containing nine snow-white blossoms, three red blackberries and two ripe ones black as a coal. I got a large potato, cut off each end of it, hollowed it out like a cylinder, and, putting the sprig of blackberries into it, fastened up the ends again and mailed it to my aunt in New York, as an exemplification of the glorious climate of Oregon. If she should start out here now to spend the winter, as a relief to the bitter cold of Gotham, she would probably catch us in some of these frozen days and I would be ready to exclaim, "Just my luck."

A property owner in this city for whom I entertain the highest degree of respect, writes me that he read my article upon "Prohibitory Rents" in last Sunday's issue, and asks me why I do not write something about prohibitory insurance. He says that rents are based on the interest upon money invested in buildings as well as taxation, insurance and street repairs. He says that insurance is higher now than it was during the boom of 1882, when rents were so high that many respectable people belonging to the laboring class were compelled to take lodgers into the houses in order to meet the exorbitant demands of the creditor class. For my own part I do not know whether insurance is high or not, as it only costs me $14 per year, and I am not as well qualified a judge of such matters as a man who owns ten or a dozen houses. My own idea is that there should be some legislation had upon the question of insurance by which a policy issued for one year should hold good for one year unless the company can show attempt at arson or other fraud on the part of the assured, and that no policy, unless such fraud be shown, could be cancelled except by consent of both parties. And further, that no increase of premium should be allowed on account of increased number of buildings on the block, until after the expiration of the policy.

This seems to me a far more important matter than the mere rate of insurance. When I go to insure my few hundred dollars' worth of household plunder, the rate of premium is not so much an object as the certainty in my own mind that, if my house is destroyed by fire and my furniture with it, I will get the money, and if high rates mean safe business and payment of policies without demur, I am for high rates. But I think that no man who has a policy on his house or furniture should have that policy vitiated during the term for which it was issued by the fact that some of his neighbors go to work and erect a big, inflammable tinder box like that on Tenth and Taylor, so that a mob can rush to hear some sensationalist, like the Rev. Melancthon Snufflegrees or Mrs Hosanna Stumpspeech. A bargain is a bargain all the world over, and nothing should vitiate that bargain but fraud. If a man sets his house on fire in order to rob the insurance companies, then I am in favor of the company canceling the policy, and sending the policy-holder to Salem to play checkers with his nose. But unless some fraud is shown, I can see no justice in a law that should allow one party to a contract to cancel the contract solely of his own volition. There can be no equity in a proposition in which one man makes the bargain for both.

We don't hear much about the water works business now a days, although Mr Schuyler's little notices very once in a while appear in the public prints, to call the committee together. How is this "fifteen puzzle" going to turn out for Portland? If they calculate to use the Willamette river water, they might as well disband at once and save the city the expense of this eight to seven commission. For my part, if I have to drink Willamette straight I would just as soon pay four dollars per month to Leonard & Green. [illegible] the towns them fairly treated in the premises. When Ben Owens started in to furnish water from the pearl springs of the Tualatin in 1878, I opposed the proposition. John Green went up from here with a strong force of persuaders and soon succeeded in upsetting the bill and shelving that scheme. In the poetic language of Gen. Joseph [illegible], "Dey wal a [illegible] der brudder!"

But Col. John must not think he is going to get rid of Saint Henry quite as easily as all that. The emaciated cherub of the swamp and overflowed land system has still a card to play. Unfortunately for Col. Green, he is also the owner of gas works as well as water works, the entire profits of which up to 1881 have been reinvested in additions and improvements in the plant. Having been checkmated in the water fight of 1878, Saint Henry smarts for revenge and is ready to "let loose the dogs of war." He is the owner, in connection with Congressman Charley Felton, of California, of some 7,500,511 acres—more or less—of swamp and overflowed land. Now these lands contain a certain kind of inflammable gas known as *ignis fatuus* or "foxfire," also known as "jack o' lantern" or "will-o' the wisp." I learn that Saint Henry has employed Edison to produce a machine for collecting and storing this gas, and will be able to furnish it at 30 cents per thousand feet to consumers, which is lower than Mr Green can manufacture it. He has to pay $9 per ton for Nanaimo coal besides 75 cents' import duty and the freight as well. Henry's swamp lands will give us cheaper light, and his revenge will be a complete one.

The marriage of ex-Judge Terry, who slew Senator Broderick in a duel, to a woman whom the courts have already branded as an adventuress and a forger, is the sensation of the hour in the California papers which have come to my table in the last two days. It is more than twenty six years since that fatal occurrence which did more towards saving California to the federal union than any other ten causes that could be named. Had not the democratic party in that state been shivered from truck to kelson in 1860 some secession leader of the stamp of Terry in 1861, would have seized not only the arsenals at Benicia and Alcatraz Island, but the San Francisco mint as well. At that time the yield of gold was nearly three times what it is now, the semi-monthly shipments, via Panama, being never less than $2,000,000, hence it is not hard to believe that a seizure of the mint would have given at least four millions of gold to aid the rebel cause. Broderick's death was the key stone to California's position in the arch of the Union, and the men of California revere his memory for it—that was proven by the election of 1880. Judge Terry has been twenty six years in attaining the summit of infamy. It is a common thing for a judge to pronounce a severe sentence, but it is not every day that a court consents to "help along the show" by furnishing the crime himself.

If Judge Terry was the proud, sensitive man that he was on the day when he penned the challenge to the awkward Broderick to meet him in an encounter whose issue depended solely upon a trick of the weapon, he might become exasperated at the comment which these nuptials are sure to provoke, not only from individuals in private life but from loud-mouthed public journals as well. But he cannot be or he would not have, after burying scarcely a year ago one of the most irreproachable Christian wives that ever blessed a frontier state with her presence, married a woman whose name has been coupled with every possible indecent epithet in every indecent barroom and variety dive, a woman whose sole ambition for the past two years, has been nothing but soiled linen, a woman whose daily life has been the long series of conspiracies, and a woman who will cause the littlest shudders to remember the mother of his now estranged children by contrast. Oh no, we have no fear that anything which may be now said or written can hurt Judge Terry's feelings. The man who can after hearing the evidence in that case marry the woman whose rapacity led to such exposures, is proof against either invective or satire. He has the hide of the rhinoceros with the conscience of the shark.

My story about the railroad passenger agent in last Sunday's paper has provoked a friend to send me another story about the same notorious wholesale dealer in practical jokes. All these gentlemen play a rôle which is called by courtesy a "city passenger agent." One of those is an old and battle scarred veteran, who, in connection with the [illegible] at the completion of the Central Pacific, whom we will call Mr Galena, though his real name denotes a harder and nobler metal. When the trains come in from the south these "city agents" go down to the O. & C. depots to canvass the trains in search of gentlemen and ladies from the "rooly rooral destricks" who are about to go east for a visit to "the old folks at home." This work brings them to the west side depot at 2 45 and the east side at 3 in the afternoon. Near the east side depot is a lager beer saloon, where these "rustlers" most do congregate while waiting for the train from the south. The measurer of the Gambrinian liquid is a Teuton, of course. The other day he looked through the crowd of solicitors and saw the face of a new man—our own practical joker whom we will call Mr St. Kitts. He asked somebody

"Where is Misther Galena?"

"He is dead," responded St. Kitts.

The German's face assumed a blank look of horror. He merely ejaculated

"Vas?"

"He's dead," repeated the unblushing joker "died this morning at a quarter to 8."

"Vat vos der mayte mit him?" queried the surprised son of the Vaterland.

"Pneumonia," replied the villain. "He was only ill a little over ten hours."

"Mein Gott in himmel," cried the tender-hearted publican, "I told dot man lasd night he vood kit for himzelef dot sick of fitness, oof he dond shtop seddin by dot stofe und den go in der cold for himzellef in der house youd. He vas a goot man und he owes me a toller und a hollub. Dot's too bad."

"His estate is perfectly solvent," said St. Kitts with imperturbable gravity. "I have been appointed administrator by the probate court, and there is enough to bury him handsomely and pay all debts."

"Ven vill come off dot funeral?" queried the grief stricken Schwelhedt.

"Day after to-morrow," said the joker. "Come around and be sociable, take a drink and have a look at him—he's going to make a lovely corpse."

"All recht," said the sorrowful publican "und I spose dot's petter I make oud my pill, aind it?"

He took a pen and made out a bill for twelve glasses of beer and seven hot frankfort sausages when suddenly the southern train whistled and all the gang left the house.

The next day about the same hour Mr Schwelhedt was tapping a new barrel of beer underneath his counter, when suddenly he heard the fall of a dime on the bar and a familiar voice exclaim

"Here, Dutchy, rouse up here and give us a glass o' beer. I'm nearly shuck to pieces with the cold."

The terrified publican looked up only to encounter the gaze of the veritable Galena himself, standing six feet in his stockings and boasting his 212 avoirdupois.

"You don'd cood nafe no klaspier in dis howse," cried the terrified landlord. "Dot's petter you yoost glear oud."

"Gimme some beer, I tell you. I'm willin' to pay for it. And here, while I think of it, here's a dollar and a half I've owed since last week," said Galena, wholly unconscious of the joke that had been played during his absence from town.

"A toller und a hollub? Dat's nodings. If you doo tollars to go rite avay out von der howse. We don'd vand no ghosts here to frighden der peebles und pring in der polizeireners und preak up der pizness. How apout dot funeral, ennahow?"

It was a long time before Galena could explain to the excited publican that he was not dead, but had merely been to The Dalles for a couple of days, posting up some placards for the "Royal Route" at the instigation of the emaciated Meade. The publican finally accepted his debtor's offer of $1 50 that had been tendered him and they had some more beer. Just then one of the gang entered, exclaiming

"Hey, Dutch, ain't yer 'shamed to be drinkin' wid a ghost?"

"He don'd been dead—vell, dot makes me laffe."

"How d'ye know he ain'd dead?"

"He don'd meet, und as Shakespeare says, 'I took der ghost's vord for more as a tousand tollars,' ain't?"

About that time the crowd began to fill in and they had a great laugh over the joke that had been played on the beer seller, who took it all in good part and set out the lager for them in good style. There was one man, however, who was not there on that day, nor has he been there since. It was the joker, St Kitts. His friends, awaiting him in other localities, [illegible] there for some time. His is home at night, reading novels aloud to his wife and waiting for the thing to blow over. The Teuton says

"Oof ever dot man comes aroundt here, I yoost put a headt on poth his handts!"

And he'll do it, too. Don't go around there, Mr St. Kitts, if you know when you're well off. [illegible] Don't go around there. There's a club in the window for thee.

The old saying that one half the great world knows not how the other half lives, finds daily exemplification in our city at this season. One night this week four different men, apparently well brought up and capable enough if opportunity offered itself, came in and asked for money to get food and eat enough to keep them alive. Three of them went off to a restaurant, but the other fellow I met in a fearfully overbeered condition about two hours afterwards. A stranger thing than that happened here not long since. A man begged for a meal at the house of a friend of mine, and was fed liberally. He said he would do anything if he could only get work. "Would you saw wood?" asked the lady. "Willingly," said the man, "but the trouble is that I have no buck nor saw." The lady looked at him a moment, wrote him an order for a buck and saw, and told him to call at the house and let her know how much the bill was. She saw nothing of him for two weeks, when he came in and handed her $2 [illegible] the price of the buck and saw at the same time thanking her for her kindness. Such men are worthy of being helped.

There should be a public soup-kitchen established in some central location, and that right speedily, for there are more cases of destitution in the city than most people are aware of, and a majority of these are among the immigrant class who reach this place with barely enough money to pay a single week's board. A poor fellow told one of the visiting committee of the Ladies Relief society. "Yes, madam, this is a very delightful climate, but a mechanic cannot live on air." The man was a skilled workman in an ivory manufactory in Connecticut but immigrated out here on account of pneumonia, of which he has had four severe attacks in the past seven years. "I would be willing to work for a dollar a day," said he one day, "just for the sake of regaining my health in this mild climate, but I don't see any show for bare bread and meat. You have some very rich people here, but your [illegible] for skilled labor is so easily overdone." And so it will go on till some man with capital comes among us to work up the flax fiber that now rots on the ground, or to set some other busy wheels in motion.

For some cause best known to the "powers that be," that distinguished expert in penmanship from Idaho, Mr. Hibbs, has not yet been tried for his kleptomaniacal chirography by which "Unculpsalm" is out and injured to the tune of several hundred thousand dollars. His case has been postponed from day to day, for some cause or other. Some say that there is no money to cover the expenses of his extradition, as the last congress only appropriated $5000 for extradition purposes and it has all been swallowed up in other cases occurring prior to this, and that they will be compelled to postpone the case until after congress makes some more appropriations. My own idea is that they are waiting the arrival of some expert to determine the forgeries, and have sent up for Isham, at Walla Walla. That gentleman received an extradition in yesterday's paper that hardly meets my approval. Isham is not a bad fellow after all. He is stupid, but not vicious.

GRIZZLY.

A Democratic Remark.

Pendleton East Oregonian.

The great majority of the democratic party are opposed to the scheme to favor the bondholders and bankers over all other classes of people, but the president and Secretary Manning think with the majority of republicans that these classes must be favored at the expense of the people.

Mons and Mme Dromilhat's restaurant, Holton house, Alder street. Meals 25c, or a la carte.

BORN.

In this city, Jan 8, to the wife of Geo. W. [illegible], a daughter.

DIED.

In this city at his home Jan 8th at 5 o'clock P. M. Henry Soules aged [illegible] yrs. Notice of funeral hereafter.

At Swanton, Cal. Jan 8th Mrs. O. E. Seeley, mother of Miss E. A. Seeley and Mrs. V. A. Wilcox of this city.

NEW TO-DAY.

WOOD.

WOOD—FIR $4; ASH $4; OAK $5 50; [illegible]

BARGAIN IN REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—LOTS 1, 2, 3 AND 4, IN BLOCK 77, on the west corner Third and Washington streets, owned by the First Presbyterian church of Portland, Oregon. Sealed bids will be received by J. B. Congle, at his office 10 and 12 Front st., up to 12 o'clock noon, Monday, the first day of February, 1886, for the two lots on the corner, or all above. All the [illegible] of the church and the [illegible]. Bidders requested to be present at the opening of the bids. The board of trustees reserve the right to reject any or all bids. By order of the board of trustees. J. B. CONGLE, Pres't.

NEW TO-DAY.

NOTICE—OWING TO THE VOLUME OF TRADE we shall be pleased to deliver daily, all packages same day [illegible] 10tf

WANTED—A GOOD BAKER. WAGES $70. Apply at 75 Front st. 10tf

FOR ALL WELL-MADE READY MADE DRESSES & Cloaks, go to [illegible], [illegible] and Alder.

C[illegible] WILL RESUME HIS ART [illegible] on Tuesday. Lessons [illegible]. Studio [illegible] 10tf

COAL. THE BEST [illegible] AND [illegible] and Second and Yamhill. Telephone 61.

THREE GENTLEMEN WANT TWO ROOMS with modern conveniences. Address N. T. [illegible], care this office.

EXTRA QUALITY BLACK GROS GRAIN SILKS AT [illegible] $1 20. Black [illegible] MEIER & FRANK.

I WILL GIVE THE USE OF A NICE HOUSE for the keeping or [illegible] to careful person. [illegible]

FOR RENT—ROOMS, WITH OR WITHOUT board, single or double, use of bath and gas [illegible]

FOR RENT—SIX ROOM HOUSE, WITH BATH [illegible] water [illegible] Address [illegible] P. O. Box [illegible].

WANTED—A SITUATION AS HOUSEKEEPER by a young widow lady of experience. Address [illegible], Oregonian office.

LOST—BY A SEWING GIRL, FOUR SILVER dollars wrapped in paper, on Morrison st., near Sixth. [illegible] 10tf

WANTED—SITUATION BY A GERMAN GIRL to do general housework. Apply No. 5 South [illegible], between [illegible].

FOR SIX DAYS ONLY—FINE ALL WOOL FRENCH Serge [illegible] elegant designs, [illegible] MEIER & FRANK.

IMPROVED AND UNIMPROVED ALAMEDA property for sale or exchange for Portland property. [illegible] address 105 East Park st. City. 10

FOR RENT—WITH BOARD, WITH NICELY furnished front room with use of parlor, desirable location; terms reasonable; 155 [illegible] Alder. 10

LOST—A SMALL SIZE OPEN FACE LADIES' gold watch. Finder will be liberally rewarded by leaving it at jewelry store cor. First & Morrison.

LADIES' ALL WOOL RED UNDERWEAR, good qualities, at $1 15, our former $1 50 and $1 75 grades; see them before purchasing. MEIER & FRANK.

MONEY TO LOAN—$500, or $1000, or $1500, or [illegible] on approved security at reasonable rates. [illegible] & YOUNG, 10 Stark st.

LADIES' ALL WOOL RIBBED HOSE, FULL finished at 40 per pair, Laces and Embroideries on largest stock all marked down—way down. MEIER & FRANK.

WANTED—PARTNER—A YOUNG MAN FROM the East with experience and capital, would like a partner with $400 or $500 to go in business with him in the city. Address [illegible] Store. 106 [illegible]

FOR SALE—FORMS OF CATULLUS AND TIBULLUS printed by A. [illegible] Venice, very rare, Alison's History of Europe 21 vols., with rare [illegible] Offices of [illegible] printed 1702, and many bargains in new and old books. [illegible] First st.

Himes THE PRINTER, has all necessary commercial work & good Himes, Book Binding. None cheaper. Fail not to get his prices.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE!

ON THE PREMISES.

[illegible] Suits $20, Parlor Suits $45, Marble top Center Tables [illegible], Lounges [illegible], Bed Lounges [illegible], Wall Paper per roll 10c, Gilt Papers 20c. Everything else in proportion.

244 and 246 First Street.

CASINO OPERA HOUSE.

A. [illegible], Manager.

Opening of the New Opera Season, Monday Jan 11th—THE [illegible]

THOMPSON OPERA CO.,

in the [illegible] Opera

"THE MIKADO!"

Entire New Scenery and Effects.

[illegible] 75 [illegible] Box sheet [illegible]

CHANGE OF MANAGEMENT IN

The Little Wonder Crockery Store,

NO. 160, FIRST ST.

[illegible] A. LOBE, Manager.

Great Inauguration and Peremptory Sale

OF

Crockery, Glassware, Plated Ware, China, Iron, Chandeliers, Lamps, Cutlery, Fancy Goods, etc., etc.

AT

CLOSING-OUT PRICES.

[illegible]

A. LOBE, Manager.

The Little Wonder Crockery Store

[illegible]

S. W. cor. 3d and Morrison.

SECOND ANNUAL

Clearance Sale

COMMENCING

Monday, January 4, 1886,

AND CONTINUING FOR

15 days only 15

$50,000 WORTH OF

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods.

Having taken advantage of the great Liquidation Sale of Messrs. Grant & Co., Portland, and besides, through our buyer in New York, have secured fabulous Bargains in that city, we now offer our Entire Stock without reserve at actually less in many instances than the manufacturers' cost. No one should allow this opportunity to pass without securing at this sale, Cheaper Goods and Greater Bargains than have ever been offered before in this city.

STORE OPENS AT 9 A. M.

AND CLOSES AT 6 P. M.

[illegible]

AT

[illegible]

GOODS

Are Almost

[illegible]

This may seem to be a trick of the trade, as such statements are rarely relied upon as true, but, as we endorse it with our signature, it is bona fide as a check with our name attached.

We are clearing out our entire stock to make way for new goods and are determined to close out what we have now on hand, even at a great sacrifice, to start clean and clear this spring with a new supply of bargains, greater and more desirable than ever.

[illegible]

—AT—

These Prices!

And do not weep, but laugh and be glad that at this season of wintry weather and hard times, you can purchase for a mere song, what, in prosperous days would cost you double the money.

FOR INSTANCE!

Alexander's 4 Button Kid Gloves, A1, heretofore sold at $1 25, will now be sacrificed at (per pair)	$ 65
All wool Cashmeres, all colors and 42 inches wide, heretofore sold at $55, will now be sold at (per yard)	50
All wool Scarlet Medicated Ladies' Vests, all sizes, never known to be sold for less than $1 50, will be sold this week for half that amount	75
Ladies' Merino Vests, any size, cut down to	40
Our famous Everlasting Corset is now offered (a great bargain) at	50
All wool Scarlet Flannel (per yard)	15
Extra Quality Shaker Flannel (per yard)	10
All wool Misses' Hose, full finish, all colors (per pair)	25
Large Huckaback Towels (per doz.)	50
Extra Large Huckaback Towels (per doz.)	75
Fine Linen Huckaback Towels (per doz.)	90
Ladies' Jerseys, all sizes (each)	50
Ladies' Fine Fur Sets—muff and cape (in set)	2 25
Lace Curtains (per pair) at	1 00
Nottingham Lace (per yard)	[illegible]

[illegible]

In Blankets we are frankly acknowledged the leaders as to quality and price. We still have some 76 pairs left which we will close out at $3 per pair—former price being $6 00.

In our Millinery Goods we have made sweeping reductions. Trimmed Hats for $2 00 and trimmed to order from $2 00 upwards. Call and be convinced.

Crockery and Glassware at bargain prices, as all can testify who have favored us with a call.

Now don't think that these prices will last forever. You may delay your call upon us too long and find that more enterprising purchasers have taken time by the forelock and gotten away with the cream of the bargains and left you nothing but regrets.

The Oregonian

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Or. as seco
class matter

REVISED SUBSCRIPTION RATES

[illegible] PREPAID—IN ADVANCE

Daily with Sunday per month
Daily Sunday excepted, per year
Daily with Sunday per year
[illegible] per year
[illegible] Weekly per year
[illegible] per year

TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS

Daily per week delivered, Sunday excepted
Daily per week, delivered, Sunday included

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT

PORTLAND Jan 9—6 49 P

Place of Observation	Height of Bar.	Change last 24 hours	Ther.	Wind direction	Rain fall in inches
Portland	30 40	01	[illegible]	NW	.00
Olympia	30 24	00	[illegible]	S	.10
Roseburg	30 [illegible]	01	39	Calm	.00
Red Bluff	30 [illegible]	−04	47	Calm	.00
Sacramento	30 [illegible]	−03	44	Calm	.00
Mendocino	[illegible]		[illegible]	N	.00
Ft Canby	30 19	00	43	SE	00
Tatoosh	30 0[illegible]	+01	48	SE	48
Spokane	30 36	−03	[illegible]	NE	.00
Walla Walla			[illegible]	W	00

Minimum thermometer [illegible], maximum 49

OUTGOING PASSENGERS.

The steamship Columbia sailing hence car
the following passengers

J C Ellis
W E Terrill
E A Willig
J J Bean
Ike Blumauer
T Smart
J Loewenberg & wf
M Levy
Miss Thomas
B Blumauer & wf
Miss Ella Goodman
C A Noonan
J E Mack
H F Batten
Leon Sweet
Joseph Simon
D I Jones
W Witland
M Hooey
H Simpson
J Cushing
Miss F Pratt
Mrs Thomas
Mrs Wm England
Miss F Wheeler
Miss Reilly
R H Greely
A Bettinger
J F Taylor & wf
F McKeon
M Wise
O Clark
H I Hart
Peter Samonite
Frank McGaw
Mr Drew
W Trip
W E Wolf
J C Bathwell
V Frieback
R Lewis
B Latz
Mrs Thomas
Master Thomas
Mrs Ella Hazenberg
C C Bronaugh
D D Griffith
S Stencil
J Sheridan
S Simon
D Honeyman
C P Stebel
D Dunne
Ed S Rothchild
S L Palmer
W Beck
Mrs G A Wiley
Mrs Sarah Fish
Miss May Stull
Miss Wood
Miss Arinsbury
R E Saltmarsh
E Hughes wf & child
L H Griffith
M H Hinkle & wf
J A Remarque & wf
Miss Nellie Clark
Mrs Chamorro
Geo H Miers
And 25 in the steerag

OVERLAND PASSENGERS.

Passed Heron to arrive over the Northern P
cific S O Richards, J Wolff, R. Thompso
Ed Kimball J W Orr, and 30 immigrants.

Passed Huntington to arrive over the S
Line W H Stirling, Tom Bameron, B. Sp
H B Bryan J H Gustin and wife, and 6 i
migrants

CHURCH NOTICES

Trinity church, corner of Sixth and O
streets. Services at 11 A. M and 7:30 P
Sunday school at 9 45 A. M

Taylor Street Methodist Episcopal church
Public services morning and evening. Sund
school at 12 15. Young people's praise meeti
at 6 30 P. M

Norwegian-Danish Lutheran—Divine servi
in Good Templars hall, southeast corner
Third and Alder streets at 11 A. M and 7:
P. M. Rev. N. G. Nilsen, pastor.

Washington street Presbyterian church, R
Lindsley, pastor. Rev. E. T. Lee will prea
in the morning and the pastor in the eveni
Strangers welcome. Seats for all.

First Congregational Church, corner Seco
and Jefferson streets—Divine service morni
and evening at the usual hour, conducted
Rev. G. H. Atkinson, D. D. Sunday school aft
morning service.

German Methodist church, corner Nort
Eighth and D streets, Rev. [illegible] Bonn, pas
Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7 30 P. M. Sa
bath school at 9 30 A. M. Prayer meeting eve
Wednesday night.

St Stephens Chapel, corner of Jefferson an
Fifth streets—Divine service will be held
the chapel to-morrow at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M
the Rev. John Rosenberg officiating. Sunda
school at 10 A. M. Seats free.

Unitarian Church—corner of Yamhill an
Seventh streets, T. L. Eliot, minister. The sixt
Historical discourse Sunday evening is entitle
"Herod and Hillel," and the rise of the "Irr
concilables" in Jewish politics.

First German Evangelical church, corner
Eighth and Clay streets.—Services Sunda
January 10th, at 11 A. M. and 7 30 P.
Sabbath school at 9 30 A. M. Preaching
the pastor Rev. A. Schlenk. The public a
cordially invited to attend these services.

Scandinavian M. E. church, corner of D an
Twelfth streets. Preaching by the pastor, Re
C. N. Hauge, 11 A. M. and 7 30 P. M. Sund
school, 12 15 P. M., praise service, 6 30 P.
Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. All a
invited.

Grace M. E. Church, corner of Taylor an
Eleventh streets—Preaching by the pastor Re
E. W. Caswell at 11 A. M and 7 30 P. M. Su
day school at 12 15 P. M. Prayer meetin
Thursday evening at 7:30. Seats free. Ushe
in attendance.

United Presbyterian church, corner Sixth an
Montgomery streets, Wm. R. Stevenson, pasto
Services at 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Sunda
school at 12:30 and young people's meeting
6 30 P. M. The communion service arrange
for will be postponed until next Sabbath.

The Rev. A. L. Lindsley, D. D., will preach
Calvary Presbyterian Church, on Sabbath mor
ing at 11 o'clock, in exchange with the pas
Rev. E. Trumbull Lee. Evening services in C
vary church as usual at 7 30 o'clock, conduc
by the pastor. The public is cordially invi
to attend. All the seats are free.

First Christian Church—Columbia and E
Park streets. J. W. Webb, pastor. Morni
subject: "Hope." Evening: "Salvation." Su
day school 12:30. Prayer meeting Thursd
7:30 P. M. Young People's Society Social
residence of Mr. J. H. Robbin's 290 Mill stre
near Twelfth Tuesday evening at 7:30.

First Baptist church, corner of Fourth a
Alder streets.—Rev. J. Q. A. Henry, pasto
Preaching services at 11 A. M and 7 30 P.
Sunday school at 12 30. The pastor will preac
evening subject, "The Baptism of Jesus." Ba
tism at the close of the service. Gospel me
ings each evening of the week, excepting Satu
day. Seats free. All are invited.

Advent Christian Mission rooms, corner S
and and Mill streets—Elder J. C. Smith w
speak [illegible] Sunday at 11 A. M. Subje
"For if the inheritance be of the law it is
more of promise: but God gave it to Abrah
by promise." Gal 3, 18. Services will als
held in the evening. All are cordially invited
attend.

Hall Street M. E. church, corner H
and Sixth streets. Class meeting 10 A.
Preaching at 11 o'clock, A. M. Sunday sch
12 15 P. M. Children's meeting 4 P. M. ge
eral singing service 7 P. M. Preaching 7.30
M. Tuesday, 7 30 P. M. consecration meeti
7:30 P. M. young people's meeting. Thursda
7:30 P. M., general prayer meeting. Free se
to all. A hearty welcome to every one.

EAST SIDE PULPITS.

Zion Evangelical church, Stephens' addit
—Rev. C. C. Poling, pastor. Usual services b
morning and evening at 11 and 7 o'clock. Sa
bath school meets at 10 A. M.

Temperance hall, Tilbetts addition—Divi
services on Sabbath, January 10, at 3 45 P.
Sermon by Rev. D. O. Ghormley. Sabba
school at 2 00 P. M. All are invited.

St David's Episcopal church, Rev. John W
Sellwood rector—The regular services wi
held both morning and evening at the us
hours. Sunday school meets at 9:45 A. M.

Methodist Episcopal church, Rev. S. P. W
son pastor—Services at 11 A. M and 7 P.
Reception of members at the close of the mor
ing service. Sabbath school at 12.30 o'clock.

First Baptist church, corner G and Seven
streets, Rev. C. H. Hobart, pastor. Regu
services at 11 A. M and 7 P. M. Sabbath sch
at 12 30 o'clock. All are invited. Strange
made welcome.

First Presbyterian church corner of Sixth an
streets. Rev. D. O. Ghormley, pastor. Divi
services on Sabbath, January 10, at 11 A.
and 7 P. M. Sermons by pastor. Sabb
school at 12 30. Prayer meeting Thursday eve
ing at 7 30. All are invited.

First Congregational church, Holladay's
dition—Rev. Daniel Staver, pastor. Servi
both morning and evening, at the usual hou
There will be the reception of members a
communion service at the close of the morni
service. In the evening the pastor will
deavor to answer the question, "What are t
evidences of a Christian life?" Sabbath scho
meets at 12 30 o'clock.

The Oregonian.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland Or as second class matter

REVISED SUBSCRIPTION RATES

BY MAIL—POSTAGE PREPAID—IN ADVANCE.

Daily with Sunday per month	$1 00
Daily Sunday excepted, per year	1 00
Daily with Sunday per year	1 00
Sunday, per year	2 50
Sunday and Weekly per year	3 50
The Weekly per year	2 00

TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS

Daily per week, delivered Sunday excepted	25c
Daily per week, delivered, Sunday included	30c

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

PORTLAND Jan 9—6 49 P M

Place of Observation.	Hight of Bar	Change last 8 hours	The	Wind direction.	Rain fall inch	State of W'r
Portland	30.30	01	[illegible]	NW	00	fr
Olympia	30.24	00	4[illegible]	S	10	lt r
Roseburg	30.28	01	39	Calm	00	cr
Red Bluff	30.19	04	47	Calm	00	cr
Sacramento	30.19	−0.3	44	Calm	00	cr
Mendocino	30.16		[illegible]	N	00	r
Ft Canby	30.19	00	43	SE	00	
Tatoosh	30.0[illegible]	−01	48	SE	48	lt r
Spokane	30.35	−03	2[illegible]	NE	00	cl
Walla Walla				W	00	fr

Minimum thermometer 25 maximum [illegible]

OUTGOING PASSENGERS.

The steamship Columbia sailing hence carries the following passengers

J C Ellis
W E Terrill
E A Willig
J J Bean
Ike Blumauer
T Smart
J Loewenberg & wf
M Levy
Miss Thomas
E B umauer & w
Miss Ella Goodman
C A Noonan
J E Mack
H E Batten
Leon Sweet
Joseph Simon
D L Jones
W Witland
M B Coey
B Simpson
J Coshing
Miss E Pratt
Mrs Thomas
Mrs Wm England
Miss E Wheeler
Miss Reiley
R H Greely
A Bettinger
J E Taylor & wf
F McKeon
M Wise
O Clark
H L Darr
Pete Samonite
Frank McGaw
Mr Drew
W Trip
W E Wolf
J C Bathwell
V Frieback
R Lewis
B Lalz
Mrs Thomas
Master Thomas
Mrs Ella Hazenberg
C C Bronaugh
D D Griffith
S Stencel
J Sheridan
S Simon
D Honeyman
C P Sichel
D Dunne
Ed S Rothchild
S L Palmer
W Beck
Mrs G A Wiley
Mrs Sarah Fish
Miss May Stull
Miss Wood
Miss Armsbury
R E Sattmarshe
E Hughes wf & child
J H Griffith
M B Hinkle & wf
J A Roumarrue & wf
Miss Nellie Clark
Mrs Chamorro
Geo H Miers
And 25 in the steerage

OVERLAND PASSENGERS.

Passed Heron to arrive over the Northern Pacific S O Richards, J Wolff, R Thompson, Ed Timball J W Orr, and 30 immigrants

Passed Huntington to arrive over the Short Line: W H Stratliff, Tom Bameron R Smith H B Bryan, J H Gustin and wife and 6 immigrants

CHURCH NOTICES

Trinity church, corner of Sixth and Oak streets—Services at 11 A M and 7:30 P M Sunday school at 9 45 A M

Taylor Street Methodist Episcopal church—Public service morning and evening Sunday school at 12 15 Young people's praise meeting at 6:30 P M

Norwegian Danish Lutheran—Divine service in Good Templars hall, northeast corner of Third and Alder streets at 11 A M and 7:30 P M Rev N G Nilsen pastor

Washington street Trinity german church, Rev Lindsley pastor, Rev E F Lee will preach in the morning and the pastor in the evening. Strangers welcome Seats free for all

First Congregational Church corner Second and Jefferson streets—Divine service morning and evening at the usual hour conducted by Rev G H Atkinson, D D Sunday school after morning service.

German Methodist church, corner North Eighth and D streets, Rev F B on pastor. Preaching at 11 A. M, and 7 30 P M Sabbath school at 1:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night.

St Stephens Chapel, corner of Jefferson and Fifth streets—Divine service will be held in the chapel to-morrow at 11 A. M and 7 30 P M the Rev John Rosenberg officiating Sunday school at 10 A M Seats free

Unitarian Church—Corner of Yamhill and Seventh streets, T L Eliot, minister The sixth Historical discourse Sunday evening is entitled "Herod and Hillel" and the rise of the "Irreconcilables" in Jewish politics.

First German Evangelical church, corner of Eighth and Clay streets—Services Sunday, January 11th, at 11 A. M and 7 30 P M. Sabbath school at 9 30 A. M Preaching by the pastor Rev A. Schlenk. The public are cordially invited to attend these services

Scandinavian M E church corner of D and Twelfth streets. Preaching by the pastor, Rev C N Hauge, 11 A. M and 7 30 P M. Sunday school, 12 15 P M praise service, 6:30 P M Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. All are invited.

Grace M. E. Church, corner of Taylor and Eleventh streets—Preaching by the pastor Rev E W Caswell at 11 A. M and 7 30 P M Sunday school at 12 30 P. M. Prayer meeting, Thursday evening at 7 30 Seats free. Ushers in attendance

United Presbyterian church, corner Sixth and Montgomery streets, Wm R. Stevenson pastor Services at 11 A. M. and 7 30 P M. Sunday school at 12.30 and young people's meeting at 6:30 P. M. The communion service arranged for will be postponed until next Sabbath

The Rev A. L. Lindsley, D D, will preach in Calvary Presbyterian Church, on Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock, in exchange with the pastor, Rev E. Trumbull Lee Evening services in Calvary church as usual at 7 30 o'clock conducted by the pastor The public is cordially invited to attend. All the seats are free.

First Christian Church—Columbia and East Park streets, J W Webb, pastor Morning subject "Hope" Evening "Salvation" Sunday school 12:30 Prayer meeting Thursday 7:30 P M Young People's Society Social at residence of Mr J H Robbin's 290 Mill street, near Twelfth, Tuesday evening at 7 30

First Baptist church, corner of Fourth and Alder streets.—Rev J. Q A Henry, pastor Preaching services at 11 A. M. and 7 30 P. M. Sunday school at 12.30 The pastor will preach evening subject, "The Baptists of Jesus." Baptism at the close of the service Gospel meetings each evening of the week, excepting Saturday Seats free All are invited

Advent Christian Mission rooms corner Second and Mill streets—Elder J S Smith will speak (D V) Sunday at 11 A M Subject, "For if the inheritance be of the law it is no more of promise but God gave it to Abraham by promise" Gal 3, 18 Services will also be held in the evening All are cordially invited to attend.

Hall Street M. E church, corner Hall and Sixth streets Class meeting 10 A. M Preaching at 11 o clock, A. M Sunday school 12 15 P M children's meeting 4 P M General singing service 7 P M Preaching 7 30 P M. Tuesday 2.30 P M consecration meeting 7:30 P M young people's meeting Thursday 7:30 P M, general prayer meeting Free seats to all. A hearty welcome to every one

EAST SIDE PULPITS

Zion Evangelical church Stephens addition,—Rev C. C P ling, pastor Usual services both morning and evening at 11 and 7 o clock. Sabbath school meets at 10 A M

Temperance hall Tibbett's addition—Divine services on Sabbath, January 10 at 3 o'clock. Sermon by Rev. D O Ghormley Sabbath school at 2 30 P M All are invited

St. David's Episcopal church, Rev John W Sellwood, rector—The regular services will be held both morning and evening at the usual hours. Sunday school meets at 9 30 A M

Methodist Episcopal church, Rev S P W[illegible], pastor—Services at 11 A M and 7 P M. Reception of members at the close of the morning service Sabbath school at 1 30 o clock

First Baptist church, corner G and Seventh streets, Rev C. H Hobart, pastor Regular services at 11 A. M and [illegible] P M Sabbath school at 12.30 o clock. All are invited Strangers made welcome

First Presbyterian church corner of Sixth and J streets, Rev D O Ghormley, pastor Divine services on Sabbath, January 10 at 11 A. M and 7 P M Sermons by pastor Sabbath school at 12.30 Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7.30 All are invited

First Congregational church, Holladay's addition—Rev Daniel Staver, pastor Services both morning and evening, at the usual hours. There will be the reception of members and communion service at the close of the morning service. In the evening the pastor will endeavor to answer the question, "What are the evidences of a Christian life?" Sabbath school meets at 12:30 o clock.

IN AND ABOUT PORTLAND.

The police force were paid off yesterday, and there is much joy in consequence

Mr and Mrs. I Loewenberg left for San Francisco last night to be gone for some time

Regular meeting of the board of trade to-morrow night at 7.30. Business of importance and every member wanted on hand.

The divorce suit of August vs Virginia Costel has been referred to Geo E Chamberlin as referee to take testimony and report.

Mrs O D Seeley, mother of Mrs W A. Wilcox and Miss E A. Seeley, of this city, died yesterday at her home in Sacramento, Cal

Hon Joseph Simon and Mr Samuel Simon left last night for San Francisco, on a visit of pleasure, to be gone about three weeks

Licenses to wed were issued yesterday to John Geyer and Emma Cord, George Pritchard and Mary Shermeir, and Herman Kockritz and Matilda Linston

After reading the weather dispatches from Dakota and Minnesota this morning the people of Oregon ought to be thankful that the wind is not in the east.

Parties holding invitations from the Portland Skating club, will please meet at the pavilion to-morrow night Admission free A full brass band will be in attendance.

Judge Stearns yesterday appointed H. M Cake assignee of the estate of He Sing, an insolvent debtor, in the place of D P Kennedy, deceased Cake was required to give a bond of $1000.

The remains of Edward S Smith were shipped to Winona, Minn. yesterday, by the Northern Pacific railroad They were accompanied by A C Smith, and Frederick Smith, son and a daughter of the deceased

Mr Orlando Clarke, senior partner in the Portland Iron works, left by the Columbia last night for San Francisco for the benefit of his health, which has been poor of late He is accompanied by his daughter, Miss Nell Clarke

Several days ago Mary Hodges brought suit in the state circuit court for a divorce from Joseph Hodges The parties have settled their differences, as yesterday the complaint was withdrawn in Judge Stearns' court and the case dismissed

Mr J V Andreal, a prominent banker of Frankfort on the-Main, has been in the city for several days and left last night for San Francisco He is a large stockholder in the Northern Pacific, and he combines with pleasure a look at his investment.

Gustave Winkler formerly a bookkeeper for P Selling, has sued him for $540 which he alleges Selling owes him since they had an accounting September 18, 1880, and for $165 which he says was given to Selling for his (plaintiff's) use January 2, 1882, but never paid to him

In the county court yesterday, in the matter of the estate of Elosia Harvey, deceased E W Cornell D W Wakefield and G G Ames were appointed appraisers and allowed until Saturday, January 16, to file their inventory and appraisement. The only other business transacted was the passing of bills

It is suggested that during the opera season a car be in waiting to carry passengers west from the Casino at the close of the entertainment. If other roads would run one or two cars an hour later than at present, and make it known that such would be a regular thing, the increase in travel would show itself in time

Coroner Cooke has telegraphed to the relatives of James G. Goodwin, the old man who died suddenly several days since, but has yet received no answer Several old settlers of Portland and acquaintances of the deceased have, however taken the matter in hand, and the remains will be given a decent burial. Coroner Cooke received a dispatch last night from Winona Minn, signed Mary L Wakefield, instructing him to hold the remains for further disposition

SHIPPING NOTES

Cape Hancock Jan 9—4 P M —Bar smooth weather cloudy wind southeast, velocity sixteen miles Astoria Jan 9 —Arrived down at 10 A M, Alice, with British bark Elmy Oakland with ship Wm H Starbuck left up 11 A M Church with British ship Lord Cunning 1 O P M, Alice, with British bark Georgie schooner Premier left up this morning

CHINESE WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS

A writ of habeas corpus sued out to procure the release of Ah Hit, convicted some weeks ago in the police court for smoking opium, was argued and submitted before Judge Deady yesterday Zera Snow appeared for the petitioner and A H Tanner for the city of Portland The object of the suit is to test the power of the city to punish a person for smoking opium in his own room

SUIT ON A NOTE.

The Pacific Mutual Life Insurance company of San Francisco, yesterday instituted suit in the United States circuit court against W W Spaulding and J M Gilman to recover $4,180 on a joint promissory note executed October 1 1884, payable in one year with interest at 8 per cent. The insurance company allege that the note is overdue and that Gilman and Spaulding have neglected to pay it

SIXTY DAYS FOR DESERTION

Sylvester Stock, a young man who deserted from the British ship Comadre a week ago, and took up with some sailor boarding house runners, was arraigned in the United States district court yesterday on a charge of desertion He entered a plea of guilty and was sentenced to serve a term of sixty days in the county jail, to be discharged in the event of his agreeing to rejoin his vessel Whether or not a few days or weeks in the county hotel will bring young Stock to time remains to be seen At present he says he will not return to the ship

THE CASINO REOPENING

The Casino people have made every preparation for their reopening to-morrow night. Half the house has already been reserved and of course there will be a crowd All amusement goers know about "The Mikado" and the Thompson Opera company and they know just what to expect The number of people who want to drop in and be amused once or twice a week is surprisingly large and there is no reason why the old time popularity and prosperity of the Casino should not be revived now It will be a long time before Portland will see a better balanced and uniformly excellent company

FORECLOSURE OF MORTGAGE ORDERED

Yesterday in the case of A. R. Knoll vs H H and Emelina Kiessling Judge Stearns sustained the report of the referee, and ordered that a mortgage on lot 1, block 158, East Portland, be foreclosed On November 19 1883, Kiessling and his wife executed the above mortgage to Hobart, Wood & Co, of San Francisco, to secure a claim of $2858 Of this amount Kiessling made two payments, one of $640 and the second of $320 Hobart, Wood & Co transferred the note to Knoll, their bookkeeper who on April 18 last commenced suit to recover the balance due, amounting with interest, to $2,347 60, together with attorney's fees, and got judgment

AN OLD SUIT FOR COSTS SETTLED

On the 5th of November, 1871 Dr Paul M Brenan sued Frank Hobin in a justice court to recover a certain amount of money, and was beaten He then appealed the case to the state circuit court and on a trial got a judgment for one dollar Notwithstanding Brenan won the case in the state circuit court, the costs, amounting to $8_ 95, were taxed against him, for the reason that J M Gearin, Hobin's attorney jokingly made a motion to that effect and Judge Reed, Brenan's attorney failed to object Hobin then asked that an execution be issued demanding the clerk to collect the costs from Brenan, and on Brenan's death, which occurred a long time since Hobin took the claim to the administrator of his estate and it was disallowed Dr Nicklin, who is the administrator, in order to settle the matter, on the 22d of September, 1885 brought suit in the state circuit court to enjoin Hobin from having the execution issued for the collection of the $8_ costs here mentioned Yesterday Judge Stearns allowed the injunction and ordered the execution for the collection of the costs stayed

OPIUM SWINDLER.

A new scheme for making a raise came to light last evening, and to take it all through it is not a bad one About three weeks ago a young man arrived from San Francisco bringing with him a lot of boxes presumably filled with opium The boxes were all sealed, contained the usual Chinese characters, and the following description in English "Imported steamer Oceanic Alfred B[illegible] & Co Five taels Very old prepared opium by the well known firm of Lai Yuen" Around the edge of the boxes was the usual custom stamp of the date of October 1884 and signed J W Cushing for the collector of the port of San Francisco The boxes, on being opened were found some of them to contain flour paste and others a sort of molasses, which somewhat resembles opium The San Franciscan had been doing a fine business disposing of the bogus stuff ever since his arrival to Chinamen at the rate of four dollars a box but was last night tripped up by officer Harkleroad on complaint of Ah Sam, a China man who had been victimized by the fly swindler The young fellow on his arrival at the police station took matters very coolly and admitted that the stuff he had was a fraud and a delusion. He said besides getting the best of the Chinamen that he had traded four boxes of the bogus opium to Frank Gatens for a silver watch and had sold the watch for $7. The way the young man undoubtedly worked the scheme was to procure a lot of opium boxes that had been used, clean them and then remove the custom stamps with steam, then fill them up with the flour paste, seal and label them, and then reaffix the stamps, etc. As the packages were bought without being opened and from the description on the outside had every appearance of containing opium, he had no trouble disposing of them

EARLY MORNING FIRE.

An alarm of fire was sounded at 1.15 this morning for a small blaze in a dwelling house at the southwest corner of Sixth and Pine streets, owned by John O'Connor, the produce dealer, and occupied by Alfred S Baker The fire was discovered in a room in the center of the building in the second story by Eva Baker, a daughter of the occupant, who, with some friends, had just returned from a party It probably caught from a chimney running from the lower story, as no other cause could be assigned Mr Baker is insured in Simon Church & Co's agency Mr O'Connor is also said to be fully insured damage nominal.

TREE FELL ON HIM

About 5 o clock last night a middle aged man named Patrick Toohey put in an appearance at the county court house and asked for medical attendance He was walking with the aid of crutches, had his left arm in a sling, a broken back, and was otherwise generally used up When asked the cause of all his mishaps he said he left Portland Thursday morning and went to or near Hillsboro, where he engaged with a man named Beach to cut down trees Toohey did not prove to be an adept at this sort of business as the first tree he cut down fell on him, using him up as above stated. Toohey fixed himself up as best he could after the accident and then took the first train leaving for Portland. He says he formerly worked here longshore, but of late has been traveling from place to place doing whatever he could get to do

CHARGED WITH STEALING PROPERTY WORTH $1 50.

Old Michael Mooney, who lives on a scow down near the boneyard and who is not unknown around the various courts, yesterday reversed the usual order of things, appearing as the complainant instead of the defendant. Last May Michael was the happy possessor of a piece of wire rope valued at $1 50 It disappeared and was not seen by Michael until within a few days, when he found it on a scow occupied by a rival called Nat Holland He demanded his cable and Holland refused to give it up, asserting it was not the piece that Mooney claims he lost, but his own Mooney waxed wroth and swore vengeance and, repairing to Justice Davis's court, had Holland arrested on a charge of larceny He was committed to the county jail pending his trial which will be held Monday morning at 10 o clock

THE CLARKE STORY EXPLODED

Friday an account was published in the Evening Telegram that a coat had been found in a cabin on Sauvie's island with letters in the pockets bearing the name of T. A. Clarke, Portland. The parties who found the coat and letters convinced themselves that they had discovered a clue regarding Theodore A Clarke the painter who so mysteriously disappeared from here about two years ago Their theory has, however, been exploded by Dan Howe He states that he has a cabin on a little island near the mouth of the Willamette river, which he put up about three months ago Every now and then he goes down shooting, and on one occasion, recently, before going down on a hunting tour, he borrowed a coat from Thomas A Clarke, who is also a painter He says he left the coat in his cabin for future use and thus it was that it was found with the letters or papers in the pockets bearing the name T A. Clarke

SUIT FOR WAGES

John Desmond commenced an action in the state circuit court against John B Garrison To cause of complaint Desmond alleges that from January 1 1881 until the 8th day of August, 1882 he worked for defendant at the rate of $12 per week, earning $[illegible] and receiving but $[illegible] leaving a balance of $[illegible] That from the 11th day of August 1882 until the 19th day of October 1885 he performed services at the special instance and request of the defendant at the rate of $20 a week, the value of the same being $3,[illegible] and that he only received $2,[illegible] leaving a balance due of $1071 80 Further, that at the special instance of the defendant from October 19th, 1885, until the [illegible] day of December, for which he was to be paid $[illegible] a week making for the time $[illegible] Of this $[illegible] was paid, leaving a balance due of $90 Wherefore plaintiff prays judgment for $1185 [illegible] with interest and costs

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

All lovers of music will be pleased to learn that Mrs Wetzell and Miss Duff have established a conservatory of music in this city where instruction in all branches of vocal music will be given Mrs Wetzell, finding herself unable to attend the large number who have applied to her for instruction, has found it necessary to associate with herself Miss Duff, who will ably assist her in the work of the conservatory Both of these ladies have been heard in this city, and have shown that, besides having magnificent voices, they have received the highest musical culture from the best masters and are pre-eminently qualified to make a success of the undertaking This is an enterprise that merits and doubtless will receive the hearty approbation and substantial encouragement of our people With great good sense they have fixed their prices at such reasonable rates that all can enjoy their instruction. They have secured delightful rooms in the Portland Savings bank building

CHANGES IN PORTLAND PRECINCTS

It is announced on good authority that the following changes will be made by the county court at the present session In the first place Couch will be invaded and will have two polling places F street will be the dividing line The next divisions will be bounded on the north by A street and on the south by Stark street Other divisions will be from Stark street to Morrison from Morrison to Salmon from Salmon to Columbia, from Columbia to Harrison, and from Harrison street to the south boundary of town These divisions, it must be borne in mind, extend no farther west than Tenth street

What is now the western precinct of town including that portion of the city west of Tenth street, will be divided by Morrison and B streets, one polling place being located in each The town will thus contain nine voting places instead of six, as at present.

The most important change, however, is the reduction of the number of precincts After the 1st of July next there will be only two precincts in town The dividing line will be Morrison street from the river to B street and B street to the western boundary of the city

ATTEMPTED ASSASINATION.

Three Shots Fired at a Forest Grove Editor in the Darkness Yesterday Morning

FOREST GROVE, Jan 9—While M David I Thomas, editor of the Pharos was on his way to the depot this morning for the purpose of taking the train for Portland, three shots were fired at him as he was passing a small clump of trees The would be assassin waited until his victim approached to within arm's length, when he raised his revolver and fired, the ball passing through the lapel of his coat, and tearing away a portion of his vest. A second shot was immediately fired taking effect on the inner side of the thigh, just above the femoral artery, coming out on the opposite side six inches lower down A third shot was fired without taking effect The assassin at this moment dropped his pistol and made good his escape, as it was still dark Dr Bowlby was called dressed the wound and pronounced it not necessarily fatal

Your correspondent called on Mr Thomas at his home and found him resting easily He knows of no reason why any one should attempt his life and thinks the assassin must have taken him for some other person The pistol used was a five shot English bulldog, self-cocker three barrels were empty and two loaded The citizens of Forest Grove will use all possible means to bring him to justice

NEW PROPRIETORS OF THE GILMAN HOUSE

The Gilman house corner First and Alder streets, which has for some time past been under the management of Mr Louis Spitzer, is now in charge of Mr C S Scott and Mr [illegible] Both these gentlemen are well known to the traveling public, and are [illegible] Mr Scott was formerly connected with the St Charles hotel, [illegible] and Mr [illegible] was formerly clerk at the [illegible] house. With the experience of each and their personal popularity with the traveling public it is safe to predict that the Gilman will retain the rank it deserves first among the hotels of Portland. Certain it is that it will be conducted in first-class style and the wants of the traveling public carefully looked after

NOTICE—On account of the rush of work and so many parties failing to have their portraits made by Towne & Moore, at the reduced rates offered before Christmas The same price will be continued two months longer

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

A Record of Society Events of All Sorts During the Past Week.

The Weddings, Parties, and Personal Movements of City and Suburban People—News Notes of General Interest.

Mrs A. Bilger, of this city, is visiting friends in Jacksonville.

Dr N G Blalock, of Walla Walla, was in the city during the week

Miss Emilie Bauer of Walla Walla, returned to her home on Tuesday last.

Capt Frank T Dodge paid a brief visit to Eastern Washington last week

Miss Mary E Sax has returned from a pleasant visit to friends at McMinnville

Mrs Ed Whitson, of North Yakima, is the guest of Mrs. John B Allen, of this city

Mr H H Brodeck and wife, of Walla Walla, have been visiting the city during the week

Mrs W B Ayer left on Thursday for a two months' visit to her old home in Bangor, Maine

G W Hunt, the railroad contractor of Corvallis, is at the Esmond with his wife and two children

Mrs Theodore B Wilcox, of this city, is visiting her mother, Mrs Dangerfield, in San Francisco

Brigadier-General Gibbon and wife, of Vancouver, spent a few days in the city during the week.

Mr Harry McCartney, of Spokane Falls, has been visiting the metropolis a few days during the week

Mr and Mrs J I Booth, of Waitsburg, contemplate removing to Portland soon to remain permanently

Col and Mrs. Adair, of this city, passed the holidays with Dr J J Hill, of North Yakima, son of Mrs Adair

Mrs Frank Pettygrove, of Port Townsend, who has been visiting friends in this city, returned home Wednesday

Lieut. Willard Young, corps of engineers, U S. A, and family, of Cascade Locks, Oregon, are now in Salt Lake City

A pleasant party was given at the residence of Mr and Mrs. J C Moreland on Friday night to their son, Harry Moreland.

Hon Ole Jorgensen, of Walla Walla, has been visiting in the city several days, preparatory to returning to Washington city

Mr W J Plymale and daughter, Miss Kate Plymale, of Jacksonville, are in the city Miss Plymale will remain and attend school

Miss Emma Shepard, of St. Helena, California, has gone to The Dalles, Or, where she will permanently reside with her mother.

Mr and Mrs. P L Willis gave a pleasant party to a large number of young folks at their home at 246 Taylor street, on Thursday evening

Mr Frank J Northrup, of the United States engineer's office in this city has gone to California to remain a short time on a visit to friends.

Mr and Mrs Samuel Pickens, of Rock Hill, Linn county, celebrated their golden wedding January 1 They are respectively 71 and 71 years of age

Mr George E Thomson, of Huntington and bride, nee Miss Fannie Frisco of Walla Walla, have been spending their honeymoon in the city during the week

Lieut E H Brooke 1st infantry has been granted another month's leave of absence by the war department and will remain in this city several weeks longer

The last party given by the Nine Social club at Masonic hall was one of the finest affairs of the season A large number were present, who heartily enjoyed themselves.

Mr and Mrs E F Long entertained a select dot party at their residence, corner Eighth and F streets, on Monday evening last the occasion being the first anniversary of married life

Last Tuesday evening the Oak club gave a farewell dinner to Mr Milton Coy, one of the charter members of the club Mr Coy, who has been in the employ of Murphy Grant & Co for [illegible] years, took his departure for San Francisco last night

Daily Talk Mrs Wm England of this city will leave for California by the steamer which sails from Portland for San Francisco, on Saturday Mrs England will go to Oakland, where she will remain several weeks from there she goes to southern California to remain during the winter for the benefit of her health. Miss May Shull and Miss Emma Wheeler will accompany Mrs England

[illegible] Hunt, [illegible] the Soldier's home at Washington, and his brother Col Lewis Cass Hunt, of the Fourteenth infantry, stationed at Vancouver, are the only two persons living, says the Kansas City Times who were at Fort Leavenworth at the time of its establishment in 1827 The father was a lieutenant in Col Leavenworth's regiment, the third infantry at that time

The most ancient English family is the Howard family, whose head is the Duke of Norfolk, who receives in rent alone the annual sum of £_,50_, and whose revenue is about £_00,000 a year His young son, the Earl of Arundel, is a poor, deformed imbecile, and this proud family threatens to become extinct It is strange to reflect that the name of Howard, thus belonging to the haughtiest of Britons, is but a corruption of Hogward, which proves that some of their ancestors must have been in a very humble position

A large crowd gathered in Grand Army hall Friday evening to witness the public installation of the newly elected officers of George Wright Post No. 1 and of the women's relief corps of the same post Following are the officers installed for the George Wright post Commander, J T Wright S V commander, C G Staples J V commander, James Wray, adjutant, G F Cruikin, quartermaster, J K Phillips, surgeon, J M Gorman, chaplain, Frank Story officer of the day, Geo C Sears officer of the guard, Ney Churchman sergeant major, A R Borthwick quartermaster sergeant, J E Courtney Following are the officers of the women's relief corps installed President, Mrs G F Caukin senior vice-president, Mrs Augusta Smith junior vice president, Mrs Malvina Worrick secretary, Mrs. Fanny Lounsbury treasurer, Mrs Alvina Bennett chaplain, Mrs. Annie Cotter, conductor, Mrs Mary F Ray assistant conductor, Mrs. Adele Fairchild guard, Mrs Tina Wright outside guard, Mrs Millie Morse.

A. ANDERSON & CO'S

Lithographing Printing and Book Binding Establishment

Only a few years ago this firm occupied a small room in THE OREGONIAN building from which they soon removed to larger quarters. This, in time, was inadequate to the demand for space, and now they occupy the whole of the second floor on the southwest corner of Front and Alder, being a room fifty feet wide by one hundred deep We had no idea of the extent of their business until we paid them a visit yesterday They have introduced improved facilities in their lithographing printing and other departments so that in every respect it is complete In evidence of the fact that they do what is accomplished elsewhere and which our business men have been obliged to send abroad for, they now command the lithographing and printing trade of the leading bankers and merchants of Portland and the northwest. In all the departments they are busy, employing some thirty people The firm keeps in stock all the supplies necessary to the business and this assists in materially reducing estimates. While Anderson & Co make such an excellent showing no one need send elsewhere for lithographing and printing They are now doing some extensive contract work which will show itself shortly

CITY DIRECTORY NOTICE

If those who have changed either their business or residence [illegible] that such changes have been made will send their correct address to the publishers, P O box 8[illegible] they will assist materially in securing the greatest degree of accuracy for the new directory to be issued about the 10th of February The publishers would be pleased to receive full information as to the [illegible] of societies and other organizations recently formed

HE SAYS HE CAN PROVE IT

That the better class of people and leading merchants eat at Freiman's New Coffee House and Restaurant

A GOOD JOKE

Went to Freiman's and could not get in—such a big crowd Oak street, between Front and First.

NEW DEPARTURE

Freiman's New Coffee House and Restaurant [illegible] delicious every morning for breakfast [illegible] Oak street between Front and First

PUBLIC OPINION

Freiman's New Coffee House and Restaurant is the [illegible] in the city Oak street between Front and First

A QUESTION ANSWERED

Where are you going To Freiman's New Coffee House and Restaurant Oak street between Front and First

SOMETHING that needs looking into—that B Freiman has imported the best cook on the Pacific coast who cooks the most palatable and delicious food in Portland Oak st., bet. Front and First.

OLYMPIA NOTES.

OLYMPIA, Jan. 8

The following installation of officers have taken place here during the past week

Western Lodge No. 8 I O O F—S P Wyman, N G, J G. Lybarger, V. G., Thomas Hinchcliffe, P S, Robert Marr, R. S, C R Talcott, Treas., O Mattison, — G J. McCarragher, O G R Frost, W Chas. Petterson, C P M. Jones, R. S. N G., A. T. Treadway, L S N, G W H Roberts, R. S N G, A. S Taylor, L S V G., trustees, W Ostrander, W H Roberts and A. J Treadway.

Washington Encampment No 8, O R. C—N Pattison, C P, Mrs. I. A. Hood, [illegible] W H Roberts R. S. W F Keady, F S., Mark Jones, treas. A. C Willey, C. of H.; Mrs H. Willey, L G, R Rawson, I G

Olympia Lodge No 1, I O O F—J. D. Rausback, N G, T. L Brown, V G, J T Brown R S, M Pattison, P S, B. W Jones, T, J J Lehuher, W N O Connor, C., C M Moore, O G, C E Kehoe, I G T N Ford, R. S N G, [illegible] Willey, L S N G Fred Holmes, R S V. G C B Mann L S V. G W Callow, R S S, P Hadlan [illegible] S S trustees, E Kehoe, N Pattison and P Hadlun.

George H Thomas' Post No 5, G. A. R.—The following officers were installed on Monday evening by D C C Major J R. Hayden A. D Rogers, P P C, J W Bonmar, P. C L W Ostrander S V C, W H Roberts, J V C. A B Cowles, Q M. W. H Townsend, adjutant N Giles, O D P M. Jones, chap, John Fry O G

Capitol Lodge, No 15, K of P—Brad W Davis, P C. C A Billings, C C. J F Snyder, V C, J L Brown, P. M Harris, K of R. and S. C, J Kehoe, M of F, O B. Emerson, M. of E, Joseph Snyder, M at A. H E Sturner, I G, W H McAloon, O G. The officers of the above lodge were installed by C. H. White, D D G C

From being the exception, it has now almost become a fixed rule that when one death takes place in this city two or more seem to follow immediately if not on the very same day A few days since Mr Stephen Baker departed this life after a long and continued illness, and almost on the same day the little child of Mr Work, of East Olympia, died, followed the same day by the death of a Mrs. Gillespie, and this morning Mr J. McCloud an excellent young man of the city, died of typhoid fever after a brief illness. This might not be considered at all singular in a large city, but in a small community such as we have here, it is looked upon as rather strange.

REAL ESTATE REPORT

The following special report of the real estate market is furnished THE OREGONIAN by J Fred Clark, real estate and stock broker Though in a quiet way, there is more active movement in real estate than has been witnessed for many months past. There seems to be more hopefulness and stronger confidence with regard to the time to come, for which there are abundant and valid reasons. The transactions of the past week, as shown by the county records, were 45, amounting to $117,481. It is over two years since any such showing as this has been made in a single week The corresponding week of last year showed 18 deeds, with a total of $11 707 It is only fair, however, to state that amongst the recorded deeds of the week is one, viz, Henry Failing to the First National bank, whereby lot F of block 1 of the city is conveyed for the sum of $45,000 does not belong to the present time That was the price paid for the lot to A H Johnson and R S Perkins by the bank two years ago The late deed represents no business, but is presumably merely the assignment of a trust

It was the price paid for the lot to A H Johnson and R S Perkins, over four years ago, and the present deed is presumably merely an assignment of trust. But without the amount recited in that deed the week still makes a splendid showing and is a grand beginning for the new year

The following is an analysis of the week's transactions

	Deeds	Amount
City	5	$[illegible] 00
City [illegible]	5	[illegible] 00
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
East Portland	0	1[illegible] 00
Albina	3	1,000 00
County	[illegible]	[illegible] 00
Caruthers	2	[illegible]
		$11 [illegible] 00

MORE VOTING PLACES NEEDED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

I understand Judge Moreland proposes to divide [illegible] But that is wrong The natural division, if any reduction be made, is into three precincts, to correspond with the three city wards, and thereby save the expense of a new registration Besides that, three justices are not too many for the city of Portland which has two circuit judges. Another point is that there are only nine precinct polling places. There are over 8000 voters in this city by the last vote The statute requires at least one polling place for every 500 voters in each polling place. This demands at least sixteen polling places Couch is allowed only two polling places. Three will not be more than enough, for the three days registration, as most of Couch men are laborers (and democrats) who must register at noon or after 6 o'clock The people need at least three justice precincts and at least sixteen polling places. In their behalf I demand those Otherwise an appeal to the people, without regard to party will be made. VOTER.

HOW VIRGINIA CITY WAS NAMED.

LA CAMAS, W T Jan. 5.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN

In your issue of to-day it is stated that Virginia City, Nevada, was named after Finney, or "Old Virginia," the finder of the largest gold nugget on record. Prof Thos J Dimsdale, in his history of the "Vigilantes of Montana," says "It was proposed to call the new city Varina, after the wife of Jefferson Davis, but the judge of the territory, having to date an official paper, said he would be d—d if the city should be called after the wife of the chief of the rebels, and dated the document accordingly Virginia." As Prof Dimsdale was the historian of the time and place, and a spectator of, if not a leading actor in the stirring events which marked its early days it is to be presumed that his account of the origin of the name is authentic. X

PERSONAL MENTION

Henry Villard is still in Berlin, and his friends say he does not intend to return to this country now

A copy of the president's message, finely bound, is the most highly prized of Miss Cleveland's Christmas presents.

Mr Tennyson has caused to be announced in the London Times that he cannot answer the "innumerable letters" that reach him

Victor Hugo sat for his portrait just before his death to Bonnat This has been bought by the French government for the Luxembourg gallery

The Louisville Courier Journal thinks President Cleveland "a pretty fair judge of good, plain English" So the disappointed office seekers declare and say

The women of France are said to regard the moonlight as more injurious to the complexion than sunlight, and that silk and woolen goods will fade more rapidly in the moon's rays than in the brightest sunshine.

There is an ex vice-president alive, it seems whom everybody has forgotten for many years—Davis R. Atchison, of Missouri who in 1853 was chosen by the senate to fill the place of Vice President William R. King

Miss Ada Lee was elected circuit court commissioner in St. Clair county Michigan, at the last election, and the lawyers are trying to show that she cannot act as a judicial officer in a criminal case and admit a prisoner to bail.

Mr Gladstone's election expenses were $3200 or about one-fourth the sum incurred in the election of 1880, but now as then, and in all previous elections, Mr Gladstone was not called upon personally to contribute to the canvassing fund

The president subscribed $1000 to carry the New York election, $100 to the Grant Longmen, and wrote a handsome letter in aid of a monument to Hendricks, and he no doubt would do twice as much cheerfully for a monument to Senator Beck

Leopold von Ranke, now more than 90 presents the anomaly of a man who never has taken any exercise and yet is in perfect physical health The great German historian just times it, or in his library working for fifteen hours a day and he has laid out more work which he hopes to complete before his one hundredth birthday

DATE OF THE WHITMAN MASSACRE

PORTLAND, Jan. 9.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN

To settle a dispute, will you please give the date of the Whitman massacre? PIONEER.

[It occurred November 29, 1847

[illegible] REMOVING

TO OUR NEW 3-STORY BUILDING

[illegible] and [illegible] First St., cor. Yamhill and Taylor.

LAST WEEK IN OUR OLD STORE!

Bargains. Bargains. Bargains. Bargains.

CORSETS.

Shall not keep them in our new store closing them out at old stand.

$1 Corsets for 25c.

BONA FIDE CLEARANCE.

RIBBONS.

Shall not keep them in our new store closing them out at old stand.

20c Ribbons for 5c per yard.

EMBROIDERIES.

Shall not keep them in our new store closing them out at old stand.

25c Embroideries for 10c.

Embroideries at any price.

BONA FIDE CLEARANCE.

HOSIERY.

Shall not keep it in our new store closing it out at our old stand.

Ladies' Elegant Lambs' Wool Hose, 25c.

BONA FIDE CLEARANCE.

GENT'S GREY UNDERWEAR.

$1 Goods for 50c.

BONA FIDE CLEARANCE.

TO CONDUCTOR ED LYONS.

The following was written as a private letter to Ed. Lyons, of Portland, the O R & N conductor who had the blockaded train in charge last Christmas

Oh where are the friends of last year?
And where are the passengers gone?
Are they reveling now in good cheer
And are you taking champagne for one?

The bargain was champagne for two—
But alas there are rivers between
And water with me has to do
Though I sigh for the seals that are green

I am warm though I thank heaven for that
And have plenty to eat and to wear
And I hope too that under your hat
There's an absence of cankering care

Munroe is laid off I am told
And Flanders has married a wife
And the Pullman car porters grow old
In the laziest sort of a life

But Christmas 1884
With twenty three days in the snow—
Though none of us meet ever more
Will not be forgotten I know

When we slowly pulled out from The Dalles
With Old Duxbury [illegible] for the fray
As he winked at emigrant gals

And do you remember the tin
When the snowslide dropt down on a curve
When you mentioned a tropical time
And the engineer strained every nerve?

All the waiting and longing for home
And the many unfruitful to-morrows
Some full of hunger and gloom
And some full of hog meat and sorrows

It was cold—Oh so awfully cold
And the children poor things cried for milk
Some grumbled and swore they were sold
And spoke of the road as a bilk.

While others said comforting words
And dried up the unwilling tears
As we crept away early to sleep
And dreamed of the happy New Years

And do you remember the man
Who managed the peppermint and pills
With laudanum hot for the cramp
And laudanum cold for the chills,

Who doctored the measly bride
In the car set apart for express
And drugged the old man when he tried
On his worst day of lonely distress

And the princess —that good natured soul—
A girl with the voice of a man
Who took her poor pitiful dole
Of one oyster from Kercheval's can

Who wouldn't put on the boy's pants
Though bound to walk out with the men—
But turned cook—and was glad of the chance
To boil that old Viento hen

And the teacher just out from the East
Who was patient and tried to be gay,
As she joined in the one biscuit feast,
(No hog from Hood river that day).

No trouble but must have an end
And with us the end came at last,
And you my old railroading friend,
Acted well in the play you were cast.

COMPLIMENTARY RESOLUTIONS.

TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
OLYMPIA Jan. 6 1886

To W. H. Roberts, Esq, Correspondent of THE OREGONIAN Dear Sir —The following preamble and resolutions were adopted by unanimous vote of the house of representatives on January 6 1886.

WHEREAS Mr W H. Roberts correspondent of THE OREGONIAN has presented each member and officer of this house with a neatly printed card giving the name and address of all the members and officers of this tenth biennial legislative assembly and

WHEREAS, It is a souvenir highly appreciated by us therefore

Resolved, That the members of this house extend to Mr Roberts their hearty thanks therefor with best wishes for the future and

Resolved That a copy of this resolution certified by the chief clerk be presented to Mr Roberts.

T G NICKLIN Chief Clerk.

THE HOTELS.

ESMOND

A J Hetterny Cedar I dg
J W Lane, San Fran
S Stewart Dayton
John Rasmusen St Paul
A V Fawcett, Tacoma
C J Heller, do
W Boyd do
A Farmer Forest Grove
W H Ott, New York
A Jones, do
R R Frvine Missoula
T H Anderson N Yakima
I M Irwin Boise City
C W Young Olympia
T H Cavanaugh do
S G Scott Eagle Cliff
G Cawders & wf San Fr
A Hilburn Seattle
A Norris do
M Manss Chicago

HOLTON

Mrs Ford & dtr Lewistn
C A Lively Baltimore
W F Carretson Dalles
W McD Lewis Wasco
J R Brown & wf C Bluffs
A Rodgers Boston
H W Littell, Oakland
J Dewitt Benton co
B F Tareman Pendleton
A Laurley Dayton
S J Craig, S F
C as S Samuels Victoria
J J Johnson St Louis
Edw Buckler Sprague
R Smith Pleasant Home
E W Licke, S F
T T Chatterton Kalama
B F McKinnon Boston
D I Hawley Salem
I Marchant Benton co
C Kittsley Dayton
B Furer Tacoma
Jas Crombie, S F

INTERNATIONAL.

B Toony, Glendive M T
[illegible] Green Coeur d Lane I
A K Collins Gibbonsville
J R Kiely Penn
J Cornes Kansas
John Gregory Newport
I Stevenson, Dalles
[illegible] Kilquane
Jannis Bourke do
F mes McNamee do
E C Corey Glenda
Walter Scott Silver Crk
James Bradly Radersbg
P Kilpatrick do
Chn Canty Vermont
R Bird [illegible]
S Cook Fishers Ldng
Wm Doyle Dakota
W Harrington Winona
E D Bibbs do
Richard Poldersdof do
Lee Bealy, Edinburgh
[illegible] Cathoran Lion Cy
Wm McArthur Ottawa
[illegible] Looney Omaha
I Cain, New Chicago
I B Robinson HorsePlns
S Cameron Georgetown
B F Patterson Victoria
T A Clements do
James Clark Pine Gve
I B Wells Granville
O C Neilson Heron
James Fitzgibben Belfast
Dr Winter do
C St Clair Nanamo
John Fitzmaurice Cable
R R Fatten, Rhode Isld
Dr Holmes Miles City
P B Marshal Albany
Peter Geroux, Quebec
Hermon Padrick do
E Morrow, Bozeman
Andrew Canterell do
J W Fortune Gold Hill
P Rice New York
J R Perldergost do
James Love, Sacket Pnt
Sultan Leach New Bnsk
Isaac Martin Anaconda
M Keasar, Phlsburg
R T McLane New Jersey

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Bargains!

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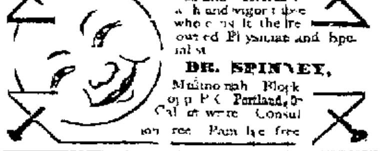

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ALBERT
WATCHES, DIAMONDS
JEWELRY

A REQUIEM TO 1885

BY J. H. WALKER

Read at a musical and literary entertainment given at Warm Springs agency, Oregon, on the evening of December 31, 1885.

I sing to the year, now grown feeble, and old,
Whose white locks are frozen, with frost and the cold,
Whose footsteps now falter, and his eyes have grown dim,
And his ears scarce can hear this requiem hymn.
With what pride did he come, as snow on the ground
Deeply buried the grasses and bushes around,
Bringing sadness and sorrow to many a heart,
As animals perished with hunger's keen dart.
But at last came the winds, warm from tropical lands,
And melted the snows, and unfettered the bands
That for days and long weeks, had held in their power
The woodland and mountain, the stream and the flower.
Then spring came apace, with its bright genial skies,
And soft clouds could float, where the eagle oft flies,
And hillsides grew green and covered with flowers,
Unchilled by the cold where the storm tempest lowers.
And though hearts were still heavy, yet cheerfully all
Went forth to the sound of nature's glad call.
Then soon came the summer, with bright golden days,
And birds of the forest trilled forth their sweet lays.
And fields turned to gold that lately were green
To give plenty food for the winter between.
Then harvest came on, with its toil and its song
For nature provided for a winter so long
Since the snows that fell deep, had nourished the land
Till it yielded its food with a bountiful hand.
There was shouting and joy for the glad harvest home,
There was glory from earth to the heaven's blue dome.
And the bright autumn months and late winter days
Of the year, have been glad and been vocal with praise.
Have been fair and serene as the life of the blest
Ere they peacefully pass to a heaven of rest.
To-morrow we'll welcome the Happy New Year
With music and mirth, as we take of its cheer,
And kind friends will greet us, with bright happy smiles,
As we start on our journey with its unnumbered miles.
Old year we now bid you a long last farewell,
We close up the pages that many a tale tell
Of sorrow and heartaches, of gladness and joy
And changes, where grief was oft an alloy.
We enter the New, with firm, noble resolves,
Invoking the Power who only absolves,
And trust he will aid thro' the future now dim
In ways wherein we may glorify Him.
The future, in wisdom is hid from our eyes
We may not now know of its gladness or sighs,
Who of all our dear circle now here will be gone
When another year ends and perhaps finds us alone.
But reaching to grasp a dear Saviour's hand
We'll ask him to lead to a heavenly land.
To a place where no storms or wintry days come,
No losses or griefs, but a sweet restful home,
Where gladness and song float on thro' the years
In the land where's no sorrow, nor shedding of tears.

MRS. PEIXADA.

BY SIDNEY LUSKA, AUTHOR OF "AS IT WAS WRITTEN."

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Arthur took advantage of Mrs. Hart's permission to call as soon as he reasonably could. While he was waiting for somebody to appear, he admired the decorations of Mrs. Hart's parlor. Neat gauze curtains at the windows, a rosy-hued paper on the wall, a soft carpet under foot, pretty pictures, pleasant chairs and tables, lamps and porcelains, and a bookcase filled with interesting looking books, combined to lend the room an attractive, homelike aspect, for all of which, without cause, Arthur assumed that Mrs. Lehmyl was answerable. An music lay open on the rack. He was bending over it, to spell out the composer's name, when he heard a rustling of silk, and, turning around, he made his bow to—Mrs. Hart.

Mrs. Hart was accompanied by her cats. Arthur's spirits sank.

"Ah, how do you do?" said Mrs. Hart. "I'm so glad to see you."

She shook his hand cordially and bade him be seated. He sat down and looked at the ceiling.

"Why didn't you bring your comrade, Mr. Hetzel?" she asked.

"Oh, Hetzel, he's got an examination on his hands, you know, and has perforce become a recluse—obliged to spend his evenings wading through the students' papers," explained Arthur, in a tone of sepulchral melancholy.

Mrs. Hart tried to manufacture conversation. Arthur responded absent-mindedly. Neither alluded to Mrs. Lehmyl. Arthur, fearing to appear discourteous, endeavored to behave as though it was to profit by Mrs. Hart's society alone that he had called. His voice, notwithstanding, kept acquiring a more and more lugubrious quality. But, by and by, when the flame of hope had dwindled to a spark, a second rustling of silk became audible. With a heart-leap that for a moment rendered him dumb, he heard a sweet voice say, "Good evening, Mr. Ripley." He lifted his eyes, and saw Mrs. Lehmyl standing before him, smiling and proffering her hand. Silently cursing his embarrassment, he possessed himself of the hand, and stammered out some sort of a greeting. There was a magic about that hand of hers. As he touched it, an electric tingle shot up his arm.

All three found chairs. Mrs. Hart produced a bag of knitting. One of the cats established himself in Mrs. Lehmyl's lap. The other rubbed up against Arthur's knee, purring confidentially. Arthur induced his wits for an apt theme. At last he got bravely started.

"What a fine-looking old fellow that Mr. Lipman was," he said. "It isn't often one sees a face like that in America."

"No—not among the Americans of English blood, they haven't enough temperamental richness," acquiesced Mrs. Lehmyl.

"Yes, that's so. The most interesting faces one encounters here belong to foreigners—especially to the Jews. Mr. Lipman, you know, is a Jew."

"Naturally, being Mrs. Berle's brother."

"It's rather odd, Mrs. Lehmyl, but the more I see of the Jews, the better I like them. Aside from the interest they possess as a phenomenon in history, they're very agreeable to me as individuals. I can't at all comprehend the prejudice that some people harbor against them."

"How very liberal!"

"Yes, indeed. Their past is so poetic. They have the warmth of old wine in their blood. I've seen a great deal of them. This neighborhood is a regular ghetto, you know. Then down town I rub elbows with them constantly. Indeed, my best client is a Jew. And my friend, Hetzel, he's of Jewish extraction, though he doesn't keep up with the religion. On the average, I think the Jews are the kindest hearted and clearest minded people one meets hereabouts. That Mr. Lipman was a specimen of the highest type. It was delightful to watch his face, when you and he were playing—so fervent, so unselfconscious."

"And he played capitally, too—caught the true spirit of the music."

"So it seemed to me, though, of course, I'm no competent to criticise. Speaking of faces, Mrs. Lehmyl, I hope you won't mind my saying that your face does not look to me like an American—I mean English-American."

"There is no reason why it should. I'm not English-American."

"Ah, I felt sure of it. I felt sure you had Italian blood in your veins."

"No—nor Italian, either."

"Well, Spanish, then?"

"Why, I supposed you knew. I—I am a Jewess."

"Mercy!" gasped Arthur, blushing to the roots of his hair. "I hope—I hope you—" he broke off, and squirmed uncomfortably in his chair.

"Why, is it possible you didn't know it?" asked Mrs. Lehmyl.

"Indeed, I did not. If I had, I assure you, I shouldn't have put my foot in it as I did—I shouldn't have made bold to patronize your race as I was doing. I meant every word I spoke, though. The Jews are a noble and beautiful people, with a record that we Gentiles might well envy."

"You said nothing that was not perfectly proper. Don't imagine for an instant that you touched a sensitive spot. I am a Jewess by birth, though, like your friend Mr. Hetzel, I don't go to the temple. Modern ceremonial Judaism is not to me especially satisfying as a religion."

"You are not orthodox?"

"I am quite otherwise."

"I am glad to hear it. I am glad that there is this tendency among the better educated Jews to cast loose from their Judaism. I want to see them intermarry with the Christians—amalgamate, and help to form the American people of the future. That of course is their destiny."

"I suppose it is."

"You speak as though you regretted it."

"No, I don't regret it. I am too good an American to regret it. But it is a little melancholy to say the least, to see one of the most cherished Jewish ideals being abandoned before the first step is made toward realizing it."

"What idea is that?"

"Why the hope that cheered the Jews through the many centuries of their obloquy and persecution—the hope that a time would come when they could compel recognition from their persecutors and calumniators, when, as a united people they could stand forth before the world, pure and strong and upright, and exact credit for their due. The Jew has been for so long a time the despised and rejected of men, that now, when he has the opportunity, it seems as though he ought to improve it—show the stuff he is made of, prove that Shylock is a libel upon him, justify the past, achieve great results, demonstrate that he only needed light and liberty to develop into a leader of progress. The Jew has eternally been complaining—crying, 'You think I am such an inferior style of personage, give me a chance, and I will convince you of your error.' Now that the chance is given him, it seems a pity for him quietly to efface himself, become undistinguishable in the mass of mankind. I should like him to retain the name of Jew until it has grown to be a term of honor, instead of one of reproach. However, his destiny is otherwise and he must make the best of it. It is the destiny of the dew-drop 'to slip into the shining sea.' Probably it is better that it should be so."

"But how many Jews are there here who would subscribe to your view of the case—who would admit that an amalgamation is inevitable?"

"Doubtless, very few. Most of them have no views at all on the subject. The majority of the wealthier Jews here in America are epicureans. Eat, drink, be merry, and lay up a competence for the rainy day, is about their philosophy. But among the older people the prejudice against intermarriage is wonderfully strong. We shall have to wait for a generation or two, before it can become common. But it is a prejudice pure and simple, the offspring of superstition, and not the result of allegiance to that ideal I was speaking of. The average Jew of a certain age may not care a fig for his religion, but if he hears of an instance of intermarriage, he will hold up his hands in horror, and predict some dire calamity for the bride and bridegroom. The same man will not enter a synagogue from year's end to year's end, and should you happen to discuss theology with him, you'd put him down for an out-and-out rationalist at once. But then, plenty of people who pride themselves on being free-thinkers, are profoundly superstitious—Gentiles as well as Jews."

"No doubt about that. In fact, I think that everybody has a trace of superstition in his make-up, no matter how emancipated he may fancy himself. Now I, for example, can't help attributing some uncanny potency to the number seven. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of by modern science, and perhaps superstition is a crude way of acknowledging this truth. It is the reaction of the imagination, when confronted with the unknowable."

"It seems to me that much which passes for superstition in this world, ought not to be so called. It is rather, a super-sense. There is a subtle something that broods over human life—as the aroma broods over a goblet of old wine—a something of such fine, impalpable texture, that many men and women are never able to perceive it, but which others of more sensitive organization, feel at the time—are forever conscious of. This is the material which the imagination seizes hold of, and out of which it spins those fantastic, cobweb shapes that practical persons scoff at as superstitions. I can't understand, however, how anybody can specialize it to the extent of linking it to arithmetic, as you do, and as those do who are afraid of thirteen."

"What you have reference to falls, rather, under the head of mysticism, does it not? And mysticism is one form of poetry. You come rightfully by your ideas on this subject. A strain of mysticism is your birthright, a portion of your inheritance as a Jewess. It's one of the benefits you derive from being something more than an American."

"Oh, but I am an American, besides. It is a privilege to be one."

"I mean American of English ancestry. We are all Americans—or more precisely, we are all immigrants or the descendants of immigrants. But those of us that have an infusion of warmer blood than the English in our veins, are to be congratulated."

"It seems to me that Ripley is an Englishman."

"So he is. But my father's mother was a"

"'A ruddy drop of Gallic blood outweighs a world of gold,'" parodied Mrs. Lehmyl.

"Oh, you may make fun of me if you like," cried Arthur, "but my comfort in thinking of that French grandmother of mine will remain undiminished. I wonder," he added more gravely, "I wonder whether you have ever suffered from any of the indignities that your people are sometimes put to, Mrs. Lehmyl. I declare I have been tempted to wring the necks of my fellow Gentiles now and then."

"Suffered? I have occasionally been amused. I should not have much self respect, if anything like that could cause me suffering. Last summer, for instance, Mrs. Hart and I were in the mountains at a hotel. Everybody to begin with, was disposed to be very sociable. Then, innocently enough, one day I said we were Jewesses. After that we were left severely alone. I remember, we got into an omnibus one afternoon to drive to the village. A young man and a couple of young ladies—guests at the same house—were already in it. They glared at us quite savagely, and whispered, 'Jews,' and signaled the driver to stop and let them out. So we had the conveyance to ourselves, for which we were not sorry."

"I wish I had been there," cried Arthur with astonishing energy.

"Why?" asked Mrs. Lehmyl.

"Oh, that young man and I would have had an interview alone," in a blood-curdling key.

"He means that he would have given that young man a piece of his mind," put in Mrs. Hart.

The sound of her voice occasioned Arthur a veritable start. He had forgotten that she was present.

"I hope not," said Mrs. Lehmyl. "To resent such conduct would lend undue importance to it."

"All the same it makes my blood boil—the thought that those young animals dared to be rude to you."

The pronoun "you" was spoken with a significant emphasis. A student of human nature could have inferred volumes from it. Mrs. Hart straightway proceeded to demolish her own claims to be called a student of human nature, if she had any, by construing the syllable in the plural number.

"I'm sure we appreciate your sympathy," she said. "Ruth, play a little for Mr. Ripley."

Was this intended as a reward of merit? Contrariwise to the gentleman in *Punch*, Arthur would so much so much rather have heard her talk than play.

"Shall I?" she asked.

"Oh, I should be delighted," he assented.

She played the Pathetic sonata. Before she had got beyond the first dozen bars, Arthur had been caught up and borne away on the strong current of the music. She played with wonderful execution and perfect feeling. I suppose Arthur had heard the Pathetic sonata a score of times before. He had never begun to appreciate it until now. It seemed to him that in a language of superhuman clearness and directness, the subtlest and most sacred mysteries of the soul were being explained to him. Every emotion, every passion that the heart can feel, he seemed to hear expressed by the miraculous voice that Mrs. Lehmyl was calling into being, and his own heart vibrated in unison. Deep melancholy, breathless terror, keen, quivering anguish, blank despair, flashes of short lived joy, instants of hope speedily engulfed in an eternity of despond, tremulous desire, the delirium of enjoyment, the bitter awakening to a sense of satiety and self-deception, intervals of quiet reflection, broken in upon by the turbulent cries of a hundred malicious spirits, weird glimpses into a world of phantom shapes, exaltation into the seventh heaven of delight, descent into the bottom pit of darkness, these were a few of the strange and vague, but none the less intense, emotional experiences through which Mrs. Lehmyl led him. When she returned to her chair, opposite his own, he could only look upon her face and wonder, he could not speak. A delicate flush had overspread her cheeks, and her eyes shone even more brightly than their wont. She evidently misunderstood his silence.

"Ah," she said, with frank disappointment, "it did not please you."

"Please me?" he cried. "No, indeed, it did not please me. It was like Dante's journey through the three realms of the dead. It was like seeing a miracle performed. It overpowered me. I suppose I am too susceptible—weak, if you will, and womanish. But such music as that—I could no more have withstood its spell, than I could withstand the influence of strong wine."

"Speaking of strong wine," said Mrs. Hart, "what if you should try a little mild wine?" And she pointed to a servant who had crossed the threshold in the midst of Arthur's rhapsody, and who bore a tray with glasses and a decanter.

"In spite of this anti-climax," he said, sipping his wine, "what I said was the truth."

"It's the fault, no doubt, of your French blood, Monsieur," said Mrs. Lehmyl. "But I confess that, perhaps in a moderated degree, music has much the same effect upon me. When I first heard *La Damnation de Faust*, I had to hold on to the arms of my chair to keep from being carried bodily away. You remember that dreadful ride into perdition—toward the end? I really felt that if I let go my anchorage, I should be swept off along with Faust and Mephistopheles."

"I remember. But that did not affect me so. I never was so affected till I heard you play just now."

"I don't know whether I ought to feel complimented, or the reverse."

"What is the feeling we naturally have at perceiving our power over another human being?"

Mrs. Lehmyl changed the subject.

"That was an exceedingly clever guess you made the other day," she said, "that I was a lover of Browning. I can't understand what suggested it."

"I told you then that I dared not enlighten you, lest I might be deemed presumptuous. If you will promise me absolution beforehand—"

"But you, too, I take for granted, share my sentiments."

"What I have read is unsurpassed. 'The Inn Album,' for example."

"And 'The Ring and the Book'?"

"I haven't read the 'Ring and the Book.'"

"Oh, then you must read it at once. Then you don't half know Browning. Will you read it, if I lend it to you?"

"You are very kind. I should like nothing better."

Mrs. Lehmyl begged to be excused and left the room. Arthur followed the sound of her light, quick footsteps up the stairs.

"Browning is her patron saint," volunteered Mrs. Hart. "She spends her time about equally between him and her piano."

Mrs. Lehmyl came back.

"There," she said, giving him the volume and smiling, "there is my *vade mecum*. I love it almost as dearly as I could if it were a human being. You must be sure to like it."

"I am sure you honor me very highly by entrusting it to me," he replied.

At home he opened it, thinking to read for an hour or two before going to bed. What interested him, however, even more than the strong, virile, elastic verse and [illegible] quite absorbed his attention, were the traces of Mrs. Lehmyl's ownership that he came across every here and there—a corner dog-eared, a passage inclosed by pencil lines, a fragment of rose petal stuck between the pages. It gave him a delicious sense of intimacy with her to hold this book in his hands. Had not her hand warmed it? her hair shadowed it? her very breath touched it? Had it not been her companion in solitary moments? a witness to the life she led when no human eye was upon her? What precious secrets it might have whispered, if it had had a tongue! There was a slight discoloration of the paper, where Pompilia tells of her miseries as Guido's bride. Who could say but that it had been caused by Mrs. Lehmyl's tears? That she had loaned him the book seemed somehow like a mark of confidence. On the fly-leaf something had been written in ink, and subsequently scratched out—probably her name. He wondered why she had erased it. Toward the close of Caponsacchi's version, one of the pages had been torn clear across, and then neatly pasted together with tissue paper braces. He wondered what the circumstances were under which the mischief had been done, and whether the repair was her handiwork. A faint, sweet perfume clung to the pages. It had the power of calling her up vividly before him, and sending an exquisite tremor into his heart. And, withal, had anybody suggested that he was at the verge of falling in love with her, he would have denied it stoutly—so little was he disposed to self-analysis.

CHAPTER V.

But ere a great while, the scales fell from his eyes.

By dint of much self-discipline, he managed to let a week and a day elapse before paying his second call. While he stood in the vestibule waiting for the opening of the door, sundry bursts of sound escaping from within informed him that a duet was being played upon the piano. Intuitively he concluded that the treble part was Mrs. Lehmyl's, instinctively he asked, "But who is carrying the bass?" On entering the parlor, it was with a sharp and significant pang that he beheld, seated at Mrs. Lehmyl's left, no less redoubtable a creature than a man. He took a chair and sat down, and suffered untold wretchedness until that duet was finished. He could not see the man's face, but the back of his head indicated youth. The vicissitudes of the composition they were playing brought the two performers painfully close together. This was bad enough, but to poor Arthur's jealous mind it seemed as if from time to time, even when the music furnished no excuse, they voluntarily approached each other. Every now and then they hurriedly exchanged a whispered sentence. He felt that he would eagerly have bartered his ten fingers for the right to know what it was they said. How much satisfaction would he have obtained if he had been stationed near enough to overhear? All they said was, "One, two, three, *four*, five, six." Perhaps in his suspicious mood he would have magnified his neighbor's remark into a confidence conveyed by means of a secret code.

When the musicians rose Arthur experienced a slight relief. Mrs. Lehmyl greeted him with marked kindness, and shook hands warmly. She introduced her co-executant as Mr. Spencer. And Mr. Spencer was tall, lean, gawky and bilious looking.

But Arthur's relief was of short duration. Mr. Spencer forthwith proceeded to exhibit great familiarity with both of the ladies—a familiarity which they did not appear to resent. Mrs. Hart, indeed, reciprocated to the extent of addressing him as Dick. His conversation made it manifest that he had traveled with them in Europe. He was constantly referring to people and places and events about which Arthur was altogether ignorant. His every other sentence began, "Do you remember?" Arthur was excessively uneasy that he had determined to sit Mr. Spencer out, though he should peradventure, remain until sunrise.

Mr. Spencer did indeed remain till the night had got on its last legs. It lacked but a quarter of midnight when, finally, he accomplished his exit.

Said Mrs. Hart, after he had gone, "A Boston man."

"We met him," said Mrs. Lehmyl, "at Aix-les-Bains. He's a remarkably well informed musician—writes criticisms for one of the Boston papers."

"He came this evening," went on Mrs. Hart, "to tell us of the happy termination of a love affair in which he was immersed when we last saw him. He's going to be married."

At these words Arthur's spirits shot up far above their customary level. So! There was no occasion for jealousy in the quarter of Mr. Spencer, at any rate. The reaction was so great that had Mr. Spencer still been present, I think our hero would have felt like hugging him.

"A very fine fellow, I should judge," he said. "I have outstaid him because I wanted to tell you that Hetzel and I have devised a jolly little plan for Sunday, in which we are anxious to have you join us. Our idea is to spend the afternoon at the Metropolitan art museum. You know the pictures are well worth an inspection, and on Sunday there is no crowd. Hetzel has procured a ticket through the courtesy of the director. Then afterward, you are to come back with us and take dinner—if the weather permits, on our roof. Mrs. Berle will be at the dinner, though she doesn't care to go with us to see the pictures. We may count upon you, may we not?"

"Oh, certainly, that will be delightful," said Mrs. Hart.

"Then we will call for you at about three o'clock?"

"Yes."

"Good-night."

His hand was hot and trembling as it clasped Mrs. Lehmyl's, a state of things which she, however, did not appear to notice. She gazed calmly into his eyes, and returned a quiet good night. He stood a long while in the doorway of his house, looking across at No. 40. He saw the light quenched in the parlor, and other lights break out in the floors above. Then these in their turn were extinguished, and he knew that the occupants were on their way to the land of Nod. "Good angels guard her slumbers," he said, half aloud, and climbed the stairs that led to his own bed-chamber. There he lay awake hour after hour. He could hear the waters of the river lapping the shore and discern the street lamps gleaming like stars along the opposite embankment. Now and again a tug boat puffed importantly up stream—a steam whistle shrieked—a schooner glided mysteriously past. I don't know how many times he confessed to his pillow, "I love her—I love her—I love her."

The next day—Saturday—he passed in a fever of impatience. It seemed as though to-morrow never would arrive. At night he scarcely slept two hours, and on Sunday morning he was up at 5 o'clock. Then how the lumbering minutes did prolong themselves, until the hands of his watch marked three.

"What's the matter with you?" Hetzel asked more than once. "Why are you so restless? You roam around like a cat that has lost her kittens. Anything worrying you? Feeling unwell—or what?"

"Oh, I'm a little nervous—guess I drank more coffee for breakfast than was good for me," he replied.

He tried to read. The print blurred before his eyes. He tried to write a letter. He proceeded famously thus far: "New York, May 25th, 1884.—My dearest mother—" But at this point his pen stuck. Strive as he might he could get no further. He tore the paper up in a pet. He smoked thrice his usual allowance of tobacco. Every other minute he had out his watch. He half believed that Time had slackened its pace for the especial purpose of adding fuel to the fires that were burning in his heart. Such is the preposterous egotism of a man in love.

When at length the clock struck half after two, his pulse quickened. This last half hour was as long as the entire forepart of the day had been. With each moment his agitation increased. Finally he and Hetzel crossed the street. He had to bite his lips and press his finger nails deep into the flesh of his hands, in order to command a terrible self-possessed exterior.

Arthur says that he remembers the rest of that Sunday as one remembers a bewildering dream. He remembers, among other things, how Mrs. Lehmyl met him in Mrs. Hart's drawing room, and gave him a warm, soft hand, and spoke a few pleasant words of welcome. He remembers how his heart fluttered, and how he had to catch his breath, as he gazed into her unfathomable eyes, and inhaled that daintiest of perfumes which clung to her apparel. He remembers how he marched at her side through Fiftieth street to Madison avenue, in a state of delicious intoxication, and how they mounted a celestial chariot—Hetzel says it was a Madison avenue horse car—in which he sat next to her and heard her voice mingle with the tinkling of silver bells, like a strain of heavenly music. He remembers how they sauntered through the galleries chatting together about—oddly enough, he cannot remember what. Oddly enough, also, he cannot remember the pictures that they looked at. He can remember only "the angelic radiance of her face and the wonderful witchery of her presence." Then he remembers how they walked home together through the park, green and fragrant in May weather, and took places side by side at the table on the roof. "What is strangest," he says, "is this, that I do not remember anything at all about the other people who were present—Hetzel and Mrs. Berle and Mrs. Hart. As I look back, it seems as though she and I had been alone with each other the whole time." "But we were there, nevertheless," Hetzel assures me, "and all of us enjoyed hugely witnessing his young friend's infatuation. It was delightful to see the big, stalwart, modern Arthur Ripley, helpless as a baby in the power of that little woman. One not well acquainted with him might not have perceived his condition, but to me it was as plain as the nose on his face." "There was a full moon that evening," Arthur continues, "and I wish you could have seen her eyes in the moonlight. I kept thinking of the old song,

In thy dark eye's splendor
Where the warm light loves to dwell.

"I dare say you'll think me sentimental, but I can't help it. The fact is that those eyes of hers glowed with all the tenderness and pathos and mystery of a martyr's. Pale, ethereal fires burned deep down in them, and showed where her soul dwelt. They haunted me for days afterward. Days? No—months. They haunt me now. My heart thrills at this moment, thinking of them, just as it did then, when I was looking into them. I tell you it hurt here"—thumping his chest—"when I had to part with her. It was like—yes, sir, you needn't smile—it was like having my heart wrenched out. My senses were in confusion. I walked up and down my floor pretty much all night. You never saw such a wretched fellow. At least I fancied I was wretched. The thought of how hopeless my case was—of how unlikely it was that she would ever care a farthing for me—drove me almost frantic. All the same, I wouldn't have exchanged that wretchedness for all the other treasures of the world." In this exaggerated vein he would gladly babble on for the next twenty pages, but to what profit, since it is already clear that he was head-over-ears in love?

Of course Arthur had no idea of making a declaration. That she should cherish for him a feeling at all of the nature of his for her, seemed the most improbable of contingencies. So long as he could retain the privilege of seeing her frequently, he would be contented. He would not run the risk of having it withdrawn by revealing to her a condition of affairs which, very likely, she would not sanction. His supremest aspiration, he derived a certain dismal satisfaction from fancying, would be realized if he could in some way become useful and helpful to her, no matter after how lowly a fashion. Henceforward he spent at least one evening a week in her company. She never received him alone. But Mrs. Hart's presence was not objectionable, because she had the sensible custom of knitting in silence and leaving the two young folks to do the talking. Their talk was generally about music and literature, [illegible] matters personal. Arthur got pretty well acquainted with Mrs. Lehmyl's views and tastes and habits of thought, but when he stopped to reckon up how much he had gathered concerning herself, her family, connections, her life in the past, he acknowledged that it could all be represented by a solitary naught. Not that she was conspicuously reserved with him. She made it almost daily evident that she liked him cordially. Only the pronouns I and thou played a decidedly minor role in her ordinary conversation.

He experienced all the pains and pleasures of first love, and all the strange hallucinations that it produces. The man who looks at the world through a lover's eyes, is as badly off as he who looks at it through a distorting lens—objects are thrown out of their proper relations, proportion and perspective go mad, big things become little, and vice versa. Especially is it remarkable how completely his notions of time will get perverted. For instance, the hours flew by with a rapidity positively astounding, when Arthur was in Mrs. Lehmyl's presence. He would sit down opposite her at 8 o'clock, they would converse for a few moments, she would sing a song or two, and then, to his unutterable stupefaction, the clock would strike 11. On the other hand, when he was away from her, time lagged in an equally perplexing manner. He and Hetzel, to illustrate, would finish their dinner at half past seven—only a half hour before he would be at liberty to cross the street. But that half hour! It stretched out like an eternity, beyond the reach of Arthur's imagination. Life had changed to a dream or a delirium—it would be hard to say which. The laws of cause and effect had ceased to operate. The universe had lost its equilibrium. Arthur's heart would swing from hot to cold, from cold to hot, without a pretense of physiological rhyme or reason. He became moody and capricious. A fibre in his composition, the existence of which he had never hitherto suspected, acquired an amazing prominence. That was an almost womanish sensitiveness. It was as if he had been stripped of his armor. Small things, trifling events, that had in the past left him entirely unimpressed, now smote his consciousness like sharpened arrows. Sights of distress in the streets, stories of suffering in the newspapers, moved him keenly and profoundly. He had been reading "Wilhelm Meister." He could not finish it. The emotions it occasioned him were poignant enough to border upon physical pain. The long and short of it is that love had turned his rose-tinted calcium light upon the world in which Arthur moved, and so made visible a myriad of beauties and blemishes that had lain hidden in darkness heretofore. Among other things that Arthur remarked as curious was the frequency with which he saw her name, Lehmyl, or other names resembling it, Lemyhl, Lehmel, etc., on signboards, as he was being whirled through the streets on the elevated railway. He was sure that he had never seen it or heard it till she had come to dwell in Beekman Place. Now he was seeing it all the time. He was disposed to be somewhat superstitious about this circumstance, to regard it as an omen of some sort—but whether for good or evil he could not tell. Of course the explanation was simple enough. With the name uppermost in his mind, it was natural that his attention should be caught by it whenever it occurred, whereas, formerly, before he had known her, it was one of a hundred names that he had passed unnoticed every day. And yet, emerging from a brown study of which she had been the subject, it was a little startling to look out of the window and find Lehmyl staring him in the face.

Now and then, if the weather was fine, he would get up early and accompany her for a walk in Central park. Occasionally he would tuck a book into his pocket, so that when they sat down to rest he could read aloud to her. One day, the book of his selection chanced to be a volume of Hawthorne's shorter tales. They had appropriated unto themselves a bench in a secluded alley, and now Arthur opened to "The Snow Image."

But before he had proceeded beyond the second sentence Mrs. Lehmyl stopped him.

"Oh, please—please don't read that," she cried, in a sharp startled tone.

Arthur looked up. He saw that her face had turned deathly pale, that her lips were quivering, and that her eyes had moistened. Thrusting the book into his pocket, he stammered out a few hasty words of anxiety. She was not ill?

"Oh, no," she said, "not ill. Only when you began to read that story—when I realized what it was you were reading—I—it—it recalled disagreeable memories. But—shall we walk on?"

She was silent or monosyllabic, and her face wore a grave expression all the rest of their time together. At the door of her house she gave him her hand and looked straight into his eyes and said: "You must forgive me if I have spoiled your afternoon. I could not help it. You know how it is when one is happy—very happy—to be reminded suddenly of things one would like to forget."

Arthur's heart went out to her in a mighty bound. "When one is happy—very happy!" The phrase echoed like a peal of gala bells in his ears. He had a hard struggle to keep from flinging himself at her feet there in the open street. But all his love burned in the glance he gave her—an intense, radiant glance, which she met with one that threw his soul into a transport. She knew now that he loved her! There could be no doubt about that. And, since her eyes did not quail before his—since she had sustained unflinchingly the gaze which, more eloquent than any words, told her of the passion that was consuming him—might he not conclude—? Ah, no, he would trust himself to conclude nothing till he had spoken with her by word of mouth.

"Good bye," she said.

"May—may I call upon you to-morrow?"

"Yes."

He relinquished her hand, which he had been clinging to all this time, and went his way.

"When one is happy—very happy," he repeated again and again. "So she was happy—very happy—until I opened that ill-fated book. What can the associations be that darkened her mood so abruptly? But—*to-morrow!*"

CHAPTER VI.

"THE WOMAN WHO HESITATES."

"Ripley, Attorney, New York.—Draft accepted. Begin immediately. ULRICH."

Such was the cable dispatch that Arthur got a fortnight after he had mailed his letter to Counsellor Ulrich of Vienna. A fortnight later still, the post brought him an epistle to the same effect. Then ensued four weeks of silence. During these four weeks one question had received a good deal of his attention. The substance and the solution of it may be gathered from the following conversation held between him and Peixada.

Arthur said, "Suppose the residence of your sister-in-law to be discovered, what next? Suppose we find that she is living in Europe, how can we induce her to return hither and render herself liable to the jurisdiction of our courts? Or suppose even that she should turn out to be established here in New York, what's to prevent her from packing her trunks and taking French leave the day after citations to attend the probate of her husband's will are served upon her? In other words, how are we to compel her to stand and deliver? Ignorant as we are of the nature and location of her properties, we can't attach them in the regular way."

Peixada said, "Hum! That's so. I hadn't thought of that. That's a pretty serious question."

"At first," said Arthur, "it struck me as more than serious—as fatal. But there's a way out of it—the neatest and simplest way you can imagine."

"Ah," said Peixada, with manifest relief.

"Now, see," continued Arthur. "Mrs. Peixada shot her husband—was indicted—tried—acquitted—yes?"

"To be sure."

"But at the same time she also took the life of a man named Edward Bolen, her husband's coachman—eh?"

"She did—certainly."

"Was she indicted for his murder as well as for the other?"

"She was indicted, yes, but—"

"But never arraigned for trial. Then the indictment is still in force against her?"

"I suppose it is—unless the statute of limitation ——"

"The statute of limitations does not apply after an indictment has been found."

"Oh."

"Well, I was thinking the matter over the other day—confronting that difficulty I have mentioned, and wondering how the mischief it could be surmounted—when it occurred to me that it might be possible to interest the authorities in our behalf, and so get Mrs. Peixada under lock and key."

"Splendid!"

"I went over to the district-attorney's office, and saw Mr. Romer, the senior assistant, who happens to be a good friend of mine, and told him the sum and substance of our case. Then I asked him whether for the sake of justice he wouldn't lend us the machinery of the law—that is, upon our finding out her whereabouts, cause her extradition and imprisonment under the indictment *in re* Bolen. I promised that you would assume the entire expense."

"And he replied?"

"That it was a rather irregular proposition, but that he would think it over and let me know his conclusion."

"Well—have you heard from him since?"

"Yes—yesterday morning I received a note, asking me to call at his office. When I got there this is what he said. He said that he had read the indictment, and consulted his chief, Mr. Oreon, and pondered the matter pretty thoroughly. Extraordinary as the proceeding would [illegible] cause, he added, there's a mighty strong case against the woman, and I shouldn't wonder if it would be worth our while to try her. At any rate, if you can set us on her track we'll arrest her and take our chances. We've made quite a point, you know, of unearthing indictments that our predecessors had pigeon-holed, and more than once we've secured a conviction. It doesn't follow, that because the jury in the Peixada case stultified themselves another jury will. So, you go ahead with your inquiries, and when she's firmly pinned down, we'll take her in custody. Then, after you've recovered your money, we can step in and do our best to send her up to Sing Sing. I declare, I was half sorry to have prepared new trouble for the poor creature, but, you see, our interests are now perfectly protected."

"A brilliant stroke!" cried Peixada. "Then we shall not merely rescue my brother's property, but, indirectly at least, we shall avenge his death. I am delighted. Now we must redouble our efforts to ferret her out."

"Precisely. And that brings me to another point. I have had a long letter—sixteen solid pages—from Ulrich, the Austrian lawyer. He has traced her from Vienna to Paris, from Paris to London. He's in London now, working up his clew. The last news of her dates back to May, 1882. On the 23d of that month she left London—and went—Ulrich is trying to discover where. I think our best course now will be to retain an English solicitor, and let him carry the matter on from the point Ulrich has reached. With your approval, I shall cable Ulrich to put the affair into the hands of Mr. Reginald Graham, a London attorney in whom I have the utmost confidence. What do you think?"

"Oh, you're right. No doubt about that. Meantime, here." Peixada handed his legal advisor a check for $100. "This is to keep up your spirits."

The above conference had taken place on the forenoon of Wednesday, the 25th of June. It was on that afternoon that Arthur started to read the "Snow Image" to Mrs. Lehmyl.

Next day, after an eternity of impatience, he rang her bell.

"Mrs. Lehmyl," said the servant, "is sick in her room with a headache."

"What?" cried Arthur, and stood still, gaping for dismay.

"Yes," repeated Bridget, "sick in her room."

"Oh, but she will receive me. I call by appointment. Please tell her that I am here."

"She said that she could receive no one, but if you'll step into the parlor I'll speak to Mrs. Hart."

Mrs. Hart appeared and corroborated the maid's statement. A big lump gathered in Arthur's throat. He had looked forward so eagerly to this moment—had hoped so much from it—and it had been such a long time coming—that now to have it slip away unused like this—the disappointment was bitter. He felt utterly miserable and dejected. As he dragged himself down the stoop—he had sprung up it, two steps at a stride, a moment since—he noticed a group of urchins standing on the curbstone and grinning from ear to ear. He fancied that they had guessed his secret and were laughing at his discomfiture. If he had obeyed his impulse, he would have wrung their necks on the spot. He crossed the street, locked himself in his room and surrendered unresistingly to the blue devils.

These vivacious sprites played fast and loose with the poor boy's imagination. They conjured up before him a multitude of unlikely catastrophes. They persuaded him that his case was worse than hopeless. Mrs. Lehmyl cared not a fig for him. Why, forsooth, should she? Probably he had a successful rival. That a woman such as she should love an insignificant young fellow like himself—the bare idea was preposterous. He was to blame for having allowed the flower of hope to take root in his bosom. He laughed bitterly and wondered how he had contrived to deceive himself even for a moment. It was truly absurd that she should love him after so brief and so superficial an acquaintance. Life wasn't worth living, and but for his mother and Hetzel he would put an end to himself forthwith. Yet the next instant he was recalling the "Yes" that she had spoken yesterday, in response to his "May I call to-morrow?" and the fearless glance with which she had met his eyes. "Ah," he cries, "it set my blood afire. It dazzled me with visions of impossible joy. I could almost hear her murmur—oh, so soft—'I love you, Arthur.' You may guess the effect that fancy had upon me." It is significant that not once did he pity her for her headache. He took for granted that it was merely a subterfuge for refusing to receive him. But her motive for refusing to receive him! There was the rub! If he could only have divined it—known it to a certainty—then his suspense would have been less of an agony, then his mind could have borrowed some repose, though perhaps the repose of despair.

Well, he got through the night after a fashion. A streak of cold, gray light lay along the eastern horizon, and the river had put off the color of ink for the color of lead, before he fell asleep. His sleep was troubled. A nightmare played frightful antics upon his breast. It was broad daylight when he awoke. The river sparkled gayly in the sun, the sky shimmered with warmth, the sparrows outside quarreled vociferously. A brief glow of cheerfulness was the result. But memory speedily asserted itself. Heartsick and weary, he began his toilet. "What had I to look forward to?" he demanded. He climbed the staircase and entered the breakfast room. Hetzel sat near the window, reading a newspaper. Hetzel grunted forth a gruff good-morning without looking up. I doubt, however, whether Arthur knew that Hetzel was there at all. For as he crossed the threshold his eye was caught by something white lying upon his plate. He can't tell why—but he guessed at once that it was a note from Mrs. Lehmyl. His lover's instinct scented the truth from afar.

He snatched the letter up eagerly. But he delayed about opening it. He scrutinized the direction—written in a frank, firm woman's hand. The paper exhaled never so faint a perfume. Still he did not open it. He was afraid. He would wait till his agitation had subsided a little. He could hear his heart going thump, thump, thump, like a hammer against his side. He had difficulty with his breath. Then a dreadful possibility loomed up before him! What—what if it should not be from her, after all? This thought endowed him with the courage of desperation. He tore the missive open.

He was standing there, one hand grasping the back of his chair, the other holding the letter to his eyes, when Hetzel, throwing his newspaper aside, got up, turned about the room, then abruptly came to a halt, facing Arthur.

"Mercy upon me, man!" cried Hetzel, "what has happened? [illegible] there's trembling, no bad news? Speak, quick!"

But Arthur did not speak.

Hetzel went on.

"I've noticed lately there's been something wrong with you. You're nervous, restless, out of kilter. Is there a woman in the case? Is your feeling for our neighbor something more than a passing fancy? Are you taking her seriously? Or are you simply run down—needing rest and change? Why not make a trip up to Oldbridge, and see your mother?"

By the time Hetzel had finished speaking, Arthur had folded the letter and stowed it away in his pocket.

"Eh? What were you saying?" he inquired, with a blank look.

"Oh, I was saying that breakfast is getting cold, coffee spoiling, biscuit drying up—whatever you choose. Letter from home?"

"Home? No, not from home," said Arthur.

"Well, draw up, anyhow. Is—is—by Jove, what's the matter with you? Where are you now? Why don't you pay attention when I speak? What has come over you the last week or two? You're worrying me to death. Out with it! No secrets from the head of the house."

"I have no secrets," Arthur answered, "only—only, if you must know it, I'm—" No doubt he was on the point of making a full confession. He restrained himself, however, added "There! I won't talk about it," applied himself to his knife and fork, and preserved a dismal silence till the end of the meal. He went away as soon as ordinary courtesy would warrant.

No sooner had he closed the door behind him, than his hand made a dive into his pocket, and brought out Mrs. Lehmyl's letter. He read it through for perhaps the twentieth time. It ran thus:

"47 BEEKMAN PLACE,
Thursday evening.

Dear Mr. Ripley—After a sleepless night, my head is aching cruelly. That is why I was unable to receive you. But since you have told me that you were coming I feel that I must write this note to explain and to apologize. I should have sent you word not to come, except that until now I have been too ill to use my eyes. The only help for me when I have a headache like this is solitary confinement in a darkened room. I have braved the gaslight for a moment to write you this note, and already I am suffering the consequence. But I felt that I really owe you an excuse. You will accept it in a lenient spirit, will you not? Sincerely yours,

RUTH LEHMYL."

I think Arthur's first sentiment on reading this communication had been one of disappointment. It was just such an apology as she might have written to anybody else under similar circumstances. He had nerved himself, he thought, for the worst before breaking the seal—for a decree forbidding him future admittance to her presence, for an announcement of betrothal to another man—for what not. But a quite colorless, polite and amiable "I beg your pardon," he had not contemplated. It produced the effect of a wet blanket. From the high and mighty heroic mood in which he had torn it open, to the unimpassioned sentences in which it was couched, was too rapid a transition, too abrupt a plunge from hot to cold, an anti-climax equally unexpected and depressing.

But after a second perusal—and a second perusal followed immediately upon the first—his pulse quickened. With a lover's swift faculty [illegible] trifles light as air, he discerned what he believed to be encouraging tokens. Under what obligation had Mrs. Lehmyl been to write to him so promptly? At the cost of severe pain, she had hastened to make her excuses for a thing that hers was not really the fault about. If she was quite indifferent to him, would she not have deferred writing until her headache had passed off? To be sure, it was just such a note as she might have written to Brown, Jones, or Robinson. But would she have "braved the gaslight" and suffered the consequences for Brown, Jones, or Robinson? Obviously, she had felt a strong desire to set herself right with him. The recognition of what fact afforded Arthur no end of pleasure. But, furthermore, she had begun with "Dear Mr. Ripley," not with "My dear Mr. Ripley." Now "My dear Mr. So-and-so," Arthur argued sophistically or not, as the case may be, is by far the more formal of the two methods of attack. "My dear Mr. This" is a cut and dried figure of speech; the "My dear" in it amounts to a zero. But drop the "my," begin with "Dear," and you have at once lent a certain expressiveness to the phrase. The "dear" becomes emphasized, acquires a significance. "Dear Mr. Ripley," implies that Mr. Ripley is more or less dear. In this wise Arthur flattered himself. Thus fatuitously he allowed his fancy to become the father of his thought. By the time he had committed Mrs. Lehmyl's note to memory he was in a fair way to recover his wonted buoyancy of spirits.

[To be continued.]

A NOBLE ACTION.

A lady friend of THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN now in Petersburg, Virginia, wife of one of our well known citizens, sends us the following for publication. It is a true incident, and worthy of widespread circulation. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and the soldier who has suffered in battle and afterward, when war's alarms were stilled, has sometimes lacked for what makes life barely worth living, can feel a deep sympathy for a brave and honored foeman, in similar plight. Gen. Stith Bolling related yesterday an incident which has just come under his observation, and which reflects honor upon a gallant and generous soul. "Very recently," said Gen. Bolling, "Senator Mahone received a letter from a gentleman of Watertown, New York, whose name I withhold. The contents of the letter, briefly told, were as follows:

Senator William Mahone.—*Dear Sir*:—Please send me the name of some worthy disabled confederate soldier who is poor and needs help. I was a Union soldier myself, and am now a pensioner of the United States government. I am able now, however, to live without the pension, and I desire to turn it over to some disabled confederate soldier who needs it more than I do. Respectfully, —— ——.

"Senator Mahone," said General Bolling, "referred this letter to me, with his request that I would act upon the suggestion therein made and recommend some worthy ex-confederate of my acquaintance. After careful consideration, I recommended to the northern soldier the name of W. [illegible] McLaughlin, of Lunenburg county. The response from the donor was prompt, and I need not assure you that the recipient is entirely worthy. A relative of Mr. McLaughlin, who is in the city, informed me that Mr. McLaughlin had duly received the first installment of pension."

The Situation in a Nutshell.

London correspondence of Boston Pilot.

England, of both parties, is looking all round for a way out of the difficulty. Ireland is waiting and going to wait. The game is now at a point where all the players are playing for safety. Nobody wishes to force his opponent's hand. Even Mr. Chamberlain, the radical evangel, has become suddenly silent under the influence of the great change which Lord Hartington has wrought by his repudiation of Mr. Gladstone's home rule scheme. The radical leader is quietly and noiselessly reconsidering the situation. He has now an obvious chance, such as he never had before, to get rid of Hartington and to obtain the reversion of the liberal leadership. If Chamberlain decides to seize the dropping mantle, it will upset many calculations which have been hitherto maintained. The most promising feature of the situation is the fact that Gladstone is in the best of health and spirits. That is always an unerring barometer of his political prospects. The present probabilities point to a change of tactics on Mr. Gladstone's part. It is likely that for the next few weeks he will try a waiting instead of a rushing game. Mr. Gladstone's position is just this: He says to the other liberal leaders "With my plan we will have the aid of eighty-six Irish votes. How many votes outside of our own party can you bring to our support?" The only possible answer involves surrender. Then will come home rule for Ireland.

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This Bank transacts a General Banking and Exchange business. Loans made; Bills Discounted and Commercial Credits granted. Deposits received on current account, subject to check; also on special certificate. FRED'K TOWNSEND, Manager.

Willamette Savings Bank
OF PORTLAND, OR.,
TRANSACTS GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.
ACCOUNTS kept, subject to check.
SELLS EXCHANGE on San Francisco and New York.
MAKES COLLECTIONS on favorable terms.
PAYS INTEREST ON TIME DEPOSITS.
Directors:
President, James Steel, Vice President, W. C. Johnson, Cashier, L. A. Macrum, J. Loewenberg, H. L. Hoyt, J. F. Watson, J. H. Gill, L. Fleischner.

Ladd & Tilton, Bankers,
Transact a General Banking Business.
INTEREST allowed on Time Deposits.
COLLECTIONS made at all points on favorable terms.
LETTERS OF CREDIT issued, available in Europe and the Eastern States.
SIGHT EXCHANGE and TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFERS sold on New York, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, Omaha, San Francisco and various points in Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana and British Columbia.
EXCHANGE sold on London, Paris, Berlin, Frankfort and Hongkong.

Metropolitan Savings Bank.
N. E. Cor. First and Stark sts., Portland, Or.
Transacts a General Banking Business; allows interest on deposits as follows:
On 3 months certificates 4 per cent.
On 6 months certificates 5 per cent.
On 12 months certificates 6 per cent.
Directors:
W. W. Thayer, H. W. Scott, Ira F. Powers,
E. D. Shattuck, H. W. Monastes, C. H. Dodd,
C. P. Hogue, J. E. Smith, R. Williams,
Van B. DeLashmutt,

L. L. HAWKINS, President. W. K. SMITH, Vice President. J. P. MARSHALL, Cashier.
Ainsworth National Bank
OF PORTLAND—cor. Third and Oak.
TRANSACTS A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.
Exchange bought and sold on all the principal cities in Europe. Also, facilities for Telegraphic Transfer. Collections made on favorable terms at all accessible points. Highest market rates on Hong Kong Exchange. Safe Deposit Department connected with the Bank. Safes Rented on easy terms.

THE
Portland National Bank.
Transacts a General Banking Business.
ACCOUNTS kept, subject to check.
SELLS EXCHANGE on San Francisco and New York.
MAKES COLLECTIONS on favorable terms.
LETTERS OF CREDIT issued, available in Europe and the Eastern States.
WILLIAM REID, President
GEN. RUFUS INGALLS, Vice President
D. F. SHERMAN, Cashier

R. S. WALLACE, President. A. A. McCULLY, Vice Pres't. J. H. ALBERT, Cashier.
Capital National Bank
OF SALEM, OREGON.
Transacts a General Banking Business. Superior facilities for making Collections in Marion and Polk counties.

London and San Francisco Bank.
LIMITED.
Capital and Reserve............$2,300,000
Head Office, 22 Old Broad st., London.
This Bank transacts a General Banking and Exchange business, makes loans, discounts bills, and issues commercial and travelers' credits, available in any city in the world.
Portland Branch, 48 First St.
W. MACKINTOSH, Manager.

INSURANCE.

THE OREGON
[illegible]
OF PORTLAND, OR.
Cash Capital $250,100.00
Cash Assets $300,000.00
AGENCY
London Assurance Corporation of London, E
Established A. D. 1720.
PRINCIPAL OFFICE—31 STARK ST.

Union Insurance Company
OF SAN FRANCISCO.
FIRE AND MARINE.
Capital - - - $750,000.
BRANCH OFFICE FOR OREGON,
North side Stark bet. Front & First, Portland.
JAMES S. REED, Agent.

THE THAMES & MERSEY MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF LIVERPOOL.
Capital $2,000,000
Reserve fund (in addition) $375,000
Deposit in Oregon $10,000
Agency in Portland at No. 5 First street.
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Wholesale Butcher and Packer.
Special attention paid to supplying ships.
Highest cash price paid for all kinds of fat stock.

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And Retail Dealers in all kinds of Meats.
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SPAULDING & PAPWORTH,
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OSMAN ROYAL, M. D., ROOM 2, PORTLAND Savings Bank Building cor Second and Washington. Office hours 10 to 12 A. M., 3 to 5 P. M.

THE GENIUS OF THE BOTTLE.

There's a queer little bottle stands here on my desk,
It is shaped like a boat and is quite picturesque,
With a figure head just the least trifle grotesque.

It holds in its depths, though you never may know it,
And I may not clearly be able to show it,
The treasures of romance, pundit and poet.

There are positive facts for the solemn and wise,
And fables for those who like truth in disguise,
And many a fancy that floats to the skies.

There are songs that are sweet as the songs of the lark,
And jests dating back to the days of the ark,
There are arrows of wit that fly straight to the mark.

And tales of devotion and honor and truth,
And stories of danger and beauty and ruth,
That quicken the pulse in the bosom of youth.

There are truths that flash out like a sword in the fight,
That shine like a star in the darkness of night
To guide stray feet from the wrong to the right.

There are true lover songs full many, I ween,
There is solace for sorrow and praises serene,
And the strong staff of Hope whereon weakness may lean.

Of the Genius who holds of this bottle the keys
I speak in a parable now, if you please,
I pray, on my bent metaphorical knees,

Every day for the secret by which to extract
The stories, the romance, the wit, wisdom and fact,
With which to my knowledge this bottle is packed.

And oft, as I raise my importunate plea,
He touches my lips with a brush none see
And then, when he hears me—why, then you hear me.

For whatever he gives of his marvelous store,
With pride that is humble I bring to your door,
And grateful and happy, I pray evermore

O Genius who stands on the strange bottle's brink
Aid me forever and ever to link
My heart to the world's with a drop of its ink.

—*Carlotta Perry in the Independent.*

"MUCH ADO."

A NOVELETTE BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

[Written for The Sunday Oregonian.]

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

"I could not help thinking of that yesterday," said Nell hurriedly.

"Did you see him yesterday?" said her mother.

"Yes, mamma. I went down to the beach when I took my walk—our own beach—where I thought I was sure I should meet no one. It seemed as if there was some sort of unpleasant fate in it. I thought I would sit on the rocks and make a sketch, and just as I was going to sit down I found a book lying near me. I picked it up and saw the name. It was John Hamilton, and just as I was reading it he came back."

"Ah, Nell, my dear!"

"It could not be helped, mamma. I gave it to him and he bowed and I bowed and turned away. He did not speak. I did not give him time—there was nothing said—only he stood and looked after me, savagely."

"It is very unpleasant," said her mother, "and it is very sad. His poor mother! She is not rich, it appears, and his extravagances are a great burden to her. He is willing to accept any favors from his cousin and for her sake Mr. Wm. Hamilton is most generous to him. He tries to keep him among respectable people. He took him abroad with him and tried to give him a taste for honorable pleasures and a desire for decent occupation. He has been received for his cousin's sake and he has really behaved himself a little better lately."

"And he allows his cousin to support him," said Nell. "That is the finishing touch."

She turned away and walked to the window, which was thrown open to the morning air. And as she did so there passed before the house a tall and dashing drag going at a rattling pace, a beautifully finished and well built affair with two superb horses driven tandem. She turned from the window so suddenly that Mrs. Huntingdon observed the startled movement and spoke to her.

"What was it, Nell?"

"It—it was he, mamma."

And this time Mrs. Huntingdon did not feel it necessary to ask if she meant Mr. Jack Hamilton.

As far as Mrs. Maria Huntingdon's ideas of success were concerned, the literary reception at which Prof. Chatterton appeared was entirely successful. Her parlors were well filled: there were lions who came to see the lionne wonder who outlioned them, there were those who came to see each other, those who came because they did not know how to get out of it, but how large a proportion because they tenderly doted upon Maria Huntingdon it would have been a trifle hard to say.

Their hostess stood near the door with Prof. Chatterton waiting at her side with a slightly perturbed and puzzled air. He had a laudable desire to do what was expected of him, but he was not quite sure what it was. Mrs. Maria Huntingdon so bewildered him. Two days spent under her roof and in her society had made him wonder more and more why he had fallen into her possession. She had presented him with several of her books and had given him a detailed account of the disgraceful manner in which she had been treated by her publishers. He had heard accounts of her grandparents and had been shown [illegible] a miniature of the relative who had originally owned the boots of Gen. Washington. He had not seen the boots [illegible] were kept in solemn state at the [illegible] family mansion which [illegible] gray and venerable [illegible] ancestral acres. When he afterwards saw it by accident and found it a wooden house at the corner of a village street with pasture in the back yard for one cow [illegible] he was bewildered [illegible] and gave up forever endeavoring to [illegible] those problems of ancestry. [illegible] his name pronounced in the inspiring tones of his [illegible] as he watched the [illegible] passing him he gave himself up [illegible] to the force of circumstances. [illegible] of the guests bidden to the feast were [illegible] singular looking persons [illegible] there were many others who were [illegible] products of a high degree [illegible]. Early in the evening [illegible] a fair and blooming mother and [illegible] charming daughter [illegible] immediately upon their entrance. He thought indeed he had never seen [illegible] charming pair and when he [illegible] his hostess [illegible] of glancing with guilty haste from Mrs. Maria Huntingdon's pronounced countenance to this delightful girl with her delicate piquant face and pretty little head.

"She is considered pretty," said Mrs. Maria, "by some people, but she has not much character—not much character, I am sorry to say."

Notwithstanding this rather alarming statement Prof. Chatterton found himself guilty of [illegible] these women of brightness even [illegible] to the naked eye, after a few minutes conversation with the much to be deplored young beauty and her mother. He felt less at a loss as they stood near him and when it became apparent that they were about to leave him he resorted to ingenious subterfuges to detain them even going to the unworthy length of affecting a deep and warm affection for some friends they had met in London who until that moment had been ranked among his slight acquaintances. He recalled with somewhat rash enthusiasm, the solitary occasion when he had appeared at an afternoon tea at their house, dwelt with glowing fervor upon the pleasure he had derived from the occasion, and was just upon the point o

ational Bank,
OREGON,
$100,000.
Banking Business.
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bankers and Individuals
ADE, R. L. DURHAM,
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Portland, Or.
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shed, available in Europe
LEGRAPHIC TRANSFER
Chicago, St. Louis and San
BILLS drawn in sums to
Frankfort-on-the-Main,
favorable terms at all [illegible]
SMITH H. C. STRATTON
Cashier

Savings Bank
AND, OR.,
ON DEPOSITS,
TORS
J. W. Brazee,
Ward S. Stevens,
Cleveland Rockwell
and Washington sts.

sh Columbia.
Royal Charter
$3,000,000
Cornhill, London.
San Francisco, Victoria.
General Banking and Exchange; Bills Discounted and [illegible]. Deposits received on check, also on special [illegible]
TOWNSEND Manager.

Savings Bank
AND, OR.,
BANKING BUSINESS.
San Francisco and New York, on favorable terms.
TIME DEPOSITS.
Vice President, W. O. Johnson, L. Loewenberg, H. L. Pittock, [illegible] Hirschner

on, Bankers,
Banking Business.
all points on favorable
issued, available in Europe
TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFERS
Washington, Chicago, St. [illegible] San Francisco and various [illegible] Idaho, Montana and
don, Paris, Berlin, Frank[illegible]

Savings Bank
[illegible] streets, Portland, Or.
[illegible] business. Allows interest [illegible] as follows
certificates 1 per cent.
certificates 1 per cent.
certificates 1 per cent.
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Ira F. Powers,
O. H. Dodd,
R. Williams,
SMITH J. P. MARSHALL
President. Cashier

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[illegible] on Hong Kong Exchange
[illegible] connected with the [illegible] terms

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Cashier
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Cashier

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, OREGON,
[illegible] Business. [illegible] in Marion counties.

Francisco Bank.
TED. $2,300,000
Broad st., London.
General Banking and Exchange [illegible] discounts bills, and [illegible] travellers' credits, available in [illegible]
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MACKINTOSH, Manager.

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REGON
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A. D. 1720.
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Front & First [illegible] rtland.
[illegible] S. REED, Agent.
MERSEY MARINE
F COMPANY
VERPOOL.
$2,000,000
$175,000
$15,000
No. 5 First street.
LIP C. SCHUYLER Agent.

KETS
JOHNSON,
MARKET,
her and Packer.
[illegible] to supplying ships,
for all kinds of [illegible]
A BROS.
chers & Packers
[illegible] all kinds of Meats
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[illegible] Central Market, Portland
MARKET.
THOS. PAPWORTH,
& PAPWORTH,
DEALERS IN ALL
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D. ROOM 2, PORTLAND
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A. M., 3 to 5 P. M.

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There's a queer little bottle stands here on my desk,
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There are true-lover songs full many, I ween,
There's solace for sorrow, and prayers serene,
And the strong staff of Hope whereon weakness may lean.

Of the Genius who holds of this bottle the keys
I speak in a parable now, if you please—
I pray, on my bent—metaphorical—knees,

Every day for the secret by which to extract
The song, the romance, the wit, wisdom and fact
With which, to my keen delight, this bottle is packed.

And oft as I raise my importunate plea
He touches my lips with [illegible]
And then, when he hears me—why, then you hear me.

For whatever he gives of his marvelous store
With pride that is humble I bring to your door,
And, grateful and happy, I pray evermore,

O Genius, who stands on the strange bottle's brink,
Aid me forever and ever to ink
My heart o'er the world with a drop of its ink.

—*Carlotta Perry in the Independent.*

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[Written for The Sunday Oregonian.]

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

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"Did you see him yesterday?" said her mother.

"Yes, mamma. I went down to the beach when I took my walk—our own beach—where I thought I was sure I should meet no one. It seemed as if there was some sort of unpleasant fate in it. I thought I would sit on the rocks and make a sketch, and just as I was going to sit down I found a book lying near me. I picked it up and saw the name. It was John Hamilton, and just as I was reading it he came back."

"Ah, Nell, my dear!"

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"It is very unpleasant," said her mother, "and it is very sad. His poor mother! She is not rich, it appears, and his extravagances are a great burden to her. He is willing to accept any favors from his cousin, and for her sake Mr. William Hamilton is most generous to him. He tries to keep him among respectable people. He took him abroad with him and tried to give him a taste for honor [illegible] pleasures and [illegible] occupation. [illegible] for his cousin's sake and he [illegible] himself a little better lately."

"And he allows his cousin to support him," said Nell. "That is the [illegible]."

She turned away and walked to the window which was thrown open to the morning air. And as she did so there passed before the house a tall and dashing drag going at a rattling pace, a beautifully finished and well built affair with two superb horses driven tandem. She turned from the window so suddenly that Mrs. Huntingdon observed the startled movement and spoke to her.

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Their hostess stood near the door with Prof. Chatterton waiting at her side with a slightly perturbed and puzzled air. He had a laudable desire to do what was expected of him, but he was not quite sure what it was. Mrs. Maria Huntingdon so bewildered him. Two days spent under her roof and in her society had made him wonder more and more [illegible] he had fallen into her possession. She had presented him with several [illegible] and had given him a detailed account of the disgraceful manner in which she had been treated by her publishers. [illegible] anecdotes of her grandparents [illegible] handed down [illegible] strange and [illegible] of the [illegible] relative who had originally [illegible] [illegible] Washington. [illegible] hotel because they were [illegible] state at the old [illegible] ingenuously [illegible] able people surrounded [illegible]. When he afterwards [illegible] found it a wooden house at the corner of a village street with pasture in the back yard for one cow of domestic [illegible] bewildered again [illegible] endeavoring to solve those problems of ancestry. As he [illegible] announced in the [illegible] tones of his [illegible] poetess [illegible] changing faces passing [illegible] entirely [illegible] circumstances. [illegible] to the feast were [illegible] persons but there were many others who were, without doubt, [illegible] degree of [illegible] eye fell upon [illegible] mother and her fair [illegible] daughter who attracted him immediately upon their entrance [illegible] never seen a more charming pair, and when he found them to be relatives of his hostess he was conscious of glancing with guilty haste from Mrs. Maria Huntingdon's pronounced countenance to this delightful girl with her delicate piquant face and pretty little head.

"She is considered pretty," said Mrs. Maria, "by some people, but she has not much character—not much character, I am sorry to say."

Notwithstanding this rather alarming statement Prof. Chatterton found himself guilty of the base weakness of bringing [illegible] visibly to the naked eye after a few minutes conversation with the unconscious young beauty and her mother. He felt less at a loss as they stood near him, and when it became apparent that they were about to leave him he [illegible] various subterfuges to detain them, even going to the unworthy length of [illegible] deep and warm affection for some friends they had met in London, who until that moment had been ranked among his slight acquaintances. He recalled with some warmth and enthusiasm the solitary occasion when he had appeared at an afternoon tea at their home, dwelt with glowing fervor upon the pleasure he had derived from the occasion, and was just upon the point of perjuring himself on the subject of various minor details, when his attention was attracted by a slight movement on the part of Miss Huntingdon, indeed by something more than a movement—in fact, by something even as suggestive as a sudden and most beautiful access of color.

She had been standing with her face toward the door, and the movement she made was to turn her back to it as quietly as possible—and the movement came after the color—the color just at the moment two new guests made their appearance and made their low bows to their hostess.

Prof. Chatterton's eye, which was an observant one, after resting a moment on Miss Huntingdon's delicately vivid cheek made a direct line for the door.

"Some one has come in," was his physician's [illegible] swift internal comment. "Accelerated action of the heart caused by opening of the door is not uncommon among the young. This is something of the same order."

But when his glance took in the new comers his own expression changed decidedly. They were two young men of exactly opposite types—types which the severe simplicity of their evening dress seemed to contrast—one small and slight and prettily, femininely blonde, with a sleek little fair head and a shy pair of blue eyes, the other all [illegible] muscular and more darkly splendid than seemed absolutely called for.

"What!" exclaimed Prof. Chatterton. "It seems impossible, but—it is [illegible]!"

Mrs. Huntingdon looked up at him. She was slightly flushed herself. She had had time to see that Mr. Jack Hamilton's oddly fringed eyes had flashed one glance round the room and then rested steadily upon the knot of bright hair softly coiled low on the nape of Nell's neck—his gaze being as disgracefully eager as if it had been her averted face.

"Do you know—" began Mrs. Huntingdon a little hesitantly.

"The two young men who have just come in," finished the professor, hesitating a trifle also and showing signs of momentary mental disturbance. "I may say I do—or I did. One of them I should scarcely have expected—are they friends of yours?" checking himself hastily.

"No," Mrs. Huntingdon answered. "My son knows Mr. William Hamilton, but—"

It was the professor's turn to flush now. His elderly cheek warmed.

"He may be very thankful that he has not the honor of knowing Mr. Jack Hamilton," he said. "It is a questionable one. I have suffered from it myself. I—I should not speak, but I feel strongly on the subject, and it startled me to see him here. Other places less pleasant to him would be more fitting his proclivities."

Nell moved her head lightly. The movement gave Mr. Jack Hamilton a view of the side of her cheek—only the hint of a curve, but enough to cause him some speculation. He wondered if it often wore so deep and burning a rose, and if not why an elderly scientist should have the power to cause it to so glow and [illegible]. Even [illegible] to Marian and Hester Beverly and was quite equal to encountering the vivacities of young persons and others as vivacious, he did not lose sight of the bright small head even though for some time he only saw the back of it and now and then the curve of the glowing cheek. He [illegible] that the professor seemed to be telling Mrs. Huntingdon something in which both were interested, and he wondered what it could be. If by any magic power he had been able to discover that the [illegible] was not entirely unconnected with him, he might have found himself with difficulty composed. He looked composed enough, but upon the whole he was not quite so composed as he looked. He had a restless and not at all pleasant feeling that the one object he specially desired to accomplish this evening might not be easily encompassed. He did not know why, and his fine vigorous temper rose a trifle when he reflected upon the possibility. He had not been accustomed to encountering obstacles and they did not please him. Why should there be obstacles? He would not submit to them easily at all events. If he had been rather a [illegible] affair for him so far he had usually obtained what he desired. He bit his lip and knitted his black brows and wore for a moment his piratical aspect, but the next he turned to Marian Beverly with a jest and a most unpiratical laugh.

"Mamma," said Nell to her mother as they moved away from Prof. Chatterton, "mamma!" And Mrs. Huntingdon felt that she touched her dress and even held it a second.

"What is it, my dear?" she asked, a little surprised. How lovely the girl was! What a brilliant color she had! How her eyes shone!

"Mamma," said Nell, "I wish to be quite near you. Do not let us be separated."

And there was actually a thrill of excitement in her low voice.

At least she would have the protection of her nearness against the glances of the eyes which followed her. Even when she did not see them she felt them, and somehow it seemed almost impossible to look up without meeting them. It was very strange that she must see them when she raised her glance. It was not likely that he was watching her every moment. He was talking. He was being presented to different people. She knew the pretty young woman before whom he made his bows and who seemed to find his remarks well worth listening to and laughing at, and yet she felt as if she could not lift her eyes without meeting his [illegible] the only two people in the room.

"How can I be so conscious?" she said to herself. "How can I be? Perhaps he [illegible] me at all. If he were any one else I should not notice it." And her pain rose and fell and rose again, and whether [illegible] not [illegible] her face lost upon the [illegible].

[illegible]

[illegible] heard the people [illegible] for [illegible] Mrs. Maria Huntingdon [illegible].

"Your [illegible] Mr. Hamilton, Mrs. Huntingdon; Mr. Hamilton, Miss Huntingdon."

It was over in an instant. Two men bowed and he was sitting [illegible]. [illegible] the [illegible] of her dress touched him, the fragrance of the lilies of the valley she held [illegible] the air about him. She had bent her head slightly in recognition of the introduction but she did not speak.

He remembered afterwards that she scarcely spoke at all while he was near her. He addressed himself to her mother almost—he had a manner which was considered very attractive to mothers. His wit and his good nature [illegible] fascinated them. He could always amuse the most elderly and sad, to laugh and enjoy themselves, and [illegible]. But Mrs. Huntingdon did not laugh, and [illegible] he did not sustain his reputation during the interview. He was not brilliant at all.

"I have the pleasure of knowing your son," he said to Mrs. Huntingdon. "We met in [illegible]."

She made a movement which might almost have been called a start and there was a transitory expression of something like surprise in the beautiful eyes she turned upon him.

"Donald spoke of yourself and your cousin in his last letter," she said.

Her manners and tone were very gentle and graceful, but she was wondering at the hardihood of his daring to speak with such complacency of the acquaintance—of course he knew what place he held in Donald's estimation—Donald was too frank and courageous to have concealed the matter. It was additionally repellant that he should brave things out in this way. She did not find it easy to talk to him, but she did her quiet and clever best to so far engage him that it was not necessary for Nell to utter more than a few sentences. It was very well done. It was not long before the paper appeared, and then there was no more opportunity for conversation. As soon as his hostess unfolded her manuscript Mr. Hamilton arranged himself in a listening attitude with great decorum. He gave himself up to listening from beginning to end. He was not perhaps enthusiastic, but the fixedness of his attention was at least laudable and not to be complained of. Nell also kept her eyes fixed on her aunt—steadiness of gaze being taken or granted as an infallible sign of deep interest. She was apparently entirely absorbed in the [illegible].

"He is not looking at me now," she was saying to herself. "And it is the worst [illegible] that I should feel as if he were. I could not [illegible] of myself. He is not looking at me or thinking of me. He is behaving very well. He is listening to Aunt Maria."

"I suppose," he was saying to himself, "I am the most objectionable fellow that I [illegible] thought myself. What have they heard? What is the matter? What the deuce! I'm an [illegible]—what's the use of it? Is the brand of Cain on my forehead?"

He had in fact a dangerous temper which he [illegible] learned the perilousness of, and it had almost got the better of him when, the moment the reading was over, Mrs. Huntingdon spoke to her, rising from her seat. "I promised Aunt Maria to pour out the tea for her. She is looking for me now."

Mrs. Maria was really coming in search of her and approached to bear her away.

"Wait a moment," he said. "Mr. Hamilton is coming too. He is to help you."

A slight quick smile irritated Mr. Hamilton's dark countenance. He bestowed upon his mouth [illegible] the high involuntary [illegible] which means, according to circumstances, [illegible] or sentiments of [illegible] nature.

"I shall be delighted," he said. "I am very strong."

"The tea is not," said Mrs. Maria. "I have some respect for people's nerves."

So it was [illegible] he stood at Nell's right hand as she poured out cups of the harmless beverage referred to. Her color and her eyes [illegible] bright each moment. She could not seem to make an effort to avoid addressing him directly, and yet almost every remark he made was [illegible] by some other [illegible]. [illegible] the men who came for cups of tea [illegible] which is the [illegible] of the sex. Some of them were repulsively witty and made clever remarks which he felt to be [illegible] out of place. He would have [illegible] gloom to [illegible]. He had been [illegible] continued [illegible] for him with [illegible] eyes [illegible] kept coming back for cups of tea [illegible].

[illegible]

"It's what I should do myself," [illegible] laugh so unexpected that Nell started and looked up at him.

"I am laughing at myself," [illegible] and his eyes sparkled with such [illegible] good humor that Nell was obliged to [illegible] look very much [illegible] attractive than was his right.

She [illegible] his good looks more than ever when a little later his cousin came to the table. The gentle innocent little blonde face [illegible] into such insignificance by contrast with the other's splendor of dark, rich coloring, the slim neat frame seemed almost unmanly.

"Oh," she thought with a spasm of her warm earnest young heart, "how cruel that he should be the one to look so. How cruel too that I should think it for an instant!"

And in her contrition she turned so sweet and brilliant a look on the young man that his relative almost staggered under it. The recipient himself—perhaps through a sensitive shyness—seemed a little embarrassed when she began to speak to him of her brother, and because he seemed so, she redoubled her efforts to place him at his ease. Nothing could have been prettier than these efforts; they were so kind, so frank. He recovered himself rapidly, and in a few minutes they were talking and laughing together so gaily that even the man with the mocking eyes was rather neglected, and Mr. Jack Hamilton stood by like a man in a dream, pulling his mustache and looking more darkling than ever.

[illegible]

"My [illegible] will [illegible] you to pour out tea [illegible]."

It appeared incredible to Nell that she should feel, when he spoke [illegible], as if there [illegible] something [illegible] about him, as if she had been [illegible] unkind, as if something was wrong.

"Everybody thinks him the handsomest fellow alive," said her companion gently, "[illegible] and the luckiest. I envy him very heartily of my life. It is not only the [illegible], it's the attractiveness. He couldn't [illegible] a tea kettle without [illegible]. He bears [illegible] like a [illegible]. He has everything."

"Oh, no, not everything!" exclaimed Nell involuntarily, and then flushed [illegible] remark more significant than she had intended. "[illegible] That would be too much."

"Oh, it is too much," said his cousin [illegible] the truth.

When her duties at the tea table were ended he went with her in search of her mother, and when they found her Mrs. Huntingdon was kindness itself. Her cordiality was like Nell's, all the warmer because he was not the one who had eyes like a star. If he had been taller and more beautiful she would not have felt it a matter of principle that she should be very good to him, but as it was she was very good to him, indeed. Mr. Jack Hamilton saw that she was—from his side of the room—and saw so that even when a group of men surrounded Mrs. Huntingdon's chair, even though the man with the mocking eyes led the van, his cousin was not the least neglected, and, indeed, seemed to be very well placed.

It was Mr. William Hamilton who accompanied them to their carriage, and it was when they were passing one of the rooms on their way to it that they saw Prof. Chatterton near the doorway talking to Jack Hamilton, who stood before him flushed and with [illegible] eyes. The professor was speaking with some heat of manner and tone.

"Effrontery!" they heard him say. "No right here. It should not be so."

Mr. William Hamilton rather hurried them past. Mrs. Huntingdon thought his look of enjoyment faded suddenly. He looked almost irritated.

"I am afraid my cousin is having a bad quarter of an hour," he said. "The professor is not an [illegible] old party."

For a few seconds after they found themselves alone in the carriage Nell and her mother were silent. Then Mrs. Huntingdon spoke.

"I must tell you something of what Prof. Chatterton told me of him, Nell," she said.

"Mamma!" said Nell suddenly, "mamma, do not tell me anything more."

"My dear!" exclaimed her mother.

"Do not tell me any more, mamma," said Nell. "I have heard enough—too much."

Mrs. Huntingdon felt a vague trouble stirring within her as she looked upon the girl's face.

"Perhaps I should not have told you," she said hesitatingly. "Perhaps I was wrong. I ought to have remembered that such an experience is new to you—"

"Yes," said Nell, "don't let me know any more—don't let us speak of it—I want to shut it out," and she turned her face away toward the great surging sea, and as the moonlight touched her Mrs. Huntingdon saw she was quite pale.

CHAPTER II.

And from that hour the vague trouble which had stirred within the maternal breast [illegible] to complete rest. In some strange [illegible] the thing which had in that instant [illegible]. After this night [illegible] brilliant summer days that followed Mrs. Huntingdon saw on Nell's face new pallors and flushes. North [illegible] was at its gayest and she went out a great deal, and [illegible] her mother said to herself that the excitement might be telling upon her [illegible] and again she would not [illegible] summer had [illegible] upon her so much. Sometimes she came in from a walk or ride [illegible] and pale and with some [illegible] about her of having been hurried. Now and then she came in a little out of breath, sometimes with her color [illegible] when they [illegible] as if there was a [illegible] touch of agitation [illegible] in the air.

Her [illegible] acquaintance with Mr. William Hamilton [illegible] invitation to call [illegible] saw him frequently. [illegible] proved a young man of [illegible] made their way to their door. They were very faithful [illegible] in the selection of flowers [illegible] his offerings in this line were [illegible] modesty [illegible] must have succeeded. [illegible] Mrs. Huntingdon and Nell were [illegible] more than kind to the gentle little man, they were sensitively scrupulous towards him. They bestowed upon him through private scruples such graceful favors as it was their habit to bestow upon no other masculine creature. [illegible] more fascinating they would have been less gracious, feeling that he could take care of himself. If he had been a combination of charm and virtue they would have shown him less [illegible] in secret, but as he represented virtue alone—virtue oppressed and handicapped by the injustice of nature—they hastened to support that virtue as virtue alone deserves to be appreciated. They received him whenever he called, they accepted his flowers, and Nell even wore and carried them; they invited him to drive with them, and once or twice allowed themselves to be bowled over the roads on his drag, on each of which occasions they chanced to bowl past Mr. Jack Hamilton, who was walking alone, and who, being powdered by the dust from the chariot wheels, looked up and flushed slightly as he raised his hat to salute them.

Of his cousin Mr. William Hamilton rarely spoke, and if he had occasion to refer to him it was done with a hint of hurry and embarrassment which always touched their hearts.

(*To be continued.*)

LIFE IN ST. PETERSBURG.

Atlantic Monthly.

Let us, then, try to realize for a moment what life in St. Petersburg is, not to the easy minded traveler, whose home is far away and who may leave Russia at any moment, but to the native resident whose family ties and general interests—to say nothing of patriotism—bind him to the country even more firmly than he may chains [illegible] the arbitrariness of the [illegible]. The lodging house, under circumstances [illegible] are in aspect strikingly suggestive of the [illegible] of state [illegible] the [illegible] dwelling-place and its picturesque surroundings into an aggregation of cells watched over by a house-porter in the pay of the police. This [illegible] is very [illegible] the sharpness [illegible] with [illegible] what [illegible] while [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] who reports regularly to [illegible] suspicious circumstances [illegible] a wedding or a funeral is to bring together [illegible] it is the house-porter who furnishes the [illegible] of police spies [illegible]; if a [illegible] literary evening, or social gathering is to be swelled into an assembly of conspirators seeking to undermine the foundations of law and order, it is again the house-porter who, figuratively speaking, supplies the gendarmes with their magnifying glasses. And if some unfortunate youth is to pay the penalty of his liberalism by being dragged from his bed at midnight to the fortress of Peter and Paul, nobody is more eager to lead the way to the sleeping suspect than this treacherous janitor of many households, nightly [illegible] in the garb of the watch dog his unholy compact with the wolves.

To go in constant fear of the paid denunciator, never to "talk politics" even with relatives or intimates incapable of treachery, to have your local newspaper turned by the censor into a mere record of foreign events, and your foreign journal sub-edited for you by a policeman, who carefully clips from it or erases everything of dangerous tendency, not to know the moment when an enemy may thrust some seditious publication into your interior, and so time his disclosure to the police as to have you surprised with the forbidden matter in your possession, to be kept by a silenced press in a state of complete ignorance as to serious events occurring around you, and to feel, in regard to your own personal safety and that of your family and friends, an uncertainty truly oriental—all this is no more than a [illegible] suggestion of what life is to thousands of persons born to Russian citizenship in St. Petersburg. And when to the elements of the general discontent, to the bitter emptiness of existence, to the longing for a life of noble activities, you add the pangs of poverty and the sense of personal wrong, it cannot seem strange that in many of these lodging houses sensitive humanity should find its last and only safeguard against voluntary extinction in the hopes, the idealism and the self-sacrifice of a political religion.

AT THE GRAVE OF KEATS.

JOHN W. C

Long, long ago, in the sweet Roman spring,
Through the bright morning, [illegible] we slowly strolled
And in the blue heaven heard the skylark sing
Above the ruins old—

Beyond the forum's crumbling grass-grown piles,
Through high walled lanes o'errunning with blossoms white,
That opened on the far Campagna's glades
Of verdure and of light.

Till by the grave of Keats we stood and found
A [illegible] single rose left blooming there,
Making more sacred still that hallowed ground
And that enchanted air.

A single rose whose fading petals drooped
And seemed to wait for us to gather them.
So kneeling on the humble mound, we stooped
And picked it from its stem.

One rose and nothing more. We shared its leaves
Between us, as we shared the thoughts of one
Called from the field before his [illegible] sheaves
Could feel the harvest sun.

That rose's fragrance is forever fled
To us, dear friend—but not the poet's lay;
He's the rose deathless among the dead
Whose perfume lives to-day.

MEETING THE ESKIMO.

BY FREDERICK SCHWATKA.

[Written for The Sunday Oregonian.]

In all my Arctic experience I encountered some four or five different Eskimo tribes at widely separated points, and to those who have ever met a strange race and remember for the first time how very interesting the meeting was I think they will also be interested in hearing of my first encounter among one of the strangest peoples on earth.

My earliest experience was in North Hudson's straits, after we had been delayed a long time by a drifting ice pack and were lying becalmed off the Upper Savage islands, named by Baffin nearly two hundred years before, and so called on account of the large number of Eskimo he met here. A dismal fog hung over us like a pall, and in a manner which plainly showed that we were just on the edge of the motionless fog bank, for every few minutes it would pull northward a few yards and reveal a perfectly clear atmosphere to the south with a hundred icebergs in view, the dull booming of which as they were disintegrating, and the low swash of the long glassy waves under the ship's counter were the only noises we heard in this unearthly silence brooding over the lazy waters. The fog bank had withdrawn possibly a hundred yards to the north or we had drifted that distance the other way, when from out its ghostly sides, distorted to the dimensions of our own vessel, came an Eskimo *oomiak* or skin boat about the size of an ordinary life boat and holding, probably, a dozen denizens of that country's yard, which we could not see for the fog. "*Kamut! Kamut!*" (Welcome! Welcome!) they shouted at the time of their appearance from the damp fog, to which our mates, knowing the meaning of the words, replied in the same strain, and before the many asleep below were on deck they had pulled up alongside and were crawling over the bulwarks on to the deck. [illegible] was never able to trace [illegible] where this *kamo* (welcome) came from, but in the absence of all other testimony I suppose that it is a pure Eskimo word until proven otherwise, though I never heard it again among the many other Eskimo tribes I visited. One of the theories of the origin of the word Eskimo is that the [illegible] who first [illegible] called them *Kas Kamo* as a result of this word of welcome; then [illegible] from *Ka Kamo* the transition [illegible] is [illegible] easy and natural. [illegible] very first thing a person will notice, and the very last thing they will observe, on meeting a party of these northern nomads is [illegible] words in the English language which can be placed alongside of this peculiar perfume with the sign of equality between them, so I will drop the description as simply impossible, about as gladly as I would the originators of it. This *oomiak*, or skin boat, is made of a light frame of wood over which the skins have been drawn when green, and they are sewed by a [illegible] system in which the seams are perfectly water tight. The skins "pant" in and out between the wooden ribs like a breathing animal, with the motion of the *oomiak* on the water, and this, with the fact that a navigator in one can see right through the translucent skins the dancing water pressing against them, coupled with the idea that it does not require a [illegible] among the crew to capsize one, so delicately are they balanced, makes the nervous novice prefer a [illegible] United States man of war to one in this craft. These Eskimo of Hudson's straits are not of very full stature, have almond eyes like Chinese, and their noses are so flat that they are nearly on the intaglio plan of nasal art instead of the ordinary [illegible]. Like all savages they have very small hands and feet, but even this fashionable physical quality is so obscured with [illegible] that it loses its charms as such. In the summer time much of their clothing is made of the hair seal, which they must wear several seasons to be able to get them in such a wonderful [illegible] condition with the small amount of soil I saw on the [illegible] rocks of their country. [illegible] they were a most jovial, merry-hearted [illegible] savages, laughing heartily at everything that had the appearance of a joke and imposing more work on the muscles that hold up the corners of their mouths into a chronic grin than [illegible] others in their lazy bodies. Their object in visiting us [illegible] through the fog [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the whaling [illegible] party was [illegible] North Hudson's straits. A [illegible] that you would expect a [illegible] worth a [illegible] $1?? [illegible]

[illegible] The white man got generous now [illegible] the skins and ladles, [illegible] a pound of powder to the [illegible]. Four [illegible] of reindeer meat were [illegible] for half a cupful of shot, that properly [illegible] might have secured [illegible], which in turn might have been traded to the whaler for a lump of brown sugar, and [illegible] would have still been satisfied, even if the white man had bitten it in two and handed him the smaller half. Twenty [illegible] were given for five beautiful white fox skins, and I went into a mathematical estimate with logarithms and astronomy which showed that a man with a capital of a box of caps (four cents wholesale) would, if he started into this business at fifteen years of age and continued it until he felt like retiring, [illegible] the whole [illegible] by warranty deed [illegible] on the rest of the [illegible] system if the foxes held out. They had brought three dogs with them in the *oomiak* which I wanted to purchase for my exploration, and although the surrounding circumstances would have justified me in tendering a [illegible] palm leaf fan that hung up in my stateroom as a souvenir from an unknown predecessor, I broke loose from the infatuation and actually gave them something approximately near their own value. As a result, one old fellow who had evidently not washed his face since he was born, so insisted on rubbing noses with me in an affectionate manner to testify his appreciation of my payments, that notwithstanding it was interpreted as signifying eternal friendship, I almost repented of my weak attempt at generosity and regretted that I had not given them a pipeful for each dog instead of a pound package of it along with other articles. A breeze springing up, "*ter Lon it ee*" (farewell) was exchanged and we parted with all our Eskimo friends except their odor, which hung over the ship as if it had come to stay. I spent the next few hours reading a description of these same savages and how they had to be watched to prevent their stealing things too loosely scattered about the ship's deck, and I thought there would be very little left of every [illegible] if the natives stole enough to [illegible] even with their trading losses.

My second meeting was with the Eskimo of North Hudson's bay, and I was extremely solicitous as to its result, for on them more than any one else would the success of my future expedition depend in the assistance they could render as dog drivers, sledgemen, guides and hunters. I had hoped that they were in Repulse bay far to the northward, as it gave me a better route to King William Land, where I was to search for information concerning Sir John Franklin's ill-fated expedition, but the ship's captain thought they would be on the northern shores of the bay, where they had come down to trade with the American whalemen plying their vocations in these waters. I could not help thinking at the time that at his trading was a good sample of all; I would not come down from one pair of socks to trade, if I were an Eskimo, but I am glad to say that others were generally more just, though it would require a stretch of conscience to accuse them of generosity, except a few commendable cases. When the dreary coast line of North Hudson's bay loomed in sight on the 8th of August nothing of the natives could be seen as we searched the brown mossy shores with our telescopes. It afterward turned out that their brown sealskin tents were in full sight of the ships, but we could not see them on account of their being thrown against a background of moss of the same color. Presently a small *kiak*, or Eskimo skin canoe, came around the point of an island, the only sign of life we got at first, but inside of a half hour we were surrounded by them and our decks covered with Eskimos. They did not seem to be as fragrant a boreal bouquet as the [illegible] we had seen in Hudson's straits, and in many ways were cleaner and neater than their *confreres* further south. I was real glad to see this, as I had to live among them for some time. The white men greeted the new-comers with cries of "*Kamut Kamut!*" to which they replied in the same words, but I afterwards learned that they thought it was the white man's language and their words for welcome. I found the Eskimo of North Hudson's bay were much more intelligent and withal better looking than those in the straits, but as to the former characteristic my conclusions were based on only a short acquaintance. The thieving propensity which nearly all travelers unite in saying is so common in the straits I found to be almost wholly wanting among my new acquaintances, and no care was taken to put things of a movable nature away from their sight when we met them. Their idea of the truth was also much better, taking it altogether. I here met a very good kind of savages, and as I was completely dependent upon them I moved among them where they gave me a hearty welcome. I afterward noticed when these northern natives met each other they never exchanged any salutation whatever beyond a sort of idiotic grin at each other's presence, when they commenced talking to each other as if they had been together for years. Handshaking or its equivalent is not known, and their only method of kissing is to touch their noses together in a way that from our standpoint looks more idiotic than affectionate. It is seldom done between [illegible] parents with their little children, of whom no people on the face of earth are more fond. Those natives who have been for a long time visited by whalers shake hands with the white men when they meet them, but this has never grown upon them so as to adopt it as one of their own customs.

Our next meeting with Eskimo was in a river valley never before visited by white men, and where this particular band had a permanent village, living off of the salmon that here ascend annually and are there caught in large numbers. We were on our main sledge journey from Hudson's bay to the Arctic ocean, and had been out from the former about a month and a half. When the country was becoming so mountainous that we were not sure of getting through with our sledges, the head of a narrow river let us through, and down this we were traveling, congratulating ourselves on such an easy route to the Arctic sea. We traveled along it about a hundred miles, and about fifty miles from its mouth first came upon evidence of natives, a place where they had cut out a snow block from a bank of that material, a little *cache* in the snow where they had buried some musk ox meat, and from there a trail led down the river showing where they had dragged a musk-ox skin, using it as a sledge. Afterward we ascertained that the musk ox skins were the only kind of sledges these people had, so scarce is wood in this country. It is unknown, in fact, as a growth, but the natives get a little by barter with a tribe beyond who secure a little from the Arctic coast as driftwood. It produced considerable excitement in our own party, and especially the native part of it, as we felt that our search was then truly commencing.

Next day, quite a while before we expected to, we came plump on their village of half a dozen snow huts as we rounded a sharp bend in the river. A few of the natives were standing around, but they scurried into their houses as soon as they [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] further west [illegible] to come from their huts of snow as if they were any protection. According to Eskimo custom our party armed itself with a [illegible] array of weapons that was almost comical, for, knowing our strength, we cared little what we took, everything from a [illegible] rifle to a sledge slat, my own native hunters taking an [illegible] or a snow knife rather than a heavy gun. It looked worse than Falstaff's army ever could. [illegible] one of those gatherings that all the ammunition a person wanted to route it completely was a [illegible] and a dozen [illegible] yells, but it was because the other side was so much weaker that we so arrived ourselves. Marching in company front we neared their snow houses, in front of which they too were drawn up in line armed with musk ox lances, bow, knives and so on. When the two lines got within two or three feet of each other ours was halted and the others began rubbing their hands up and down their breasts, as if they were scratching their breastbones, and saying "*Ilyami tomee! Manik tomee!*" which was interpreted by the natives as equivalent to welcome. We shook hands with some, but so little did they know about it that it felt to me like shaking hands with a horse, as these animals are sometimes trained to do. After they were quite positive that we were not going to murder them all the women and children came crawling from the snow houses and after some hesitation mingled with the throng. Of course the white men of the party were a combined circus and magic lantern show to the natives, and they never took their eyes off of us. And when we showed them the effect of our guns splitting a barrel head into kindlings at one or two hundred yards, and tearing out the side of a bank so they could see and hear the gravel fly at 1000 to 1200 yards, their astonishment as pictured on their countenances was simply beyond pen to portray.

This episode occurred on the 10th of May, among the Ooqueesik Salik Eskimo, and it was not until the 1st of June that we again met another band, the Netschilluks, and the last tribe to which we had to have an introduction in the polar regions. This Netschilluk village numbered about 100 souls, only six or eight of whom had ever before seen any white men. The same, or about the same rigmarole of preliminary ceremonies had to be enacted as was done at the last village before we could become acquainted. There were two or three noticeable differences, however. When we were first observed on the crest of the ridge about a half a mile distant from their village, the men, instead of concealing themselves, formed a belligerent line in front of their *igloos* (snow houses) with drawn bows, one arrow fixed and the whole quiver brought around in a convenient position for the use of the others. One of my men, Ikqueesik, was a Netschilluk, and he told me to fire a gun in the air to show them that we were white men, which seemed to frighten them so much the more. At last an old woman of the tribe was sent forward to meet Ikqueesik, whom I had directed to go to them, and the poor old hag came forward trembling and amid a perfect bewilderment of loud volubility to strengthen her fast failing courage, no doubt expecting at every step to be shot down. The idea of the Netschilluks was that, had we slain their envoy, they would have known we were hostile and they would not have lost any of their fighting force by this strategic reconnoissance. "Ikqueesik oowinugah!" (I am Ikqueesik) yelled my guide, as he approached her, and when she recognized him, although he left there twenty five years before as a boy of seven, she was as frantic with joy as a felon reprieved on the gibbet, for she had both escaped death, as she thought, and found a long lost youth from Netschilluk land, and she gladly ran back to the warlike line, swinging her arms like a Dutch windmill, shouting "Ikqueesik kodloonah!" (Ikqueesik and white men), and we were all soon joined in friendly conversation.—[Copyrighted. All rights reserved.]

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PROPOSALS FOR BIDS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE board of commissioners for the building of the Pine Creek wagon road will receive bids for the construction of a bridge across Eagle creek, on the line of survey of the Pine Creek road, up to 10 o'clock A. M. of Monday January 11, 1886.

The specifications of said bridge are as follows, to wit: Dimensions—The roadway shall be twelve feet in the clear, the floor of which shall be of timbers flattened and jointed to have a surface of not less than eight inches and the joint surface not less than three inches, to be [illegible] upon the stringers to a five inch [illegible] thickness and spiked with eight-inch spikes [illegible] each end of each floor timber and one spike [illegible] alternately otherwise.

The truss span [illegible] plans, [illegible] feet span, constructed of [illegible] and the necessary rods, [illegible] and washer [illegible] thing for abutments and piers—to be of timbers flattened [illegible] top and bottom sides [illegible] twelve inches in thickness, [illegible] bolted together [illegible] with three [illegible] bolts. The bottom of these [illegible] gravel surface and [illegible] rock or stone. The [illegible] by thirty feet [illegible] shall be [illegible] same sized dim[illegible]. The up-stream [illegible]. The top of [illegible] water [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] 10x12 [illegible]

Iron Work—All [illegible] to be of wrought iron, [illegible] inches in diameter and [illegible] angle washers and double nuts. All [illegible] of wrought iron one and [illegible] upset and pro[illegible] 1x3x12 [illegible] washers. All rods shall be of the best quality of [illegible] and not welded. The [illegible] to have rests with [illegible] to be bolted to [illegible] stringers to be bolted [illegible] bolts.

[illegible] diagonal horizontal [illegible] square timbers well [illegible] intersections.

[illegible] as shown on plans. Work [illegible] workmanlike manner [illegible] superintendent of construction [illegible] commissioners.

The plans [illegible] secretary of the board. The bridge must be completed by the first day of May, 1886.

[illegible] be accompanied by a check, bond or other good [illegible] in the sum of $[illegible], conditioned that the bidder will in case he should be awarded the contract enter into an agreement with the board [illegible] in accordance with the [illegible]. The contractor will [illegible] unequal to the amount of [illegible] the bridge according [illegible] substantial and workmanlike manner. Each bid shall be sealed and marked "bid for the construction of a bridge across Eagle creek on the Pine Creek wagon road," and delivered or mailed to [illegible] P. McDaniel, Union, Union county, Oregon, so as to be received by him on or before Monday January 11, 1886, at 10 o'clock A. M. The board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

J. W. S[illegible] RANGE, Secretary.
COLIN CAMPBELL, Superintendent.
UNION, Or., Dec. 28, 1885. 2819

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THE GREAT STORM.

A Vast Stretch of Country Covered by the Blizzard.

THE WEATHER INTENSELY COLD

Appalling Loss of Life and Shipping along the Atlantic—One Vessel is Burned on the Rocks and All Hands are Lost.

CHICAGO, Jan 9.—The magnitude and character of the present storm cannot be fully told or understood for some days. Telegraph communication with the great sections of the South and West have been completely cut off for periods of ten to twelve hours. No trains have been able to work through to Omaha for three days, and railroad traffic in Iowa is completely abandoned. The telegraphic companies have been more seriously hampered than before in ten years. The storm area extends east to Maine and south to the Gulf of Mexico.

AROUND KANSAS CITY

KANSAS CITY, Jan 9.—The blockade on railroads extending west from this point is almost complete. Local passenger trains are being run to Topeka on the Santa Fe and Union Pacific roads, and to Atchison over the Missouri Pacific and the Burlington and Missouri river roads. Otherwise western traffic is at a standstill. No trains are moving on the Southern Kansas line. Council Bluffs and Omaha are still open, though laboring under difficulties. On overland roads several trains are laying snowbound at way stations.

SAD ACCIDENT IN DELAWARE.

WILMINGTON, Del., Jan 9.—Last night's snow storm caused a most serious block on railroad tracks here suspending travel. This morning the Wilmington & Northern train which leaves at 8 o'clock, collided with two shifting engines that had been sent out from the station with snow sweepers, to clear the tracks. The snow was so blinding that the engines crashed into the train at full speed. Three men on the shifting engines were killed outright, and to add to the horror of the scene the passenger train took fire and burned. The passengers escaped with few injuries.

Another of the dead bodies has been partially identified as that of George W Brinton, telegraph operator at Wilmington. Abel Lawler, fireman of engine No 1, a lad of 17, is most seriously injured, being frightfully burned and bruised. His left leg has been amputated, and recovery is doubtful. John Gorry, assistant yard master, suffered concussion of the brain. His recovery is regarded as hardly possible. Conductor Samuel McMullen, of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore road, and J Flynn received painful, but not dangerous bruises. The condition of George Black, the Wilmington & Northern conductor, is growing worse, and fears of fatal results are entertained. James A. Melvin's injuries include a compound fracture of the right leg, and are regarded as serious. Joseph Wiggins, fireman, George E Stanley and several others received injuries of a slight nature.

IN TEXAS

GALVESTON, Jan 9.—The cold wave extends over a vast area, and will result in immense damage to stock of all kinds. Telegraphic communication is greatly impeded. Austin reports the temperature at 10 degrees above zero. Hundreds of water pipes are frozen. At Laredo the temperature is 8 degrees below the freezing point. At Palestine the mercury touched zero, the coldest weather experienced there in forty years. The water works' street plugs were all frozen and cracked. At Corpus Christi the mercury fell 64 degrees in twelve hours.

WEATHER PREDICTIONS.

WASHINGTON, 10 A. M., Jan 9.—A storm of great severity is now central on the New Jersey coast. The cold wave extends from the Mississippi valley to the south Atlantic states. It will slowly advance over the middle Atlantic states and will reduce the temperature to zero. Severe frost will occur Sunday morning in Florida as far south as Tampa bay.

IN THE NORTHWEST

ST. PAUL, Jan. 9.—The signal officer says there is every indication that the force of the cold wave is broken, but it will be some time before the weather will become very moderate. At Helena the mercury registers 9 above to-day, which shows that the wave has left that section of country and is traveling rapidly down the Missouri valley. The lowest temperature reached was at Minnedosa, Manitoba, where the thermometer registered 52 below. On the Northern Pacific, from Brainerd to Fargo, the temperature varies from 27 to 31 below, the latter at Wadena.

AT KANSAS CITY

KANSAS CITY, Jan 9.—The sun shone brightly to-day, and the blizzard is ended. Eastern trains arrived without serious delay, and west-bound trains are expected to be moving on time to-morrow.

AT PORTLAND

BOSTON, Jan 9.—At Portland, much damage has been done to shipping by the storm. Tugs are kept busy saving vessels in the harbor. Various sensational reports are in circulation, but all that is definitely known is that a large number of vessels were outside last night, and that there is wreckage afloat.

FROZEN TO DEATH.

DES MOINES, Jan 9.—Henry Teri, a teamster frozen badly yesterday at Creston, died this morning. John Shipley and William Curtiss, near Bedford, were frozen so badly yesterday that the former died and the latter is in a critical condition. Wm Cook and team were found frozen to death near Grimes, Polk county.

MANY VESSELS WRECKED.

An Appalling Record of Death and Ruin—An Entire Crew Drowned.

SPRING LAKE, N J., Jan 9.—The schooner Mary G Farr, of Philadelphia, from Baltimore for Providence, is ashore on the outer bar and will be a total wreck. All hands were lost.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan 9.—The loss of the schooner Mary G. Farr, with every soul on board, is perhaps the saddest disaster of the gale. The ill fated vessel was driven ashore and caught fire, but not one of those on board escaped to tell the story. A dispatch from Spring Lake, N J, says that late on Friday night a bright light was seen off the life saving station. The high wind and driving snow made the life saving service almost unavailable. Twice the boom of the signal rang across the water, and the saving rope was sent toward the vessel, but in vain. The crew of the burned vessel launched a boat, but in a moment it went to pieces, and the occupants were drowned. Later the vessel drifted ashore and she is high and dry at low water. Female apparel washed ashore indicates that the captain's wife or other women were on board. The schooner was commanded by John D. Connel of Milton, Delaware, and Joseph Emmons was mate. The crew was shipped from Baltimore, and are not known in this city.

GREAT LOSS OF SHIPPING

BOSTON, Jan 9.—Reports continue to come in from points along the coast which show that the storm of last night worked havoc among shipping. A Provincetown dispatch says a large fleet of schooners, including fourteen three-masters, were off Highland light at sunset last night, several of which reached Provincetown in safety, but many others were driven ashore or foundered. No lives are reported lost, but the life saving crews were kept busy, and there were many narrow escapes. The tug Confidence and two lighters, with two sets of divers, bound for the bark Ibis, ashore on Stone House shoal, arrived last night at Bar Harbor. These are the parties about whom much anxiety was felt during the day in Boston.

The keeper of the Peaked Hill bar life saving station reports that an unknown three-master pounded along the bars for about a mile at day break, and finally went clear out to the bar. Her crew were in the rigging and the vessel had apparently lost her rudder. Some sails [illegible]. It was impossible to [illegible] her.

A number of coasters were [illegible] to sea. The wind reached a velocity of seventy miles an hour at one time.

AT NEW YORK

NEW YORK, Jan 9.—The snow storm which raged all last night with unabated fury continued during to-day. It was accompanied by a very high wind which caused drifts in sheltered places. It also had the effect of delaying travel in the city to a great extent. The storm seriously interfered with the prompt arrival of mails. A number of vessels parted their hawsers and went floating out in the [illegible]. At least two are missing, and have probably floated out to sea.

AT NEWBURYPORT

NEWBURYPORT, Mass., Jan 9.—The severest storm in many years has been raging here the past twelve hours. The schooner George Freeman, Capt. Thurston, with a crew of five men, went out of this port yesterday afternoon and nothing has yet been heard from her.

AT ATLANTIC CITY

ATLANTIC CITY, N J, Jan 9.—The storm here is one of the worst for many years. Houses were unroofed and a high tide did great damage along the sea front. The surf is strewn with sulphur, presumably from a wrecked vessel which is not in sight.

SCHOONER WRECKED AND THREE MEN DROWNED

BOSTON, Jan. 9.—The schooner Juliet, of Ellsworth, Me., was driven on the rocks near Deer Island last night, and the captain, mate and cook were drowned.

BOSTON, Jan 9.—The schooner Juliet struck on the rocks between Deer Island and Winthrop Head, during a gale to-day. She had six persons on board, three of whom lost their lives—Capt. Leach, Charles Turgee, mate, and James Dunn, steward.

DOLPH'S INFLUENCE

Important California Appointments Referred to him by his Committees.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 9.—The senate has not yet confirmed or rejected any appointments which have been sent to it by the president since the beginning of the present session. It is customary, and the senate has followed the practice at the present time, to refer all appointments to the various committees, which the committees again distribute among individual members of the committees. Thus a member of the post office committee would have all the appointments to consider, which had been made in the postoffice department from his section.

Important appointments in California have been referred to the committees on commerce and finance. California has no representation on either of these committees, so that appointments cannot be referred to either Stanford or Miller. It is the practice in such case to refer the appointments to a senator from an adjoining state. Nevada and Oregon each has a senator on both the commerce and finance committees. If Senator Jones were here it is probable that he would take appointments from one committee and Dolph those from another, but as Jones has not yet arrived appointments to all important California offices have been referred to Dolph for consideration. He will report them back to the committees, either favorably or unfavorably, and the committees will doubtless accept his report and in turn submit it to the senate.

Dolph has become the center of a good deal of a good deal of interest for Californians. Henley called on him to-day and asked him if the California appointments had been referred to him. He replied that he considered the manner of appointments and the action that had been taken in regard to them by the senate and committees, are executive and confidential, and he could not answer that question, but told Henley if he had anything to say in regard to any appointments he might say it on the supposition that the appointments had been referred to him. Henley then produced argument for and against various appointments.

Your correspondent asked Senator Dolph when the committee would probably report nominations to the senate. He replied that there would be no haste in the matter. It is exciting some surprise that ex-Senator Hager's appointment as port collector has not yet been confirmed. It is the custom of that body to confirm the appointment of an ex-senator without reference, but in this case exception has been made.

HYPOTHETICAL QUESTIONS NOT ANSWERED

WASHINGTON, Jan 9.—In the case of an application of a man who had relinquished a land entry to make a second entry, where no specific tract is specified, the secretary of the interior decides that such an application amounts simply to a request for a decision as to whether it would be allowed to make such an entry if it should at any time hereafter be desired, and that it is therefore a hypothetical question which the department has refused to answer. The commissioner of the general land office is directed to refuse hereafter to consider application for a restoration of the right to make preemptory filing of homestead or timber culture entries, except when accompanied by an application to make filing or entry for some specified tract.

IMPORTANT COMMITTEES

WASHINGTON, Jan 9.—The members of the ways and means committee may be classified as follows: protectionists, five (all republicans); free traders, seven.

Everybody pricked up his ears when the coinage committee was reached. Would it be silver or anti silver? The reading of the names threw little or no light upon either. "It is a neutral committee," said Gen. Warner, after scanning the list anxiously. "Its action will be likely to depend wholly upon the the shape in which the question of silver coinage is presented to it."

THE A., T. & S. F. RAILWAY

Explanation by the Company of the Suit Brought Against it in Kansas

BOSTON, Jan 9.—The finance committee of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railway company has issued the following circular to stock holders concerning the statement made public through the press that a suit had been begun in Kansas in which a receiver of the road is applied for, as well as an injunction against the payment of the dividend just declared, the basis of the suit being the alleged invalidity of the stock issued and the dividend in 1881. The stock alleged to be invalid was issued after careful consideration, representing the actual assets of the company, and was distributed among the stock holders upon legal advice of the highest authority. The stock was received by all the stock holders of the company and has for nearly five years been held and enjoyed by them and their representatives. No stockholder can be in a position to contest the validity of an action of which he is to-day enjoying the fruit.

The statute of Kansas of 1885 expressly declared that all certificates of stock heretofore issued by any Kansas railroad corporation shall be binding as against the company unless an action be brought to annul the same, within a year from March 1, 1885. The animus of the suit may be measured from the time chosen to bring it, upon the eve of the payment of a dividend and at a moment when the company is offering to its stockholders subscription rights of great value. It may also be inferred from the fact that the suit is believed to be promoted by the same party or parties as recently instituted suit to prevent the payment of the Sonora interest. The plaintiff in that suit held two hundred shares of stock. He had acquired the shares in November last and consequently was and is stopped from calling in question any action of the company prior to his purchase. The former statement, it is believed sufficiently characterizes the proceedings just instituted in Kansas, and shows that whether the object be to affect the stock market or whatever it be, no injury to the interests of the company need be apprehended.

THE FIRE RECORD.

WILD SCENES IN OBERLIN COLLEGE.

CLEVELAND, Jan 9.—There were scenes of the wildest excitement in Oberlin college at 1 o'clock this morning. At that hour flames burst from the third story of the ladies' hall, a brick structure connected with the college and in which 150 female and 100 male students were accommodated. The girls were all sound asleep when the alarm was raised and when they were awakened they rushed from their rooms into the street, clad simply in their night garments. The weather was intensely cold, and it was very difficult to get water into the building. The hall was completely destroyed. The loss on the structure and contents is placed at $50,000. The students on the upper floor lost all their effects. So far as can be learned nobody has been injured.

BLAZE AT CINCINNATI

CINCINNATI, Jan. 9.—A fire in Jewett & Adams' manufactory on Water street was fought by the entire department this morning, as the locality was very dangerous if a conflagration once started. The loss is $100,000, fully insured.

ENGLAND.

THE GREAT STORM CONTINUES.

LONDON, Jan 9.—The gale continues with unabated fury. In Scotland the snow in some places has drifted into enormous banks and a number of trains are reported to be blockaded. An unknown steamer has foundered in the English channel and a mass of wreckage has been washed ashore.

The French bark Henri has been wrecked in the British channel and four of her crew have been drowned.

LONDON, Jan 9.—The severe storm which set in yesterday morning in England and Scotland, continues. Freezing weather is reported from many places to-day.

THE QUEEN WILL OPEN PARLIAMENT

LONDON, Jan 9.—The private secretary to the queen telegraphed to London this afternoon that her majesty would open the forthcoming session of parliament in person.

CRIMINAL CALENDAR.

TWO NEGROES HANGED

NEW ORLEANS, Jan 9.—At Johnsonville, Miss., January 7th, the bodies of two negroes, Kermit Kays and Nat Forbes, were found dangling from a bridge over Mound bayou. They were two of four negroes who entered the store of L. T. Carrol at Johnsonville, December —, and drove a hatchet into the back of Carrol's head. The murderers secured $300 in cash and a watch and started for Arkansas, but these two returned and were captured. Both whites and blacks were engaged in the lynching.

IRELAND

AGAINST HOME RULE

DUBLIN, Jan 9.—The Loyalists union held a meeting to-day and resolved to establish branches of the union throughout Ireland. The Belfast Presbytery has a manifesto declaring that the adoption of home rule, at any time impolitic, would now be disastrous and criminal.

THE EAST.

More about the Jackson Banquet at Columbus.

RYAN AND SULLIVAN TO FIGHT

Disastrous Railroad Accident in the South—An Oregon Chinaman takes out Naturalization Papers

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Jan 9.—The banquet hall of the Jackson club was tastefully decorated last evening and the tables richly laden. Back of the guests' table hung a portrait of Andrew Jackson and the velvet bound menu cards contained portraits of "Old Hickory" and the guests of the evening. After the edibles had been discussed letters of regret were read from Hon Samuel J Tilden, members of the national cabinet, Gen Hancock, Gov Pattison, of Pennsylvania, Governor Lee, of Virginia, Chas A. Dana, editor of the Sun, and others. None of them were of any political significance, the cabinet officers pleading pressure of public duties, while the others were prevented from being present by previous engagements or by ill health.

WATTERSON'S SPEECH.

Henry Watterson, replying to the toast of "the Democratic Press," among other things said: "I am the administration's personal friend, and a public partisan. From the president and every member of his government I have received nothing but courtesy and all the recognition and consideration any democrat could desire. I think the president has been seriously misjudged for his alleged tardiness in turning the rascals out.

"There is forming upon our political horizon a cloud, which if not dissipated, will spread over the whole firmament, and out from this cloud there issues a voice crying 'Money is King.' This new gospel of Mammon has built its shrine in the east. I am afraid the president has been misled by natural and preponderating influences. He is a man of the people and every pulse of his heart beats to old fashioned democratic music.

"The democrats have agreed, whenever they get the order, to revise the tariff. I have no fault to find with what the president says upon the subject in his message. It is what he fails to say that gives me more or less concern. I regret that he has no views of his own on this subject, leaving it where he found it. We have to meet this question. It will not down at the bidding of the east. The west and south's interests and convictions on this question are the same, and if we do not fix our lines in double array and advance to the conflict under the leadership of an administration we will be bound to support and defend, the next time we go into a national convention we shall have a Kilkenny fight of it sure enough. Then sir you will see Illinois and Michigan, Iowa and Wisconsin and, I hope, Ohio, with their eighty two electoral votes, put to shame and rout the time serving idea that we must sacrifice every democratic traditional promise to make sure of the fifty-one electoral votes of New York, Connecticut and New Jersey.

"Parties, like individuals, must take time by the forelock. I think that after the blow of hands which was had last winter on the president's silver letter to New York bankers, he was unwise to throw the weight of his message so dead against the predilections of such a majority of his party in congress. Touching unlimited coinage of silver, I think he is right. I am willing to stop on any reasonable basis of security for the maintenance in good faith of a double standard. Where shall we stop? When and where shall gold and silver part company? The weak place in the president's position is the continuation in the treasury department of the policy which the democratic party has condemned in republican administrations. It is a refusal to obey the laws of congress in their letter and spirit. The failure of the president to reverse the republican presidents' methods in this regard has raised in the west and south a genuine scare and storm. I would create a silver commission, composed of men of national reputation and standing, who have public confidence. I would invest this commission with all the prestige and paraphernalia of an embassy and ask congress to suspend the coinage of silver until these representatives of the government and the people could make their report. I would as rigidly carry out the terms of the act of 1878 and give silver then the hot end of the poker."

JUDGE THURMAN'S TOAST

Judge Allen G. Thurman spoke to the toast of "Constitution and Democracy." Though his remarks were brief, [illegible]. When the speaking began, he said: "I have heard the toast. A light and trivial subject to be sure, 'Constitution and Democracy.' The first part I have in me somewhere down here. I think the toast was intended to make a little fun of the old man. When they wrote that toast I imagine one said, 'What is it?' Another perhaps remarked 'I heard something of that kind in the archeological society of the state, an old democrat was present and said they had been poking about into the mounds to find pre-Adamite relics,' and the old man had been selected to respond to that toast and maybe he would find that thing. Another, who had more of the milk of kindness in him, said, 'For God's sake don't give the old man that.' I have a great speech on this subject in hand, but shall not deliver it on this occasion.

"I am here on my own feather, and there are around me gentlemen who have accepted your invitation. There are men who deserve all the honor you and I can pay them, and it is but common politeness on my part, as well as to my brother Jacksonians, to say that I won't take up the time that properly belongs to them. You have all heard me speak until you are tired, (cries of no! no!) and may, and probably will, hear me again. [Applause.] I don't see why not. You are anxious to hear whether there are any good talkers in Indiana and Kentucky, and what old friends have to say about the dollar of the daddies. The best thing I can do is to bid you good night and ask you to listen to them." [Applause.]

HILL'S TRIBUTE TO CLEVELAND

Gov Hill, in replying to the toast to the "guests of the evening," enunciated the principles of his administration as he enunciated them in his message to the legislature of his state and then said: "Those who expect me to antagonize the national administration will be disappointed. That administration needs no defense at my hands. It is administering the government wisely, safely and successfully and to the satisfaction of the people. Of President Cleveland's honesty, courage and democracy there can be no question. I had the honor of being associated with him in our state government for two years and our relations were and have ever since been of the most pleasant and cordial character. I respect his sincerity of purpose, his sterling integrity and party fealty."

The governor then proceeded to enumerate several things which the new democratic administration had not done which it was said would be done. Among them it had not returned the negroes to slavery, had not assumed the confederate debt, had not levied political assessments, and had retained in office republicans who performed their duties faithfully.

There were several other minor speakers, the banquet lasting until a late hour.

RYAN AND SULLIVAN

They Will Probably Fight in a Room, Ten Witnesses Present, for $2,000.

TROY, N. Y., Jan 9.—Paddy Ryan, who is now in this city, received the following telegram from New York this morning:

Have matched you against Sullivan, to fight in a room, five a side present, for $2,000. Will you fight? Answer. JOE COBURN.

Ryan answered the telegram immediately, saying "Yes." To a reporter, Ryan said he was glad an opportunity was offered him to meet Sullivan. "The proposition," said Ryan, "is rather novel, but it is just the way I would like to try myself in a contest with Sullivan. Since the fight at Mississippi City I have labored under serious disadvantages in my appearances before the public, and it is all due to the fact of a general belief that I was not on the 'level.' If this match can be made, I will enter willingly, with full confidence that I will come out winner."

EASTERN NEWS ITEMS

DISASTROUS RAILROAD ACCIDENT

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Jan 9.—A fearful accident occurred on the Louisville & Nashville railroad, at a bridge over the Flint river near Whites station, Morgan county, to-day. Two sections of a north bound freight train telescoped. A part of the first section broke loose and remained on the bridge, and was run into by the second section. The shock caused the collapse of the bridge, 100 feet of which was undergoing repairs. Five cars of the first section and the whole of the second section, consisting of the engine and seventeen cars, went down with the bridge. The wreck caught fire, and eighteen cars were burned. John Johnston, fireman of the second section, fell under his engine and was drowned. Henry Hoteler, brakeman, was caught under a car and burned to death. Engineer W. D. Johnson, brother of the dead fireman, was fatally burned. Conductor George Young and a negro brakeman named Thomas McCreary were seriously burned. The freight consisted mostly of pig iron, which will be saved. Conductor L. C. Harris, of the first section, swam across the almost frozen river to flag the north bound passenger train, which was to come along in a few minutes.

EX-MILLIONAIRE KEENE.

NEW YORK, Jan 9.—James R. Keene, the ex-millionaire, during examination in supplementary proceedings in the county court house upon a judgment obtained by Julius B. Kimberlin for $1500, stated that he lived in a rented cottage, with about an acre of land around it, at Far Rockaway, Long Island. Keene swore that he is absolutely without property or income and that his establishment is supported by his wife's income, principally from property given her by Keene ten years ago.

KEENE, THE ACTOR.

KANSAS CITY, Jan 9.—The departure of Thomas W Keene, the actor, has been postponed, owing to the severity of the weather, to next Monday.

WEEKLY BANK STATEMENT.

NEW YORK, Jan 9.—The bank statement shows an increase of $ 000,000 in the reserve fund.

PACIFIC COAST.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY

INDIAN MURDERER ARRESTED

SPOKANE FALLS, Jan 9.—Sheriff Martin, of Kootenai county, Idaho, yesterday arrested the Calispel Indian who shot and killed Charles Geiger, near this city, the 20th of June last. The arrest was made near Sand Point, Idaho. Martin passed through to Cheney with the prisoner who was safely lodged in jail. Officers have been searching for him since the bloody deed was committed. He will undoubtedly swing, if he don't escape.

RAILROAD COMPANY ORGANIZED

SPOKANE FALLS, Jan 9.—The Spokane Falls & Coeur d'Alene railway company organized here yesterday, with R. J. Brickell, A. J. Browne, S. S. Glidden, Noah Armstrong and A. L. Davis as directors. The object is to build a railway from some point near here to Murray, Idaho. Ground will be broken within six months, and it is thought forty miles will be built and equipped by next fall.

[illegible]

SPRAGUE, Jan 9.—We have just received news from our city representative, H. V. Fairweather, informing us that Sprague gets two terms of the district court annually, which gladden the community to the extent that all business houses of every kind will close to-morrow (Sunday), the first time since the existence of Sprague.

MASS MEETING AT WALLA WALLA

WALLA WALLA, Jan 9.—A mass meeting was held at the court house to-day, to take action requesting the legislators from the county to support the commission regulating freight fares.

CALIFORNIA.

THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR AT WORK

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 9.—The San Francisco Knights of Labor have issued a long address which is being sent to every district assembly of Knights of Labor in the United States. The address entreats each assembly to use its influence on its local representatives in congress to secure entire prohibition of Chinese immigration to the United States and also asks assemblies to forward petitions to congress asking for such legislation.

KITTY LYNCH BEATEN

A race for a purse of $2— mile heats, three in five, to harness, in which were entered Kitty Lynch, an Oregon horse, Maud W W W, Magdalah and Maria, was won by Magdalah in straight heats; time, 2:29, 2:26, 2:25. A match race for $1,000 between Billy Johnson and Albermarle, half mile dash, was won by the former in 49 seconds.

TO MAKE BEET SUGAR.

Articles of incorporation of the Standard Sugar company have been filed in the county clerk's office, the object being to manufacture beet sugar and acquire all the property necessary for that business. The capital is $1,000,000 divided into 10,000 shares of $100 each, of which $47,000 has been actually subscribed.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

1 A. M.—Indications for Oregon and Washington territory for the succeeding thirty two hours: Cloudy and rain in the northern portion, fair weather in the southern portion.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

NEWS ITEMS FROM VICTORIA.

VICTORIA, Jan —The stranded bark Amabella was this afternoon successfully towed from the rocks off Trial island, and taken to Esquimalt harbor. Her total cargo of 179,000 feet of lumber will be saved. The bark is badly strained, and will likely be unfit for further service.

[illegible] was found dead in an [illegible] and an hour afterwards was buried. It is thought that he is the one shot while attempting to rob a house. The police are investigating.

A woman named Morris attempted suicide to-day by taking [illegible]. She is not expected to recover.

There is increasing destitution among the Chinese. It is estimated that 150 are without money or food.

Robberies are still numerous and more daring.

STATE DISPATCHES

A CHINAMAN TAKES OUT NATURALIZATION PAPERS.

ALBANY, Jan 9.—Naturalization papers were issued to-day to Jim Westfall, the Chinese contractor on the O. P. railroad. This is the first Chinaman ever naturalized in Linn county.

This is a naturalization without authority of law, and is therefore void.—ED. OREGONIAN.

JAKE "RAISES" HIS PA

Detroit Free Press

I like to spheak my mind a few times, said Mr Dunder, as he entered the Central station yesterday.

"Well, go ahead," replied Sergeant Martin.

I goes in an auction shtore this morning to see if I find some bargains in saloon tumblers. My son Shake he goes along, too. Shake he knows all aboudt der latest shtyle peer glasses, und nobody can cheat him. When we goes in der auction heer he puts oop a great big oil painting and cries out:

"Now, how much to shtart dis fine landscape? It vhas wort $100, und who vhill shtart him at $1?"

"Vhell, Shake he vhas a great poy to feel sorry for poor folks. He don't like to see some mans come here from New York und lose so much money as dot all at once, and so he says to me:

"'Fadder, make him a pid of $4.' Dot pleases him und doan' hurt you.'

"I make dot bid in a loud voice, und dot New York mans shmiles und bows und vhas glad. Pooty soon somebody bids $5. Dot makes me a leetle mad und I goes oop to sixty. Den somebody bids seventy und I goes oop to eighty. Pooty queek somebody says ninety, und I shump oop to one hundred. I look around to ask Shake oof I goes any more, but I doan' sees him, und dot picture man cries out:

"Once—twice—three times, und sold to Carl Dunder, who has the biggest bargains ever vhas!"

"Vhell, dot make me almost faint avhay, und I try to run out der door. Somebody grabs me, und dot picture man says der law vhas on his side und I must pony oop. He finally lets me off if I pays $10, or his trouble, und he calls it [illegible].

"Dot man who bid $90 can take der picture. Let him come oop."

"Sergeant, who vhas dot man?"

"I don't know."

"Vhell, it vhas my son Shake. He shtands by der door und raises der bids on his own fadder to get him in a scrape! He gets me in dot trouble to haf some fun. Sergeant?"

"Well?"

"If some policeman passes my corner and hears groans und shrieks und yells, tell him not to come in. I have soome solemn bodty to perform to dot boy Shake. If I don't shtop him now when he is young he goes down a gallows und long live und half his days."

NEWSPAPER OPINION

New York Post: The trouble with Postmaster General Vilas is that he stood with his back to the setting sun and was deceived by the length of his shadow.

New York Sun: The nearer the administration shall approach that of the Sage of Gray Stone the better it will be for the people of this state, as well as for the political future of Gov Hill.

Brooklyn Eagle: There is no occasion for despondency on account of the president's poor opinion of newspapers. The soil of this mind is naturally fertile, and with a little more tillage it will show a better growth.

New York Herald: The democrats will naturally resist the petition and admission of Dakota simply because it will give the republicans at once a new state and will add three electoral votes in the next presidential contest to the republican column.

Philadelphia Telegraph: What does President Cleveland care for a party which cannot give him a single electoral vote, which cannot elect a single national, state, or county officer in Pennsylvania or Philadelphia? In the case of Mr. Randall, the man is infinitely greater than the party, and for the president to make the party his proconsul would be equal to his rejecting the man and electing the horse.

THE GIRARD ESTATE

An Institution of which Philadelphians Feel Proud.

Philadelphia Times.

The annual statement of the Girard trust, which is published in accordance with Girard's will is always interesting, and never more so than this year, when the income of so many estates has been reduced. The capital of the residuary fund is given at $10,549,917, which is about $200,000 more than the figures given last year, showing that the estate itself has not suffered diminution, and the gross receipts, $160,228, are but $30,000 less than in 1884. This in itself is evidence of the careful management of the trust.

The gross receipts receipts are about 8¼ per cent of the capital. Of this total $217,577 was expended in the maintenance of the estate, more than one half of which was paid in taxes. The Girard estate contributed thus but a few dollars less than $70,000 to the general expenses of Philadelphia, besides its direct contribution in work performed which must otherwise be done by the municipality. After deducting taxes and the cost of improvements, repairs and maintenance there remained a net income of about three quarters of a million or between 6 and 7 per cent upon the entire capital. Out of this $1[illegible] was devoted to the support of Girard college and some two hundred thousand reinvested.

There are now 1,127 boys in the college, or nearly the same number as a year ago, the capacity of the present building having been reached. It is questionable whether the number can wisely be extended very much further. The trustees have been doing what is better than this—they have been extending the educational facilities of the college so as to provide a wider and more practical training for boys, especially in manual industry. The average expenditure for each pupil last year was $372.86, which includes not only board and lodging as well as instruction, but clothing all other necessary expenses, upon a simple and generous scale. There is probably no institution of its kind in the world with a more satisfactory record in every way than that of Girard college. It is one of the institutions of which Philadelphians can reasonably feel proud.

Prohibition in the South

Philadelphia Press (Rep.)

The advance guard of Northern prohibition speakers is on its way South already to assist the prohibitionists in that section in fighting the rum power. Two of them passed through Baltimore Wednesday and were given a reception, at which speeches were made. Prof. A. Hopkins, prohibition candidate for governor of New York three years ago, in his remarks said: "We conscientious republicans of the North sacrificed our party to preserve our domestic hearths, and we ask the Southern democrats to meet us half way on that platform." It is evident that the Southern prohibitionists are in earnest and that they will give the Southern democracy more trouble than the Northern republicans have suffered from the same cause. If they are destined to be the instrument for rending the Solid South and aiding in the establishment of an honest ballot box in that section, every fair-minded man will bid them "God speed."

A Cry for Political Discussion in the South

Nashville American (Dem.)

Sectional and race prejudices have, in the main, swayed political parties in the South. As a consequence, the young generation of democrats have not been educated and schooled in politics by high public discussions, as their fathers were. But the time has come when the young men should be able to state the reasons for their faith—to tell why they are republicans or why they are democrats.

The Yakima Signal says "the mugwump is his own boss." Yes, but who has he to "boss"? So is a man lost in the desert or mountains "his own boss."—East Oregonian.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. WM T COLEMAN & CO Agts San Francisco.

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TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE

GRAY HAIR or WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1. Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

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[illegible] when asked for a Benson's Capcine Plaster [illegible] recommend some cheap and trashy substitute or imitation, saying it is "just as good." Sometimes they will do up and sell the miserable imitation without remark, allowing the customer to suppose he has Benson's. If the valueless plaster is returned (and it will say he made a mistake—if no he has done a good stroke of business. The public are cautioned against dealers and imitations. Buy of respectable druggists only. The genuine Benson's plaster has the "Three Seals" trade mark and the word Capcine cut in the center.

DYSPEPSIA.

Sedentary habits, mental worry, nervous excitement, excess or imprudence in eating or drinking, and various other causes, induce constipation followed by general derangement of the liver, kidneys and stomach, in which the disorder of each organ increases the infirmity of the others.

The immediate results are Loss of Appetite, Nausea, Foul Breath, Heartburn, Flatulence, Dizziness, Sick Headaches, failure of physical and mental vigor, distressing sense of weight and fullness in the stomach, and increased Costiveness, all of which are known under one head as Dyspepsia.

In every instance where this disease does not originate from scrofulous taint in the blood, AYER'S PILLS may be confidently relied upon to effect a cure. Those cases not amenable to the curative influence of AYER'S PILLS alone will certainly yield if the Pills are aided by the powerful blood purifying properties of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

Dyspeptics should know that the longer treatment of their malady is postponed the more difficult of cure it becomes.

Ayer's Pills

Never fail to relieve the bowels and promote their healthful and regular action, and thus cure Dyspepsia. Temporary palliatives all do permanent harm. The fitful activity into which the enfeebled stomach is spurred by bitters and alcoholic stimulants is inevitably followed by reaction that leaves the organ weaker than before.

"Costiveness, induced by my sedentary habits of life, became chronic. AYER'S PILLS afforded me speedy relief. Their occasional use has since kept me all right." HERMANN BRINGHOFF, Newark, N. J.

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"They have entirely corrected the costive habit and vastly improved my general health." REV. FRANCIS B. HARLOWE, Atlanta, Ga.

"The most effective and the easiest physic I have ever found. One dose will quickly move my bowels and free my head from pain." W. L. PAGE, Richmond, Va.

"A sufferer from Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, and Neuralgia for the last twenty years, AYER'S PILLS have benefited me more than any medicine I have ever taken." P. R. ROGERS, Needmore, Brown Co., Ind.

"For Dyspepsia they are invaluable." J. T. HAYES, Mexia, Texas.

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Each additional hour	1 00
Theaters and [illegible]	
[illegible]	2 00
[illegible]	3 00
To or from Trains, [illegible] and Steamers—for persons [illegible]	1 00
Each additional [illegible]	50
No charge for Baggage.	
Weddings—Each hack	3 00
Funeral [illegible]	4 00

TWO HORSE COUPES.

[illegible]

[illegible] persons	25
[illegible] persons	50
[illegible] per hour	1 00
To and from theaters and parties per couple	2 00

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The analysis of the blood with the analysis of the urine with proper chemicals and a microscope of high power furnishes him an explanation of obscure cases which can be obtained in no other way. This enables him to cure many of the most serious and complicated cases termed incurable.

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